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Modern Screen

NUARY 15c

• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL

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JAN 31 1947

RANK SINATRA

AN OF THE YEAR—(p. 28)

DEC 17 1948

RING IN THE NEW
. . . a new beauty-thrill
for you! Besides revealing
up to 33 percent more lustre
than any soap or soap sham-
poo, Drene, with Hair Condi-
tioning action, leaves your hair
smooth and easy to manage right after
your shampoo. For this party hair-do
Drene Girl Arline Dahlman ties all her
hair high in back and swirls it around on top

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, Arline sweeps her
hair into two side loops, with a top curl for added
height. "And for added glamour," she says, "I
always keep my hair Drene-clean." Drene is
not a soap shampoo . . . never leaves dull-
ing film on hair as all soaps do. And . . .
Drene removes unsightly dandruff
flakes the first time you use it.

Holiday Headlines

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Christmas at its merriest . . . New Year's at its happiest . . . and lovely *you* at your loveliest . . . your Drene-clean hair shining-bright, alight with all its natural lustre!

Here, famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Arline Dahlman, shows you the two holiday hair-dos she likes best. "But first," suggests Arline, "make sure your hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best . . . by using Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action." No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

PN1993
.M334

"You're Fired!"



CUPID: Can't fire me, Missy. I quit. I–

GIRL: Loafer!

CUPID: –can't do anything for a Granite Face who won't even break down and beam at a man once in a while!

GIRL: Ho! And what've I got to *beam* with, pray? I brush my teeth–and regularly–but there's no beam about them!

CUPID: But there is "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

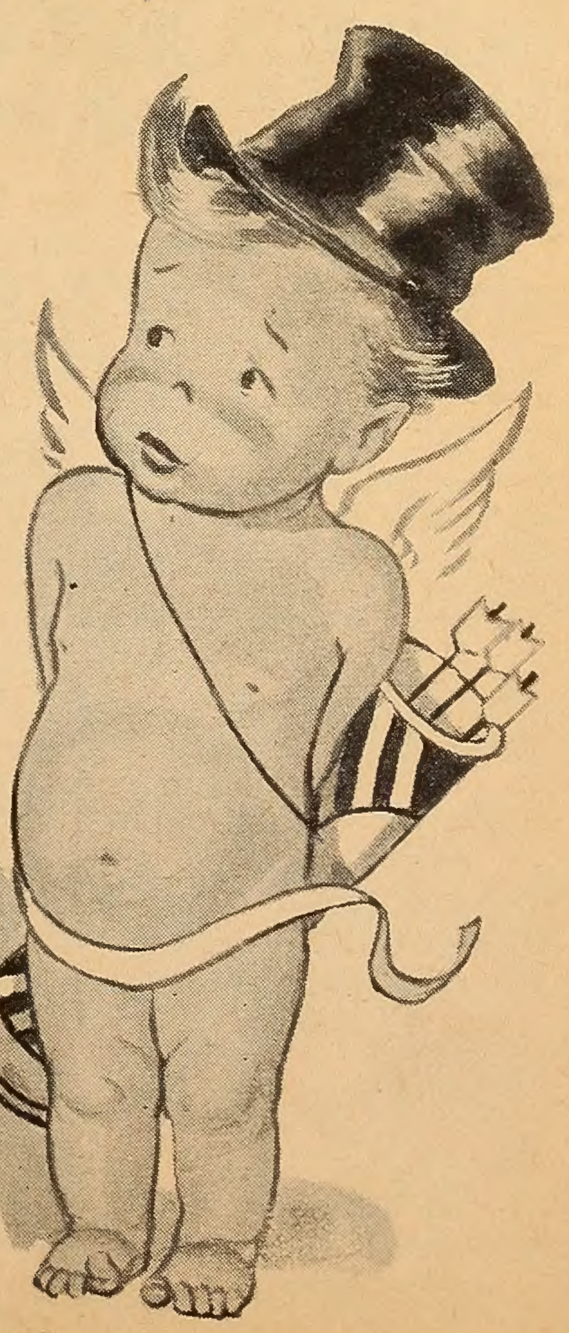
GIRL: Only lately. And only a touch... *Why?*



CUPID: That's for your dentist to say, Sis. Because even a tinge of "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*. Let him decide, not you. He may say it's simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Ah-h-h. And right away I've got a smile like Klieg lights, huh?

CUPID: Not so fast, Muffinhead. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. And if your dentist suggests gentle massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth . . . *pay attention!* You'll be off to the man-trappingest smile you ever wore! Check on it!



For the Smile of Beauty–

Ipana and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Ah! Just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By"—and the stars come out!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M's love-and-song story of Jerome Kern is on its way . . . teeming with talent, Technicolor and 25 Kern hits.

★ ★ ★



To make hearts go pitter-patterer, June Allyson sings "Cleo-patterer".

★ ★ ★

Lucille Bremer pleads lyrically for "One More Dance" and Van Johnson replies, "I Won't Dance"—but he does, and how!



★ ★ ★



Then there's Judy Garland as Marilyn Miller, singing the haunting "Who?".

★ ★ ★

Kathryn Grayson and Tony Martin are the melodic romancers of "Showboat".



★ ★ ★



Torchy Lena Horne sings "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man". Angela Lansbury "swings" a tune.

★ ★ ★

Virginia O'Brien scores with "A Fine Romance". Dinah Shore stops the show with "The Last Time I Saw Paris".



★ ★ ★



Frank Sinatra provides a spectacular musical climax with "Ol' Man River".

★ ★ ★

All this as you thrill to the colorful events in the life of Jerome Kern who is portrayed by Robert Walker.



★ ★ ★



As Kern's arranger and best friend, Van Heflin returns to the screen in triumph.

★ ★ ★

Director Richard Whorf and Producer Arthur Freed, with screenwriters Myles Connolly and Jean Holloway, have woven story and song and splendor miraculously together.

★ ★ ★

Yes, just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By". It's pure sunshine!



—Leo

JANUARY, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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THE COLOR PORTRAIT OF JAMES STEWART IS BY WILLINGER.

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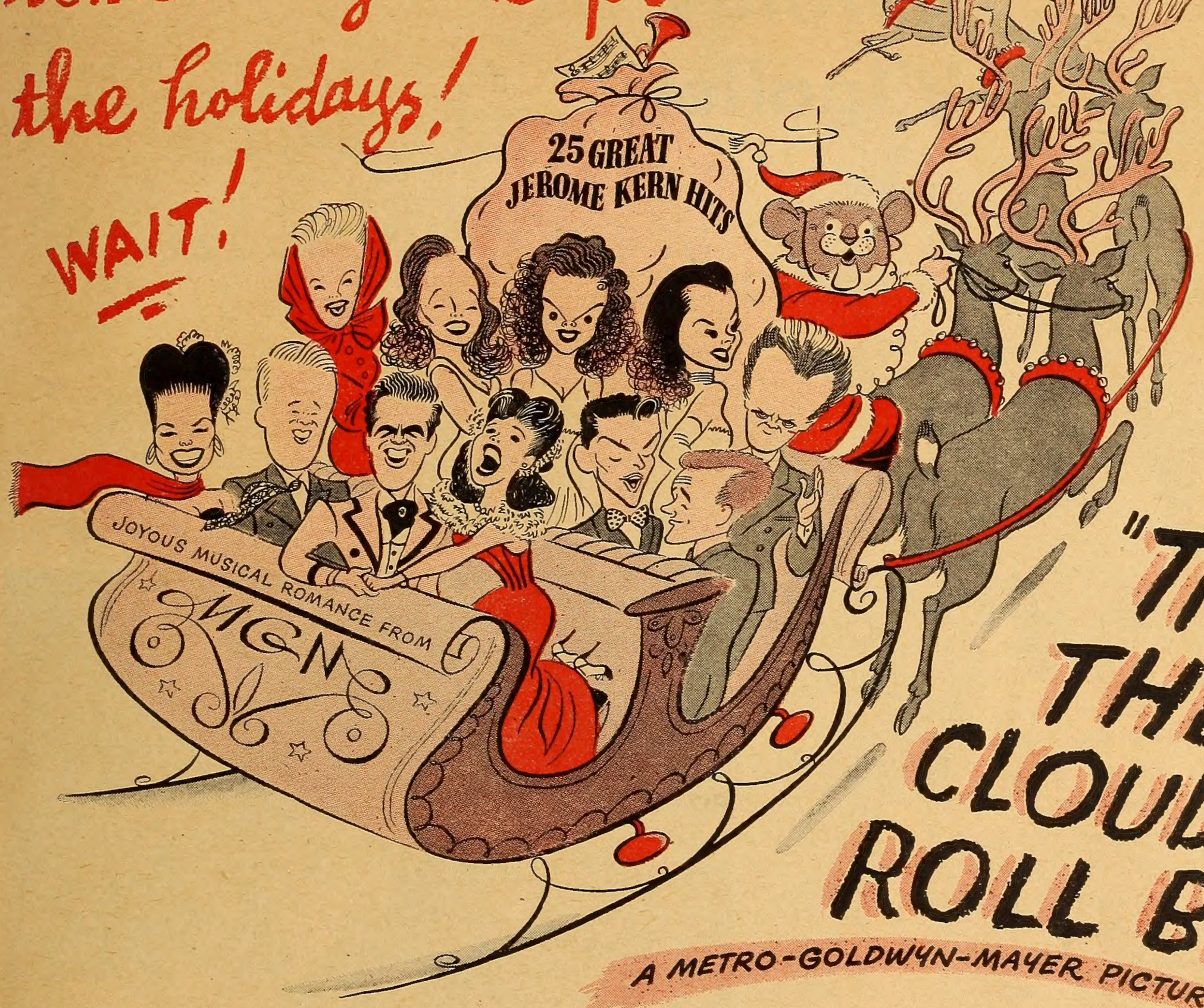
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You're going to get something nice for the holidays!

WAIT!



"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Starring (alphabetically)

JUNE ALLYSON as the dazzling musical comedy star!

LUCILLE BREMER as Jerome Kern's immortal "Sally"!

JUDY GARLAND as glorious Marilyn Miller!

KATHRYN GRAYSON as Magnolia of "Show Boat" fame!

VAN HEFLIN as the father of the real "Sally"!

LENA HORNE as the girl who loved "Bill"!

VAN JOHNSON as the singing, dancing bandleader!

ANGELA LANSBURY as the music hall nightingale!

TONY MARTIN as the dashing gambler "Gaylord"!

VIRGINIA O'BRIEN as the gal with a yen for men!

DINAH SHORE as the siren of the sultry voice!

FRANK SINATRA as the singing idol of millions!

ROBERT WALKER (as Jerome Kern)

In Technicolor

Story by GUY BOLTON • Adapted by GEORGE WELLS • Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY and JEAN HOLLOWAY

Based on the Life and Music of JEROME KERN • Directed by RICHARD WHORF • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

HEAR "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES", "OL' MAN RIVER", "ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE", "WHO?", "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" AND MANY MORE!



dorothy kilgallen selects "the yearling"

■ Anyone who ever has despaired of the motion picture form becoming an art should be taken to see what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and producer Sidney Franklin have wrought out of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' simple story, "The Yearling." That was a Pulitzer Prize novel, and they have made it into an Academy Award picture—a work of such honest beauty and shining tenderness that it seems to have come from a place far removed from the Hollywood so frequently engrossed in phony bust measurements and phony emotions.

It is a thrilling film. No one thing makes it so; it is the product of many hands, and, possibly more important, hearts, that must have worked with as much love as care to have achieved such soaring perfection.

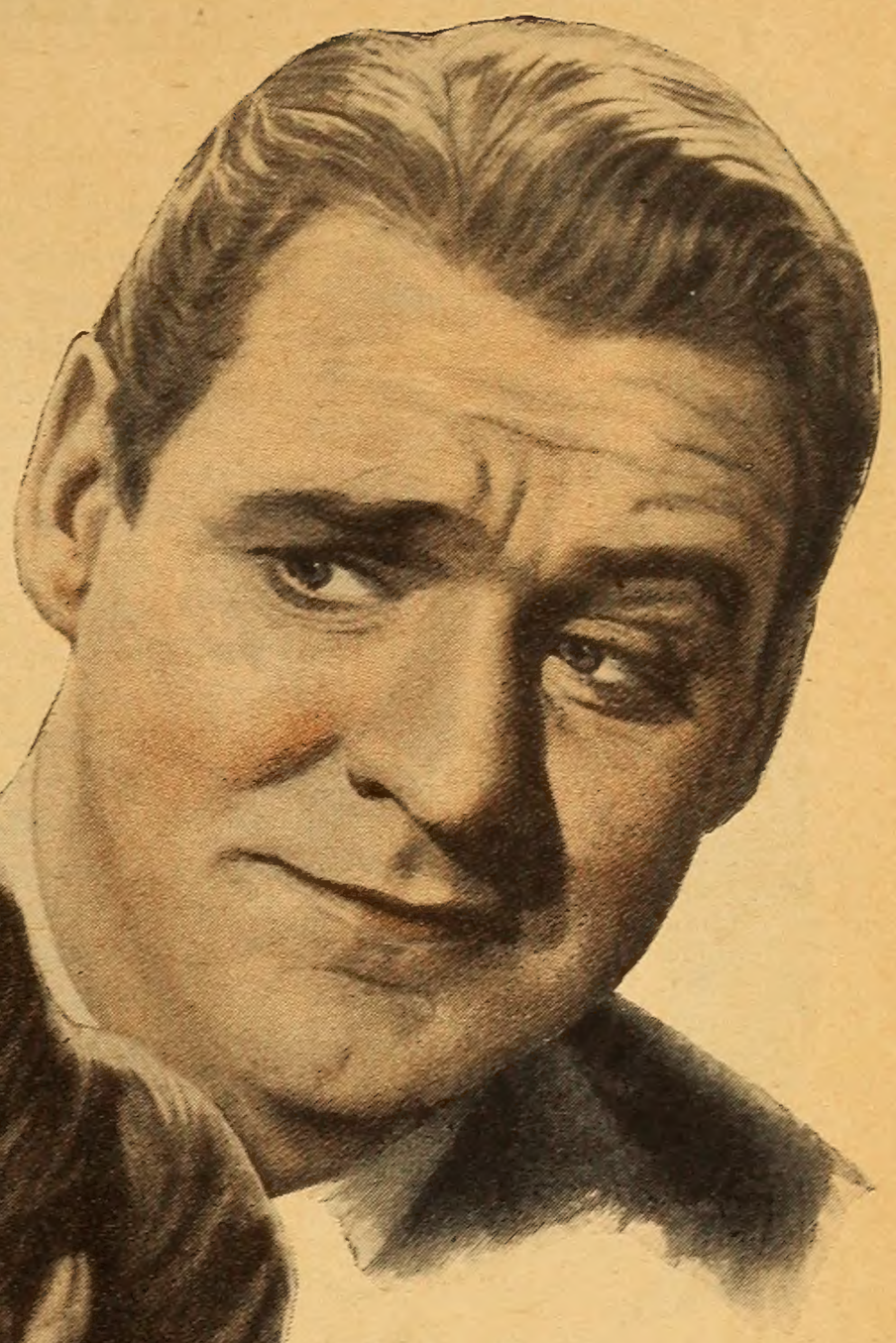
The story is gentle, genuine and completely devoid of trickery. It might have happened. It is just the tale of a few seasons in the life of a desperately poor farm family in the wild scrub country of Florida —the bitter young mother who has lost all (*Continued on page 10*)



Alone a lot, Jody (Claude Jarman, Jr.) finds his best friend is dad (G. Peck).



It's Murder in the Mirth Degree!





Paramount presents

Betty Hutton

and

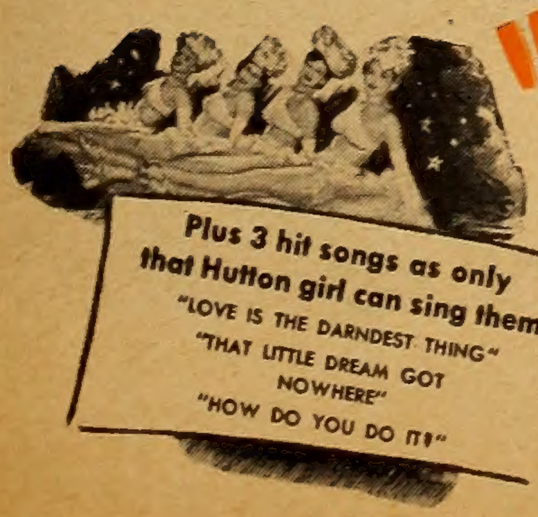
Sonny Tufts

in

"Cross My Heart"

Betty's a gal who can't tell the truth to save her life. Sonny's the lawyer who has a terrific case on her! And you're the folks who are gonna howl at 'em for ninety minutes on end!

...'n hope to die laughing!



Plus 3 hit songs as only that Hutton girl can sing them

"LOVE IS THE DARNDEST THING"

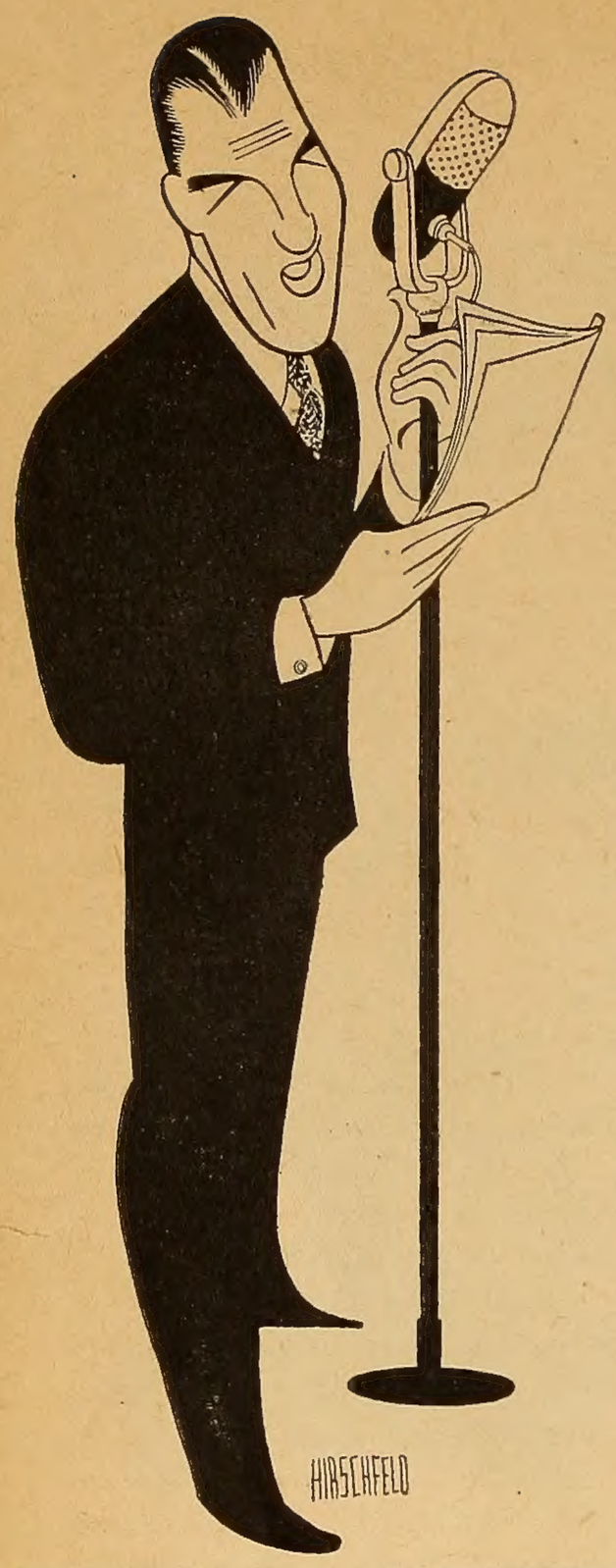
"THAT LITTLE DREAM GOT NOWHERE"

"HOW DO YOU DO IT?"

with MICHAEL CHEKHOV

Produced by Harry Tugend · Directed by John Berry

Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Claude Binyon · Additional Dialogue by Charles Schnee · Based on a Play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr



radio award . . . by ED SULLIVAN

■ In "Annie Get Your Gun," Irving Berlin wrote a number for Ethel Merman that compresses a world of truth into its lyrics. Sings Miss Merman: "There's no business like show business." It tells of the highs and the lows that make show business the most exhilarating and the most exasperating experience of all, because as Berlin words it, "There's no business like show business," no business like it in all the world.

As evidence that Berlin is right, this is the story of $35 that was parlayed into one of the million-dollar sensations of show business! The principal actors in the cast would be a sophomore at the Lakeview High School, in Chicago; an old gentleman who had his place of business on Van Buren Street; a freckled-faced newsboy in the best tradition of Horatio Alger. Incidental actors would be owners of night clubs, many of them; vaudeville audiences, many of them; unkind critics, too many of them.

The $35 story is the story of Charlie McCarthy, and the story of Charlie McCarthy is the story of Edgar Bergen, and the story of Edgar Bergen illuminates Berlin's point that there's no business like show business!

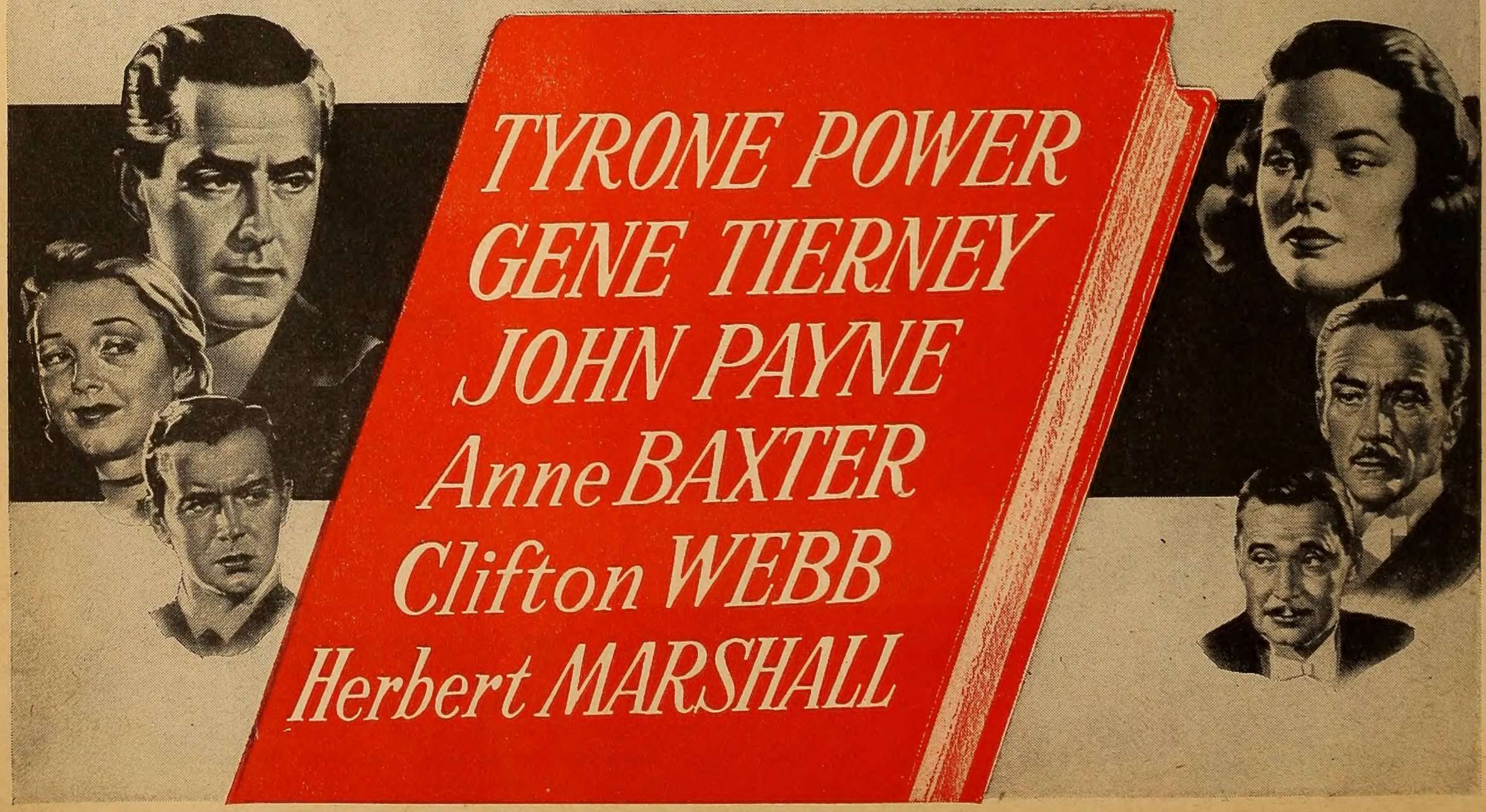
"A lot of stories have been told about Charlie McCarthy," Bergen tells me, "and most of them have been wrong. It was while I was in my second year at Lakeview High School, in Chicago, that I got Charlie, and he cost me exactly $35. A wood carver, Theodore Mack, now dead, created Charlie for me in his shop on Van Buren Street. The rest of Charlie's body has been replaced at least twenty-five times, and I've bought about twenty new suits for him, but the wear and tear has made no impression on his head."

How had he decided on "Charlie McCarthy" for a monicker?

"The first part of his name comes from a freckled-faced little Chicago newsboy, Charlie, who used to sell papers on the corner near Lakeview High," explained Bergen, "and the second half of his name comes from the old wood carver who created his head. The old gent's name was Mack, so I chose McCarthy as having a little more 'feel' and rhythm to it."

Thus christened, the little fellow who was to become Public Woodenhead No. 1 started out from Chicago on (*Continued on page 24*)

Word Is Spreading: "THE GREATEST MOTION



and radio gossip . . . by BEN GROSS



■ **Stories They Tell on Radio Row . . .** They tell many of them along the lane of microphone stars . . . but few of them are as moving as the yarn of the 76-year-old Negro living near the Griffith Stadium in Washington, D. C. It is his story and also that of a radio broadcast that produced a miracle.

Sitting in his simple home one night, a place that had never known a woman's touch, he turned on his ancient receiving set. What he heard was an NBC dramatization of the life of Maude Ballington Booth, who, as head of the Volunteers of America, an organization similar to the Salvation Army, had devoted her life to helping the unfortunate.

The story so impressed the aged man that he began to review his own life. Although living in poor surroundings, he was really a wealthy man. He had made a fortune in real estate; but had never done much for his fellow men. Now, however, he picked up his telephone and called the Volunteers of America, making an appointment the next day with Lt. Col. Walter O. Ulrey, the organization's divisional commander.

Col. Ulrey at first believed he was the victim of a hoax; but he soon learned the truth. For the humble colored man, who insists that his name remain anonymous, then and there deeded outright to the Volunteers of America a modern eight-story house in a good neighborhood for welfare purposes. And a few days later he had a will drawn in favor of the Volunteers, leaving them an estate of more than $125,000.

Mere money had never brought to the old man the one thing he wanted most—happiness. But, at last, he found it in an opportunity to do some good in this world . . . and all because of a chance tuning in of a radio broadcast.

■ **Have You a Sense of Humor? . . .** Having nothing better to do, not long ago I asked a group of famous comedians, "What is your definition of a sense of humor?" So, for the benefit of MODERN SCREEN readers, here are some of their answers:

Bob Burns—"A sense of humor is that rare quality possessed by people who think I'm funny."

Jack Benny—"You've got a sense of humor when your toupee blows off and you're the first one to laugh like all get-out."

Bob Hope—"One person thinks a broken leg is funny and to another the idea of a juicy sirloin steak is uproarious. So everybody thinks he has a sense of humor and is, therefore, a comedian. If I ever meet a straight man, I'll give him a job for life."

Fibber McGee—"A sense of humor is simply a congenital defect. The possessor is just born without an 's' in his cosmic urge."

■ **The Program Book . . .** This New Year's time sees the height of the radio season. All of the important shows are on the air: The old ones, the new ones, the programs that click and those about to be carted off to ethereal oblivion. The period of sponsorial promises is over. Now it is deliver or get off the air.

With this thought in mind, let us take a quick glance at the blue ribbon offerings awaiting the turn of your dial:

In the field of comedy, such oldtimers as Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor, Charlie McCarthy and Fibber McGee and Molly are proving (*Continued on page 24*)

PICTURE I HAVE SEEN IN MY LIFE!"

Darryl F. Zanuck's production of
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S

The Razor's Edge

20th CENTURY-FOX

Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Screen Play by
LAMAR TROTTI

Directed by
EDMUND GOULDING

From the Novel by
W. Somerset Maugham



KENNY DELMAR
as
SENATOR CLAGHORN
THAT IS!
in "IT'S A JOKE, SON!"

Bryan Foy in Charge of Production
with
UNA MERKEL • JUNE LOCKHART
JIMMY CONLIN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
"Daisy"—the dog
and introducing KENNETH FARRELL

Original screenplay by Robert Kent and Paul Gerard Smith
Produced by Aubrey Schenck • Directed by Ben Stoloff

LIFE says: "THE MOST QUOTED MAN IN THE NATION!"...

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE YEARLING"

(Continued from page 6)

her children but one and is haunted by the fear of losing him, the father who understands her as he understands most of the things in life, and the boy Jody who longs with a wild loneliness for something of his own to love.

For Jody, director Clarence Brown left Hollywood and searched the rickety schoolrooms of the rural South until he found Claude Jarmon Jr., an extraordinary child with white hair and translucent pink skin and eyes like pieces of sky. In some magical way the director has made him act with naturalness and at times passion. Between them they have achieved a triumph.

Gregory Peck, as Penny, the father with the knowing heart, gives a performance of such strength and compassion that it seems not to be a performance at all, but part of the record of a life. He has been given considerable poetry to translate into the dialect of "poor white trash," and he does this so well that the words seem to come from his own mind and not from the pages of a Hollywood script.

Jane Wyman, demonstrating an amazing versatility, is the surprise of the picture. She plays the drab, nagging, miserable farm wife with such authority and definition as to make it almost impossible to believe that this weary creature and the glamorous little cookie of "Night And Day" came from the repertoire of the same actress.

All concerned can thank Paul Osborn for giving them a screenplay that contains no false note, and Clarence Brown not only for magnificently sympathetic direction, but for the additional miracle of having managed to keep the Technicolor under control so that the splashy calendar-art tendencies of Technicolor are conquered.

"The Yearling" would sound, in the telling of the synopsis, like the story of a boy and a fawn, but it has more than a story—it has the sweep of nature and the wildness of the seasons and the aching dreams of the young and the wisdom of those who live close to the earth.

Go to see it. Few such experiences can be bought with a ticket of admission.

MODERN SCREEN



"Here is a note from my doctor for being late for my appointment."

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



PETER COOKSON was born in Milwaukee, Oregon, on May 8, 1915. He is 6' tall, weighs 175 lbs. and has brown eyes and brown hair. He is married and has two children. Current pictures include "Don't Gamble With Strangers," "Fear," and "Strange Conquest." Write to him at Universal, Universal City, Calif. Tamara Christoff, 295 St. Helen's Avenue, Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada, has his fan club.



DOROTHY MALONE, who was so charming in "Night and Day," "The Big Sleep," and "Janie Gets Married," was born in Chicago, Ill., on Jan. 30, 1925. She has blue eyes and brown hair and is 5'7" tall, weighs 124 lbs., and is unmarried. You can write her at Warner Brothers, Burbank, California.



JACK SMITH, popular CBS singer who's come up so tremendously lately, was born in Seattle, Washington, on November 16, 1915. He is 6'2" tall, weighs 185 lbs., and has hazel eyes and dark blonde hair. Is married, but has no children. Is immensely interested in fan clubs and those who would like to start one for him can address him c/o Kurt Weinberg, 131 W. 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

Evelyn Rouel, New York: Here are the pieces played in "I've Always Loved You:" CHOPIN'S Prelude in C Major, G Minor Ballade, Nocturne, Prelude No. 1, Opus 28. RACHMANINOFF'S 2nd Piano Concerto, and Prelude in C Sharp Minor. MOZART'S Magic Flute and Sonata No. 1. SCHARF'S Opus No. 1 and Carnegie Overture. BEETHOVEN'S Appassionata. WAGNER'S Liebestod. MENDELSSOHN'S Rondo Cappricioso. BACH'S Toccata and Fugue. SCHUBERT'S Moment Musicale. BRAHMS' Lullabye. VILLA-LOBOS' Brazilian Folk Song.

Roberta Broth: Gloria Egan, 10748 Holeman Avenue, Los Angeles, has the ROSS HUNTER FAN CLUB. Edythe Rojan, 40-45 12th Street, L. I. City, N. Y. has one for JOHN HEATH. Mary Susan Leonard, Box 428, Kingsport, Tenn., has the SHIRLEY TEMPLE CLUB, and Gloria Fine, 519 Charlotte Street, Bronx, N. Y. has the DOUGLAS DICK CLUB.

Seymour Gerr, Boston: Tommy Kelly and Frankie Thomas were both in service and are now waiting for the right pix. You'll be seeing Don Taylor in "Rich, Full Life," and handsome Jerry Rand is back from service and appearing in "Carnegie Hall."

There you are. Now come on and swamp me with questions. Just send them and a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

WARNERS HIT A BRAND NEW NOTE IN MUSICALS!!!

"THE TIME THE PLACE AND THE GIRL"





IN TECHNICOLOR!!!

JANIS PAIGE ☆ MARTHA VICKERS ☆ S. Z. SAKALL ALAN HALE ANGELA GREENE DONALD WOODS and CARMEN CAVALLARO AND ORCHESTRA

DIRECTED BY
DAVID BUTLER

PRODUCED BY
ALEX GOTTLIEB

Screen Play by Francis Swann, Agnes Christine Johnston & Lynn Starling • Original Story by Leonard Lee • Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf

M-G-M Star on the Cover



★ The #1 star of Hollywood! That's the title bestowed on Frank Sinatra by the readers of MODERN SCREEN. It's a great, great compliment for any star to receive, but we're even prouder than usual of Frankie because he's gained this honor in such a relatively short time. The fans have elevated him to top stardom with unheard-of speed.

★ And though his original popularity was achieved through radio appearances and phonograph records, Frankie's meteor-like rise in motion pictures is really phenomenal. For his is the story of an entertainer who, in little more than five years, zoomed from dance-band vocalist to one of the nation's greatest celebrities.

★ Frank Sinatra was born in Hoboken, New Jersey, and first came to fame there as star athlete and glee club vocalist for the local High School. However, his ambition was journalism and he joined the Hoboken Observer, starting on a delivery truck, but quickly rising to sports reporter.

★ Then one night he squired his best girl—the future Mrs. Sinatra—to see a Bing Crosby picture. That, he decided, was the career for him, so off he went for an audition with Major Bowes. Here history takes over. Immediate success with the Major and subsequent engagements with the Harry James and Tommy Dorsey bands. Then solo billing and Hollywood. After two starring pictures, Frankie came under the M-G-M aegis and his popularity has been climbing ever since.

★ He was an instantaneous success in his singing and dancing role in "Anchors Aweigh", the best musical film of 1945. He is now appearing in "Till The Clouds Roll By", M-G-M's magnificent screen biography of Jerome Kern. When Sinatra sings "Ol' Man River" in one of the most lavish scenes ever filmed, it stops the show every time.

★ At the present time, he is busy commuting between Hollywood and Brooklyn for the final scenes of "It Happened In Brooklyn". Advance reports are that it looks like another Sinatra sensation. And for good measure, the cast includes such wonderful names as Kathryn Grayson, and Peter Lawford, and — Jimmy Durante! Yes, it's a happy new year for Frankie's fans and entertainment lovers everywhere.

Watch for his next M·G·M film hits

☆ "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" ☆
In Technicolor
☆ "IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN" ☆



LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT, AND BELONGING TO A FAN CLUB MAKES IT PRETTY PERFECT. HERE'S A HOBBY THAT MAKES SAD SACKS INTO GLAD JACKS—AND JILLS, TOO!

by Jean Kinkead

■ You'd be surprised at how many letters there are on our desk right this minute that say things like this: "I live way out in the country and I'm a very lonesome gal," or "I'm just plain bored with my unexciting life," or "I *wish* I had a hobby like the other kids, but stamps and match covers leave me cold." And all the letters wind up with the same old plea: "Help!" For all of you who've written us those sob-jobs, and for the rest of you who've sometimes felt like writing 'em, we've got a really wonderful plan. A plan to lift you out of the doldrums so fast. . . . Just you listen!

Why don't you join a fan club? Hey, wait a minute now. Don't put on your me-tie-up-with-a-gang-of-swooners? face. The members of the fan clubs we're talking about are attractive, intelligent, stimulating people. They're people you'd like to know. People you'd have fun with. How do we know? 'Cause we've met dozens of them. Talked with them. Exchanged ideas with them.

Let us tell you more. The fan clubs we mean are no fly-by-night propositions. They are members of the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association, which means that they are recognized by the star and the studio, that they each have a charter and a constitution, that they are well-run clubs respected in their various communities. Their members are just as far removed from the button-pulling, screeching sort of fan as anybody could be. Maybe we've convinced you that clubs belonging to the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association are sorta special, but maybe you don't quite see what membership in one of them would do for you. First of all, it will give you a feeling of usefulness. Heretofore you've just been a voice crying in the wilderness; once you're a club member you'll have the exciting realization that by joining the club activities, you are actually having a direct hand in the success of your pet star. You will enjoy the companionship—either personal or via letters—of other club members, and your loneliness and boredom will vanish with things like club parties and issues of the club journal to look forward to. You'll get a kind of spiritual lift, as well, from participating in the pet charity which most of the clubs have. Did you know, f'rinstance, that the Jean Pierre Aumont Club has adopted a French war orphan to whom food packages are sent regularly, and that the Hotra Sinatra Club, on Frankie's last birthday, presented $25 to the Sister Kenny Foundation? To mention just two of the dozens of good works clubs have done.

co-ed

But hang on. There are even more wonderful things about being a member of a MSFCA club. If you've a yen to write, all of the clubs have journals chockful of poetry, stories, interviews with stars—not to mention an exclusive snap of your dream guy or gal!—and the editors are always on the prowl for new talent. What's more, MODERN SCREEN awards several prizes each month for the choicest literary bits. You might even edit a journal yourself some day, and we can't think of a better way to get experience for that elegant magazine job you've got your eye on.

Attendance at club meetings will give you a good foundation in parliamentary procedure. You'll have a chance to learn how to give (*Continued on page 88*)



All the fun of "It Happened One Night"; all the heart-warming joy of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"; all the happiness of "You Can't Take It With You"—Capra's triple-slam Academy Award triumphs!

LIBERTY FILMS, INC.
Presents

FRANK Capra's greatest ... starring James Stewart and Donna Reed

AMERICA'S FAVORITE FELLER...

JIMMY'S FAVORITE GIRL...



HENRY TRAVERS
He couldn't do ANYTHING!

THOMAS MITCHELL
He couldn't do anything wrong!

LIONEL BARRYMORE
He couldn't do anything right!

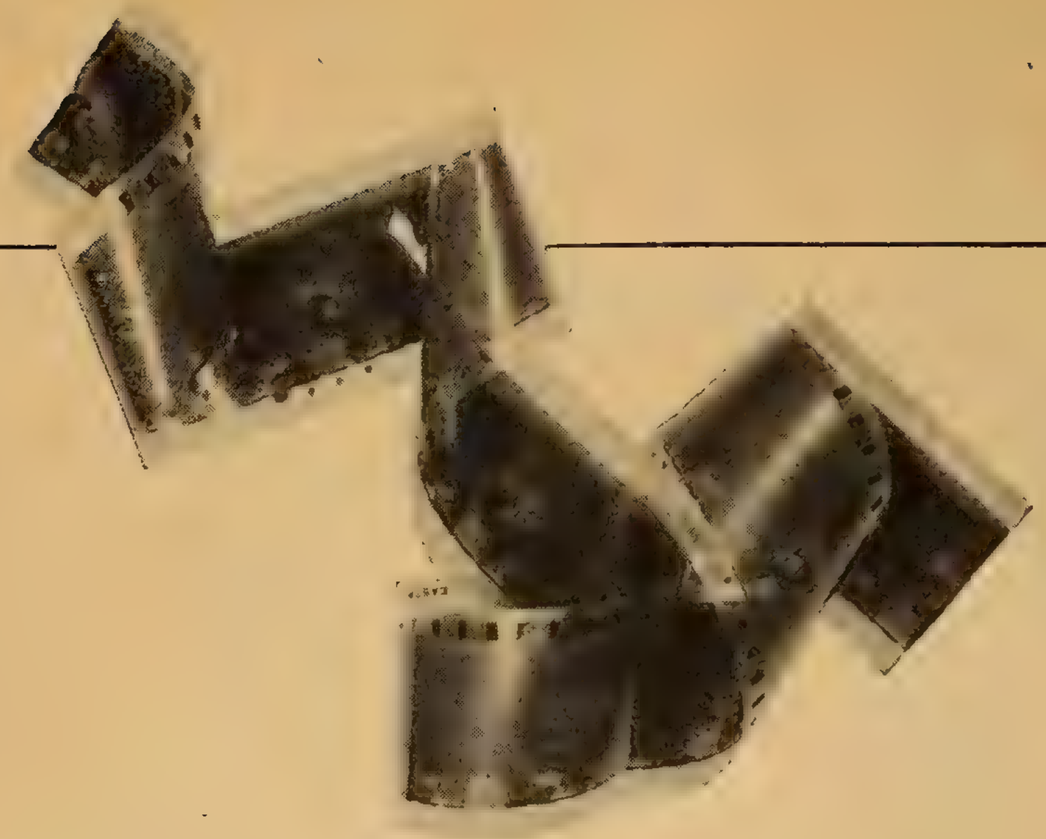
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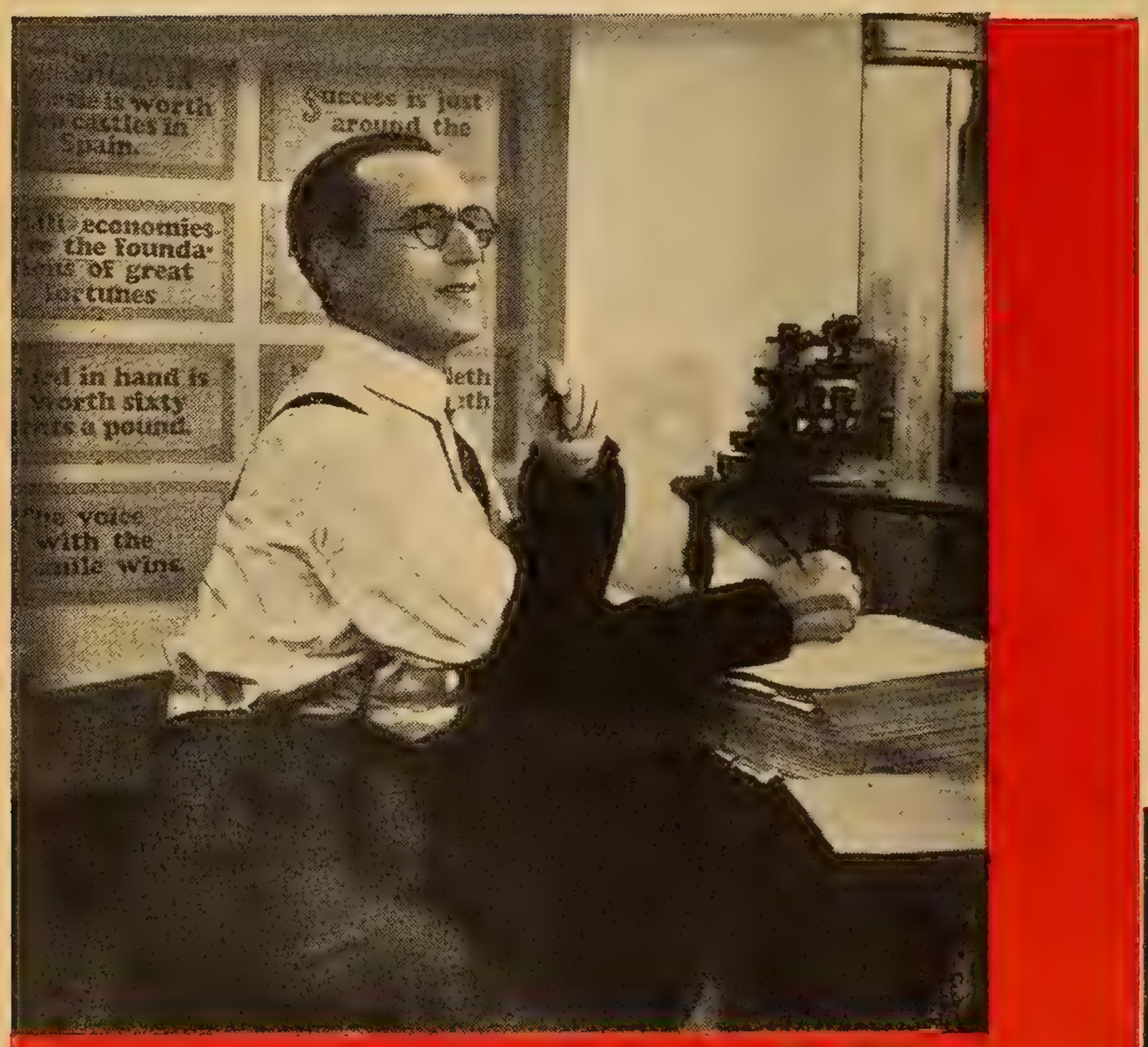
LIONEL BARRYMORE · THOMAS MITCHELL · HENRY TRAVERS
Beulah Bondi · Ward Bond · Frank Faylen · Gloria Grahame · Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA

Screenplay by Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett and Frank Capra · Additional Scenes by Jo Swerling · Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

movie reviews

virginia wilson





Full of success story dreams, Harold Diddlebock (H Lloyd) starts out as a newsboy. But after twenty years of conscientious work, he is given the bird in the form of a watch and a pink slip.



You wanna buy a lion? Jack Norton's safe on his desk, assuring Harold that his landlord really wouldn't permit it. Harold got the lion when he bought a circus one night—on a binge.

"THE SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK"

■ Maybe you've never seen a Harold Lloyd picture. If you haven't, you've missed one of life's major experiences, and the sooner you see "The Sin Of Harold Diddlebock," the happier you'll be.

Harold (Lloyd or Diddlebock, take your choice), as a football-playing collegian, is offered a job by the head of a big manufacturing concern. When Harold shows up, complete with diploma and full of enthusiasm and bright ideas, he is tucked away in the bookkeeping department. There he stays for twenty years. At the end of that time he is presented with a Swiss watch—which chimes—and is fired. Harold emerges into daylight, baffled and embittered, with two thousand dollars in savings and no future.

A weird little character called Wormy (Jimmy Conlin) gets a load of that roll and starts seeing the world through rose-colored glasses. He introduces Harold, who has never taken anything stronger than fruit cup, to a drink which the bartender christens a "Diddlebock." It causes repercussions of about the same intensity as an atom (*Continued on page 16*)



Jail's a bit cramped for Harold and his pal (Jimmy Conlin). But Harold can't understand why the police were so nasty—just because he had to rescue the lion from an 8th floor window ledge!

Are you in the know?



How should you cope with hickeys?

- ☐ *Squeeze with finger-tips*
- ☐ *Cover with heavy makeup*
- ☐ *Let them alone*

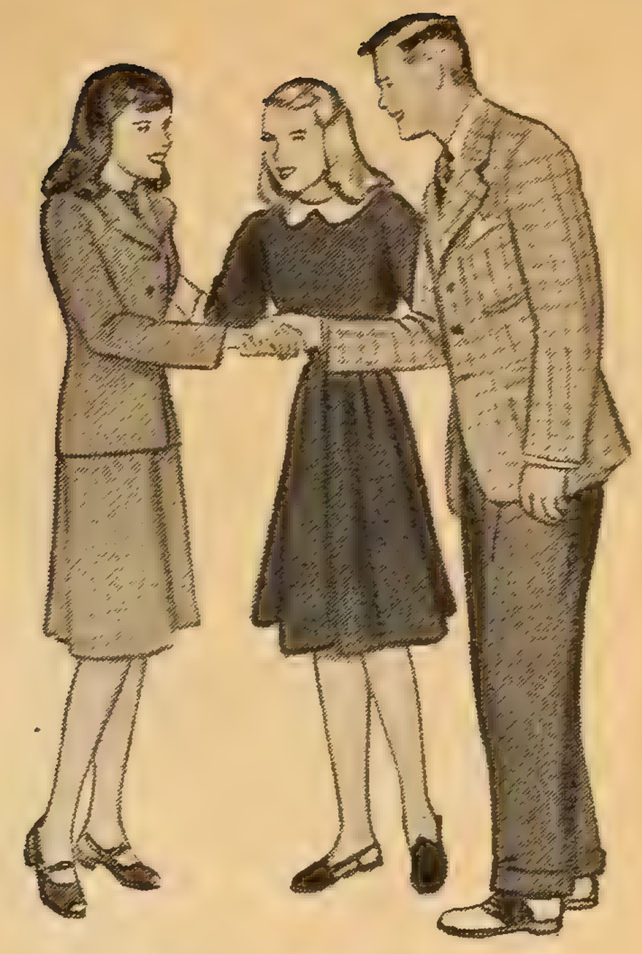
You're all set for next Saturday night, and horrors!—a hickey rears its ugly head. Never squeeze pimples. Just dab with antiseptic and let them alone. Unless they're chronic, needing medical care, they'll soon disappear on their own power. Well-scrubbed skin gathers few blemishes. And bathing's especially important if you'd be clover-sweet on certain days. Kotex helps keep you dainty, because every Kotex napkin has a *deodorant* locked inside!



Should a thank-you note be—

- ☐ *A formal acknowledgment*
- ☐ *Brief but "personalized"*
- ☐ *An essay on gratitude*

When sending thanks by mail, you needn't be stiff, or wordy or witty. Make your thank-you brief, but warm, with that personal touch that's *you.* Why let "duty notes" nag you? Writing them can be so simple. Likewise, why be needled by little problem-day worries—when Kotex can give you peace of mind? The exclusive *safety center* of Kotex means *extra protection* against accidents. That's why, as you skylark through "those" days, you'll say "thanks" to Kotex!



After making an introduction, then what?

- ☐ *Follow through*
- ☐ *Let them take it from there*
- ☐ *Start talking for talk's sake*

Spare your friends the pause that distresses—after they've said "How do you do?" Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying days", let Kotex introduce you to real comfort, dreamy softness that is strictly this side of heaven! For Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.* You get lasting comfort . . . more poise per hour!

How can you leave at your dating deadline?

- ☐ *Tell the crowd Dad insists*
- ☐ *Say you need your beauty-sleep*
- ☐ *Mention an early A. M. appointment*

Party-ing is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . . so don't hesitate. Mention an early morning appointment. It's the smooth way to exit at your curfew time. At "difficult" times, curfew for outline fears calls for Kotex. That's because Kotex has *flat, tapered ends* that don't show . . . that *prevent* revealing outlines. Yes, with Kotex you're poised at any party . . . a smoothie from the word go!





More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 14*)

bomb. Under the influence of this strange mixture, Harold buys a checked suit, a cowboy hat and a bankrupt circus. This is on Tuesday night. When he wakes up Thursday with a hangover, he doesn't even *remember* what he did Wednesday. Which is just as well, as it turns out. Wormy reminds him of the circus. "The cats are hungry," says Wormy. "Also the giraffes and the elephants." Many is the man who has wakened to a hangover of elephants, but these are real ones.

Harold considers the situation. Obviously, he will have to sell the circus, but finding a customer for it is something else again. Maybe the thing to do is to mix up a batch of those "Diddlebocks" and get one of the lions and go on a customer hunt.

This works fine up to a point—the point where Harold and Wormy find themselves suspended from a lion's collar eight floors above the street.

Among the hilarious cast are Frances Ramsden, Raymond Walburn, Arline Judge and Franklin Pangborn—*U.A.*

P. S.

Harold Lloyd returns to the screen after an absence of seven years, waiting for the right story. . . . Lloyd and Jackie, the lion, first trouped together in "The Milky Way." However, this is the first time in Jackie's history that he ever got official screen billing, although he has worked in more than 300 pictures. . . . Sturges used Paramount's "New York Street" set for three days. He isn't superstitious, but he did manage to shoot Lloyd with one particular building as a background—the same building that was behind Brian Donlevy when Sturges made the opening shot of "The Great McGinty," the first film he directed . . . As a gesture to Sturges, Rudy Vallee played a small role as one of the bankers, duplicating the staid performance he gave in "The Palm Beach Story." . . . Members of the company admired the nerve of Al Bridge, who plays the circus owner. When Jackie chewed playfully on his arm, Bridge didn't budge and kept right on with his dialogue. Later, he disclosed that lions are no novelty to him. He ran away with a circus when he was a youngster and became the assistant trainer in a "cat" act.

THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND THE GIRL

The time—right now. The place—New York City, in Technicolor. The girl—Martha Vickers, playing a sweet young thing called Vicki Cassel. Vicki is the granddaughter of Maestro Ladislaus Cassel (S. Z. Sakall), and is being groomed for a heavily operatic career. She has a disagreeable manager, Martin (Donald Woods), and a dominating grandmother (Florence Bates) to see that she doesn't stray from the operatic path.

Vicki, when we first meet her, is only mildly discontented with this program. After all, she doesn't know what she's missing. Then she encounters Steve (Dennis Morgan) who is about to open a night club next to the Cassel house. The closest Steve has ever been to the opera was when he waited for a bus in front of the Metropolitan. But he has an eye for a pretty girl, and Vicki is a *very* pretty girl. Maybe he and his friend, Jeff (Jack Carson), can get her to use her influence with Ladislaus, who is apparently trying to keep them from opening their night club.

They soon find that it's Martin, not Ladislaus, who is back of the attempt. Ladislaus is a genial, if bewildered, old boy, who invites Steve and Jeff and Sue (Janis Paige), their leading lady, over for a champagne party while his wife is in Philadelphia. Unfortunately, Madame Cassel returns too soon, accompanied by Martin, and this puts a definite end to the night club's chance of opening.

Ladislaus feels responsible for this catastrophe. Also he likes to see young Vicki gazing blissfully at Steve. A girl should have *some* fun before she has to be an opera singer. Ladislaus is a romantic, of the practical school. He arranges for his wife to be summoned to Mexico City, leaving him in charge of their joint bank account. He will back a show for Steve and Vicki, thus solving all their problems. Unfortunately, Madame Cassel leaves only a few hundred dollars in the account. Complications set in, among them a Texas millionaire and a girl named Elaine (Angela Greene) who is jealous of Vicki.

Let me recommend a number called, "Oh, But I Do."—*War.*

P. S.

Dance director LeRoy Prinz estimated that Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Martha Vickers, and Janis Paige walked more than twenty miles a day while rehearsing dance routines on a treadmill constructed on one of the stages. . . . The piano played by Carmen Cavallaro in the film was especially designed and built in the studio shops. It's plastic, reinforced with steel, and cost some $7,000. . . . Alan Hale celebrated his fifteenth consecutive year with Warners during production by signing a new seven-year contract. . . . Prinz spent days selecting and training twelve beautiful chorines for a night club sequence which is done in blackface. . . . The actors didn't consider the set the safest place in the world after a series of accidents. Jack fell from the treadmill and injured his neck, "Cuddles" Sakall had to take a week off when a Technicolor camera dolly ran over the toes of his right foot, and Martha narrowly escaped getting beaned when the collar from a high-tensity arc fell from a scaffold just above her head.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Vaughn Monroe was appearing at our local theater, and one gag in his show necessitated the use of a duck (stuffed, of course) as one of the props. Well, everything went along smoothly until the time came when the duck was supposed to drop from the ceiling. The band members looked up; they waited; still no duck! So the show went on with Vaughn singing one of his super solos. And right in the middle, that darn duck decided he wanted to come down to earth, I guess, because bang! down he fell, startling Vaughn and the whole audience, and turning the torchy number Vaughn was singing into a hilarious comedy. And nobody laughed harder than he did.

Lucille Retel
Buffalo, New York

THE DARK MIRROR

A broken mirror, an overturned chair and a man lying dead with a knife in his back. That's the beginning. The dead man is a doctor, and two witnesses saw him taking a girl to his apartment the night he was killed. Lieutenant Stevenson (Thomas Mitchell) has no trouble getting them to identify the girl. They say she is Terry Collins (Olivia de Havilland) who works at the magazine stand in the Medical Building.

"If only all cases were nice and simple like this one!" says the lieutenant. He's in for a shock, because Terry produces a complete alibi for the evening. Not the kind that could possibly be faked, either. Four different people place her at a point several miles from the scene of the crime. The lieutenant is going nuts over this problem when he learns that Terry has a twin sister, Ruth (Olivia de Havilland). Ruth, it seems, used to work at the magazine stand occasionally in Terry's place, and she too knew the dead doctor. There's no way of proving which girl was where on the night he was killed.

The lieutenant goes to see a psychiatrist, Dr. Elliott (Lew Ayres) who has made a study of twins. "It's a perfect crime, Doc," he says gloomily, "and I don't like perfect crimes. They make me nervous." Elliott agrees to try and help. He meets both girls and talks them into taking a series of tests for him. He will pay them for it, and they need a job. Since they've been in the papers in connection with the murder, no one will hire them. But as Dr. Elliott gets to know them better, and as the tests progress, he gets more and more worried. He has fallen in love with Ruth. And he knows that one of the sisters is guilty of the murder. That one of them is criminally—dangerously—insane.

Olivia de Havilland handles her dual role with authority, and it's nice to see Lew Ayres back on the screen. Thomas Mitchell makes the detective a human being instead of a stock figure.—*Univ.*

P. S.

No technical flaws will be found in the pic, as it was checked and double-checked in order to make sure of scientific soundness. Writer-Producer Nunnally Johnson not only consulted a practicing psychologist, but went to Washington where he had the FBI check all of his scientific data. . . . Superstition took a holiday as Olivia spent an entire morning hurling ashtrays at mirrors. Director Siodmak wanted the glass shattered in an impressively weird design and before he was satisfied, Livvy had smashed eight mirrors and ruined twelve takes. "Doesn't bother me a bit," remarked Olivia after completion of the scene, then added—"Just so I never have to whistle in a dressing room, or throw my hat on a bed!" . . . Director Siodmak's "X-Ray camera" promises to be the most provocative advance of 1946. Utilizing his own personally developed technique, Siodmak asserts that he is able to make the camera literally peer into the soul and ferret out secrets which the subject wants to conceal. . . . Lew Ayres uses a tried and true method of finding the truth. He tests Livvy with a real sphygmanometer (lie detector) in one scene, and was trained in the technique by John Schilling of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's office.

THE SHOW-OFF

Years ago, when Red Skelton was run-

The JOLSON STORY

is a glorious cavalcade of music and heart-stirring entertainment ...glowing with *Technicolor* magic!



with LARRY PARKS · EVELYN KEYES · William Demarest · Bill Goodwin

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Screenplay by Stephen Longstreet · Produced by SIDNEY SKOLSKY · Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN · *A COLUMBIA PICTURE*



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ning around in knee pants, there was a very funny comedy on Broadway called "The Show-Off". It is now an equally funny picture, with Red as Aubrey Piper, the boastful yet lovable windbag of the title. Aubrey isn't a bad guy, but he likes to have people think he's important. When he meets Amy (Marilyn Maxwell) on a blind date, it doesn't occur to him to tell her he's just a clerk in a shipping office.

He dazzles Amy into falling in love and before he knows it, he's in love himself. Amy's family meet Aubrey and are impressed—unfavorably. They don't have the same touching confidence in him that Amy does. Mrs. Fisher (Marjorie Main) in particular eyes him with suspicious dislike.

Anyhow they get married and go to live in a tiny apartment on a budget. The budget is immediately snafued by Aubrey's purchase of a piano. Then his concern for Amy leads him to buy a Great Dane to guard her when he works evenings. The dog howls, the neighbors complain, the Pipers are thrown out of their apartment and they move in with Amy's family.

Aubrey continues to show off, always with disastrous results. He borrows a car and wrecks a truck, a police car and a trolley. When he comes up for trial on a reckless driving charge, he insults the judge. Finally Aubrey pulls a boner to end all boners. It's so super-colossal you'll have to see it for yourself.

Among Aubrey's victims are "Rochester," Virginia O'Brien, Leon Ames and Marshall Thompson.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

Red Skelton's literary tastes wowed the whole set one day. Immersed in a book, Red reclined in his dressing room and repeatedly failed to answer his "on the set" call. Finally director Harry Beaumont came to the door. "Excuse me, Mr. Skelton," he said, "but might we have the pleasure of your company on the set? We'd like to make a movie." Red looked startled, and put down a volume of Grimm's Fairy Tales!... Marshall Thompson was the victim of Red's best gag of the month when the comedian phoned Marshall, and imitating the voice of a fraternity brother, told Marsh that he was coming down with the mumps. Marshall took it much to heart and warned everyone on the set to keep away from him. For ten days, he inspected himself in a mirror every hour on the hour, looking for signs of swelling.

I'LL BE YOURS

You're young and beautiful and you can sing. You have a letter to the owner of one of the biggest theaters in New York. So you're all set, aren't you? But Louise (Deanna Durbin) finds out it isn't quite as simple as that. Mr. Buckingham, the theater owner, does give her a job, but it's a job as an usherette. Still, the uniform's cute and maybe she'll meet some nice people.

The only person she meets is Wechsberg (William Bendix), who is a waiter in a cheap restaurant. He's also a character. There is, however, one thing to be said for Wechsberg. He is friendly. Oh yes, and his lawyer, whom he introduces Louise to, is a handsome chap named Charles Prescott (Tom Drake). At least he *would* be handsome if he'd shave off the beard he's so proud of. He thinks it makes him look distinguished.

Wechsberg has an extra job waiting on table at a fancy party at the Savoy-Ritz Saturday night. He smuggles Louise in, thinking no one will notice. Louise is too pretty not to be noticed, and the host, Conrad Nelson (Adolphe Menjou), spots her immediately. Wechsberg, in a desperate effort to explain her presence, says she's one of the entertainers. He has no idea that Louise can sing a note, and dies in seven different languages when Nelson announces her number. But Louise sings so beautifully that Nelson promptly offers to back her in a Broadway show. Obviously, however, there are strings to the offer. Louise, to calm him down, tells him she's married—to Charles Prescott.

The next thing Prescott knows, he is offered a job as attorney for the great Nelson meat packing interests. "It's a job that will keep you away from your wife frequently evenings," Nelson explains apologetically. "*What* wife?" says Prescott, and we're off!—*Univ.*

P. S.

Deanna and Tom arrived on the set one morning for the Central Park sequence, but found the park in no shape to be shot. The shrubbery and grass had been trampled and nibbled on, the place was a mess. Cast members and crew finally traced the destructive culprits to the studio zoo. Two deer had escaped during the night, found the stage door open and came in to chew the scenery. . . . Speaking of shrubbery, Tom Drake sported a chinful of artificial beard. And how he suffered for art! The weather was torrid and every afternoon about four, the overgrown goatee began to droop, became sticky and gummy. Tom had to wear it constantly during production, and lunchtimes would find him keeping to inconspicious commissary corners.... Adolphe Menjou carted an autograph book around the lot while the picture was shooting. It belonged to his 11-year-old son, Peter. "He's got the signature of every important player in Hollywood, except mine," admitted Menjou. Seems Peter refuses to add his father's John Hancock on the grounds that pop isn't a big enough star!

CROSS MY HEART

Betty Hutton bounces through music and murder with the same exuberance in "Cross My Heart." She plays a chorus girl, Peggy Harper, who is about to retire from the stage to marry a poor but honest young lawyer. Only Peggy soon decides that Oliver (Sonny Tufts) is just *too* honest. After all, they'll have to eat, won't they? Maybe she'd better get a job and save some money to get married on.

A middle aged wolf named Brent (Howard Freeman) engages Peggy as his secretary. She describes Brent in glowing terms to Oliver as a fatherly type who is writing a book about biology. Brent is interested in biology all right, but not in writing a book about it. The first day when Peggy reports for work, she meets the eccentric butler, Peter (Michael Chekhov), who is an ex-actor, still longing to play Hamlet. He is considerably annoyed with his employer for not giving him the role in a production Brent is backing.

Peggy is all set to make with the shorthand and the typing. But Brent has no intention of wasting time working. When she tries to distract his mind by singing, he starts to chase her around the table. She finally has to give him a fast—and lucky—right to the jaw to get away. When she gets home she finds she has forgotten her purse. She goes back, taking her mother (Ruth Donnelly) along for protection, and finds the house surrounded by police. Brent has been found murdered, and Peggy looks like a logical suspect.

Peggy, oddly enough, thinks so, too. She will confess to the crime, get Oliver to defend her, the publicity will make them both famous, and they can get married on the proceeds. It doesn't seem to occur to Peggy that she might be convicted. Or that the real murderer is still wandering around loose, with another murder on his mind.—*Par.*

P. S.

Sonny Tufts' role is his seventh for


MEN Worshipped... Cursed...
Hated... Loved Her!
RKO
PRESENTS
The Locket
Starring
LARAINE DAY
BRIAN AHERNE
ROBERT MITCHUM
GENE RAYMOND
with SHARYN MOFFETT • RICARDO CORTEZ • HENRY STEPHENSON
Produced by BERT GRANET • Directed by JOHN BRAHM • Written by SHERIDAN GIBNEY
RKO
RADIO
PICTURES

Paramount and his screen debut in civilian attire. . . . He worked in four pictures almost simultaneously during a three-day period. Besides, carrying on his role in "Cross My Heart," he made added scenes for "Miss Susie Slagle's," dubbed dialogue for "The Virginian" and completed a sequence for "Duffy's Tavern."... Film offered Michael Chekhov his first screen comedy role. He closed his acting school in Ridgefield, Conn., when all but one of his 17 male students were called into the service. The 17th, disqualified for military duty, is Hurd Hatfield! . . . The backstage sequence in which Tufts and Chekhov enact the death scene from "Hamlet" was Sonny's first Shakespearean venture and had a special sentimental significance for Michael. The latter played "Hamlet" as his farewell role at the Moscow Art Theater. . . . Paramount rented that particular set from John Carradine, who used it on his recent tour of Pacific Coast cities. Carradine, who received a rental of $400 a week, is reputed to have purchased it from the late John Barrymore for $50.00!

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE

This is a Technicolor tangle of handsome Russian officers, a pretty night club dancer and the music of Rimsky-Korsakov. Jean Pierre Aumont and Yvonne de Carlo make love under a Moroccan moon, with Brian Donlevy and Eve Arden helping.

In 1865, the ship "Almaz" of the Russian Navy, is becalmed in a Moroccan port. Reluctantly, Captain Gregorovitch (Brian Donlevy) gives the officers leave to go ashore. Reluctantly, because they've managed to get into trouble in every port they've hit so far and he has no reason to think this will be an exception.

Most of the officers are interested in wine and women, but one of them is more concerned with a song. He is Nicky Rimsky-Korsakov (Jean Pierre Aumont). He hurries ashore as fast as any of them, but his search is for a piano instead of a bar or a girl. He wants to try out some of the music he has been composing on board ship. The only piano he can find is in the villa of Madame de Talivara (Eve Arden), and he waits for no invitation but walks right in and starts to play. His unsuspecting hostess is astonished when she comes downstairs and finds a good looking young stranger at the piano. Since he *is* good looking, and she's a flirtatious old girl, she lets him stay.

The ship "Almaz" has quite a reputation for its romantic officers, such as Prince Mischetski (Philip Reed), who breaks all the hearts in every port, and carries a coiled whip in his sleeve to keep off interlopers. The other officers feel that Nicky, with his music, is lowering their batting average, so to speak. Even Captain Gregorovitch speaks about it. Nicky obediently goes out and picks up a girl. She is a dancer at the Cafe Oriental, a dark eyed enchantress called Cara (Yvonne de Carlo). Neither Nicky nor his rival, Prince Mischetski, knows that she is really the daughter of Madame de Talivara. They just know that she's beautiful, which is enough to start a fight between them. If Captain Gregorovitch hadn't thoughtfully provided Nicky with a whip to match the Prince's, the Rimsky-Korsakov career would have ended right there.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Yvonne de Carlo, in another dancing role, performs this time in a Moroccan cafe. Her renditions of the "Scheherazade" and two other ballets are predicted to become the talk of dance addicts for months to come. . . . Eve Arden also goes in for rug cutting in the film. In one scene, she does a fancy fandango. . . . The cast laid bets as to which of the songs featured will achieve the greatest popularity. Leaders in the race are "Scheherazade," the "Gypsy Song" and portions of "Caprice Espagnol." . . . Charles Kullman, Metropolitan Opera star, enacts the full-sized dramatic role of the ship's doctor. In addition, he vocalizes "Song of India" and "Hymn to the Sun." . . . Brian Donlevy's role of Captain Gregorovitch called for constant cigarette smoking. Between scenes, Brian went around soliciting suggestions for breaking the habit he was acquiring.

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE

If you want to see two people talk themselves into divorce and out again, take a look at "The Perfect Marriage." Dale Williams (David Niven) and his wife, Maggie (Loretta Young), are celebrating their tenth anniversary, when doubt creeps in. They love each other all right, only, Maggie decides, they aren't *in* love any more.

"But we *don't* share the same interests," Maggie says. "You don't care a thing about my job as fashion editor. It only irritates you. And your family irritates *me*." "*My* family!" Dale is indignant. "Listen, it's that incredible mother of yours that causes all the trouble." That, of course, is enough to start a real quarrel, and by the time they've said all the things they've been storing up for years, divorce seems the only solution.

There are other factors involved. One is Gloria (Virginia Field) whom Dale has taken to dinner occasionally when Maggie was busy. Another is Maggie's ex-fiance, Gil (Eddie Albert), whom her mother has always said she should have married. Weighing against these is little nine-year-old Cookie (Nona Griffith), who will be broken hearted if her mother and daddy separate. Before they've made up their minds what to do, word gets around that a divorce is in the offing. In-laws descend upon them from all sides. Maggie's friends swarm around to assure her she's doing the right thing, and Gil turns up to tell Maggie that he still loves her and wants her to marry him the minute she gets her divorce. Then, he adds, they'll put Cookie in a good school and take off for Yucatan to hunt cobras' eggs or something adventurous. This isn't just the future Maggie had in mind. Maybe Dale isn't so bad after all, as husbands go.—*Par.*

P. S.

There were few dull moments on the set with gagsters Young and Niven constantly trying to outwit each other. Most notable was David's prank, arranged for a somewhat grim effect, during a slapping scene. He acquired a handful of false teeth, and when Loretta gave him a realistic whack, they promptly seemed to fall out of his mouth. His co-star was horrified, but only for a moment. Dave's toothful grin gave him away. . . . Loretta retaliated a few days later when the script called for her to douse David with a bucket of water. She filled it with ice cubes, and insisted on several rehearsals.... Zasu Pitts was accorded the title of set chef, as she daily deluged the cast and crew with cakes, pies, cookies, and her own personal recipes for other goodies. ... When David first came to Hollywood nine years ago, he was houseguest of Loretta, her mother and sisters. He hadn't even considered becoming an actor until the family began urging him to try his luck.... Pic marks a screen reunion for Loretta and Dave. They also appeared as husband and wife in "Practically Yours" before David returned to England. . . The inimitable Niven entertained the company constantly with his amusing stories and characterizations.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Leave us let you in on a little secret: The *only* way to make sure that your favorite stars are featured in MODERN SCREEN is to fill out the Questionnaire below! (Follow instructions carefully, please, or your entry may be disqualified.) And—as a special bonus—if you clip this box RIGHT NOW and send it to us immediately, you may be one of the lucky 500 to receive a three months' subscription to MODERN SCREEN (February, March, April issues) absolutely free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd AND 3rd CHOICES—AND THAT'S ALL!

My Friend, Frank (Sinatra) by George Evans ☐
Hate That Boy! (Frank Sinatra) by Billy Rose ☐
A Christmas He'll Never Forget (Van Johnson) ☐
Good News-MODERN SCREEN Poll Party by Louella Parsons ☐
Happy New Year! (Ray Milland—Joan Leslie—Margaret O'Brien) ☐
It's a Wonderful Life (Jimmy Stewart) ☐
Gregory Peck Life Story (Part One) ☐
My Finds of '46! (Lizabeth Scott-Mark Stevens) by Hedda Hopper ☐
"Esther's Like That" (Esther Williams) by Ben Gage ☐
Swing Your Partners (Lana Turner) ☐
Three Little Girls in Green (Maureen O'Hara) ☐
Sister-in-Law, Gene (Tierney) by Cholly Knickerbocker ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....
What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.. .....
What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....
My name is .....
My address is..... City..... Zone.... State.....
I am ..... years old.

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR



■ Hi, fan clubbers, and welcome to the first monthly edition of "The Fans," right here, within the covers of MODERN SCREEN! We don't know how you feel about it, but we'd like to slap a huge orchid on each and every one of you, for making this possible. Bet you thought all this time we were using your cards and letters to line our closets. Uh-uh. Remember us? The *friendly* magazine? Each of those letters was a mighty persuasive campaigner for The Cause. But it was more than your written requests that turned the trick. You know MODERN SCREEN's policy —nothing but the best, always. The top stars . . . the best writers . . . the most interesting features. Frankly, we wouldn't have stood a chance if fan clubs—and particularly MSFCA clubs—hadn't been making such rapid strides, in all departments, during these past few years. Never have your journals been so well-written and edited; your officers more efficient; your members more active; your activities more exciting, and your self-accepted responsibilities more widespread in the community! In other words, you've quashed the old bogey, at last—the one about fan clubs being strictly kid stuff, characterized by hero-worship, hookey-playing and hysteria. This page is yours. But it's not a free gift. It's an earned reward! Now, if you'll bear with us, we want to take time to explain the workings of the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association to some million-and-a-half fans who are reading about us for the first time this month.

First of all, if you're a bit vague about what a fan club is, or what it has to offer you, put a marker right here to save your place, and turn to Jean Kinkead's "Co-Ed" (page 12). Jean tells you everything you want to know about fan clubs, in that wonderful way she has of making everything she writes about seem enchanted! And the best part of all is that everything Jean says is absolutely true. Not a word exaggerated!

Of course, not being a member of the MSFCA makes this page and the title, "The Fans," seem a little strange to you—but not for long, we hope. Because joining our Fan Club Association works something like your involuntary muscles—it could happen even while you're asleep! For anyone who belongs to an official MSFCA fan club is automatically a part of the MSFCA. It's as simple as that, with no strings attached.

Although we're making our official bow in this issue, (*Continued on page 100*)



Andy Russell awards prizes to winners of MSFCA's Membership Sweepstakes Contest



"Sweet enough to eat!" he whispers. And you... with your fresh, white frills, your soft Trushay-tended hands... you planned it that way!

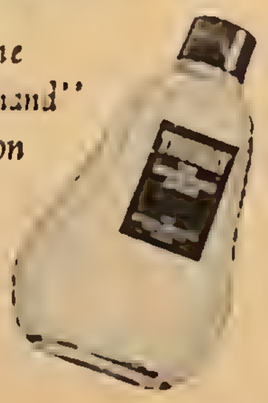
How faithfully this <u>different</u> hand lotion rewards its faithful users!

You can use fragrant, creamy Trushay a special "beforehand" way... <u>before</u> tubbing lingerie, <u>before</u> dishes. It guards hands even in hot, soapy water.

And be sure to use Trushay whenever, wherever your skin needs its softening touch.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

RADIO GOSSIP BY BEN GROSS

(*Continued from page 9*)

again that the veterans of the entertainment world have a know-how that the newcomers simply can not equal. Among the youngsters, however, Henry Morgan, the ABC funster, has already achieved great favor among sophisticated listeners.

Among the variety shows, those of Kate Smith, Hildegarde and the Kraft Music Hall, starring Eddy Duchin and Edward Everett Horton, are the leaders. You can't go wrong in tuning them in.

When you come to the crooners, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby and Perry Como are still in the forefront of the procession. Andy Russell, Dick Haymes and the very young Vic Damone are also hitting vocal home runs. Jo Stafford, Helen Forrest, Dinah Shore and Joan Edwards are right up there in the female contingent.

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony and the famed orchestras of Boston, Cleveland and Philadelphia, with the NBC Symphony headed by Arturo Toscanini, are, as usual, high in the affections of the musical long-hairs. And, of course, in this category one can't overlook the Saturday broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The lineup of popular music bands reveals essentially the same faces as those in years gone by: Duke Ellington, Louis Prima, Cab Calloway, Guy Lombardo, Tommy Dorsey, etc. But there is also a new name, Elliot Lawrence, who is winning a great deal of favorable reaction.

Among the chatterers of the airwaves, our colleague, Ed Sullivan, has won an enthusiastic response from his millions of fans. Our other fellow worker, Hedda Hopper, is more popular than ever with her movie gossip and news of Hollywood personalities. And, naturally, one must not omit Walter Winchell, who has the highest listener rating of any air commentator.

* * *

January 1 is another historic day in radio. For on that date in 1927, NBC aired the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena, coast-to-coast, the first time that a Pacific Coast program was ever transmitted to the East.

* * *

Gags of the Month . . . Edgar Bergen: Charlie, what is it that you have to watch for when driving past a school?

Charlie McCarthy: A truant officer.

* * *

Gildersleeve: The other night I was a contestant on Truth or Consequences, and I didn't tell the truth.

Victor Borge: Then my program is the second you've been on.

Gildersleeve: Yes, this is the Consequence.

* * *

Eddie Cantor: Why did you let Walter Pidgeon make love to you when you're married to me?

Ida: Eddie, you're the only man who asks a question and answers it at the same time.

* * *

Fred Allen: What's new tonight, Portland?

Portland Hoffa: The paper says Japanese money has gone down.

Allen: Japanese money?

Portland: The yen is now barely an urge.

* * *

Funny Fan Mail . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, a grandfather and the dean of American commentators, although an admirable gentleman, is not exactly the swooner-crooner type. Yet, the other week, H. V. received this letter from an enamoured lady listener:

"Dear Mr. Kaltenborn: I love to listen to you when I'm in bed. Your voice sounds so warm and intimate. It makes me think you are right here and just talking to me. I love it. Would you mind if I came to the studio some evening?"

P. S. . . The lady hasn't showed up as yet.

* * *

At a dinner given to Al Jolson at the Hotel Astor, in New York, to celebrate the premiere of the picture based on his life story, the great mammy singer was showered with the tributes of the celebrated men and women of the entertainment world.

After it was all over, I, just as hundreds of others, congratulated the veteran song and joke man. "Wasn't it great!" he exclaimed to me. "All these people—this movie of my life by Sid Skolsky—everything! I can hardly talk, except to say one thing, Ben. I have everything I want now—except—well, you know what that is: A job on the radio. So how about telling 'em about me? Just say: Even if they did make a picture about me, I ain't dead yet!"

Okay, Al. I'm telling 'em. You are a grand old trouper . . . and there are millions eager to have you on the air again!

* * *

Loudspeaking . . . As you'll be reading this during the season of Happy New Year resolutions, let's have some fun and put down in print a few "I resolves" for the broadcasters to abide by. If they heeded them, the chances are 1947 would be a prize year in radio.

So, attention, stations, sponsors, producers, directors and performers! Resolve, by the sacred names of Hooper, Sinatra and a dozen NBC vice-presidents, to:

1—Cut down those lengthy commercials. They drive away the customers instead of attracting them.

2—Dig up new jokes for the comedians.

3—Insist that all girl singers pronounce their words as clearly as Kate Smith.

4—Ask Ed Sullivan never to mention in his Broadway column any comedian who makes strictly local jokes about Hollywood, which most listeners don't understand.

5—Take away the mike from any emcee who humiliates or insults a contestant in an audience participation show.

6—Tell some of the quiz shows that they'd win more friends if, instead of giving away cars, thousands of dollars and electric refrigerators, they'd give the listeners more entertainment.

7—Make an example of any comic who asks a movie star, "What has Van Johnson (or Gregory Peck, or any other handsome guy you can think of) got that I haven't got?"

8—Impress on some crooners, whose bank accounts have grown fat, to be nice to their fans, who made those bank accounts possible.

9—Give you better programs than ever . . . and thereby help you to have a Happy Radio New Year!

RADIO AWARD BY ED SULLIVAN

(*Continued from page 8*)

a career that was to run the gamut of showbusiness. "For a time, everything went along swell," recalled Bergen. "My vaudeville salary got up to $350 a week, ten times McCarthy's original cost. Of course, there were disturbing experiences, like that engagement at Little Rock, Arkansas, where the newspaper reviewer wrote: 'At this point in the vaudeville bill, for some unknown reason, there appeared Edgar Bergen, a dummy called Charlie McCarthy and a girl dressed as a nurse. Unfortunately for Bergen, the audience is not quite so gullible as McCarthy.'"

Wounded, bleeding as the result of the review in Little Rock, Bergen applied the tourniquet of kinder notices in other cities and hamlets, and as the years progressed, he worked his salary up to the not inconsiderable sum of $750 a week. Not only the mounting salary testified to the development of the act—something else happened to prove that McCarthy and his spirit were on the way up. The something else was their contract to play the world-famous Palace, on Broadway.

You youngsters will say "so what?" but in the old days of vaudeville, a contract to play the Palace was the be-all and end-all of an actor's career. An invitation to play the Palace was notice that an act had become Big Time stuff.

With the stamp of Palace approbation on him, Bergen launched into the different field of night club entertainment. "You ought to remember that very well," Bergen grinned. "I've still got the yellowed review you penned about me when we played the House of Morgan." He fumbled in his pocket, extracted a wrinkled newspaper review: "Edgar Bergen will be one of the comedy sensations of 1936."
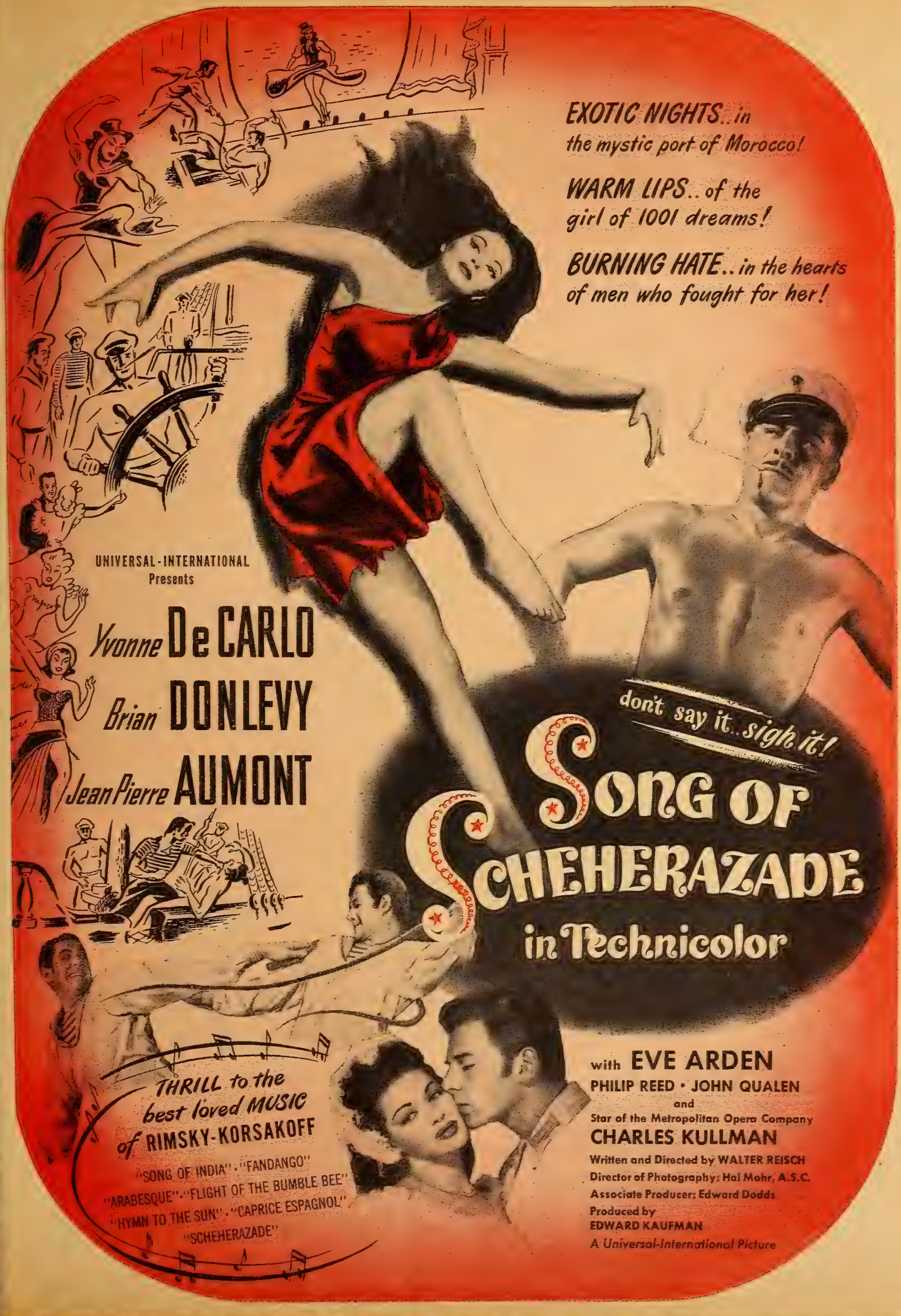
"So what happened?" Bergen asked. "The day after your column boosted me, the Shuberts signed me for the Ziegfeld 'Follies' and I figured we were in the chips. And then the roof crashed in. At Philadelphia, just as the show was pulling up stakes for the opening on Broadway, I was fired."

Bergen shook his head at the memory: "It never rains but it pours. Released from the 'Follies,' and discouraged, things went from bad to worse. Then suddenly things reversed themselves. My agent telephoned me, all excited—Abe Lyman wanted me to go in with his band to the College Inn, Chicago. On top of that, the State-Lake Theater, Chicago, offered us the chance to 'double' into that house. It meant two jobs simultaneously, and two salaries! It looked as if the jinx was off us and when I started for Chicago, I was in a real sentimental mood. I was going back to my own city, where everything had originated. I was again on top of the world.

"Then, Boom! Once again the ceiling fell on us. Abe Lyman, it seemed, never had o.k.'d the idea of me appearing at the State-Lake Theater. Before the thing could be worked out, and while I was still on the train, the College Inn engagement was cancelled, just like that."

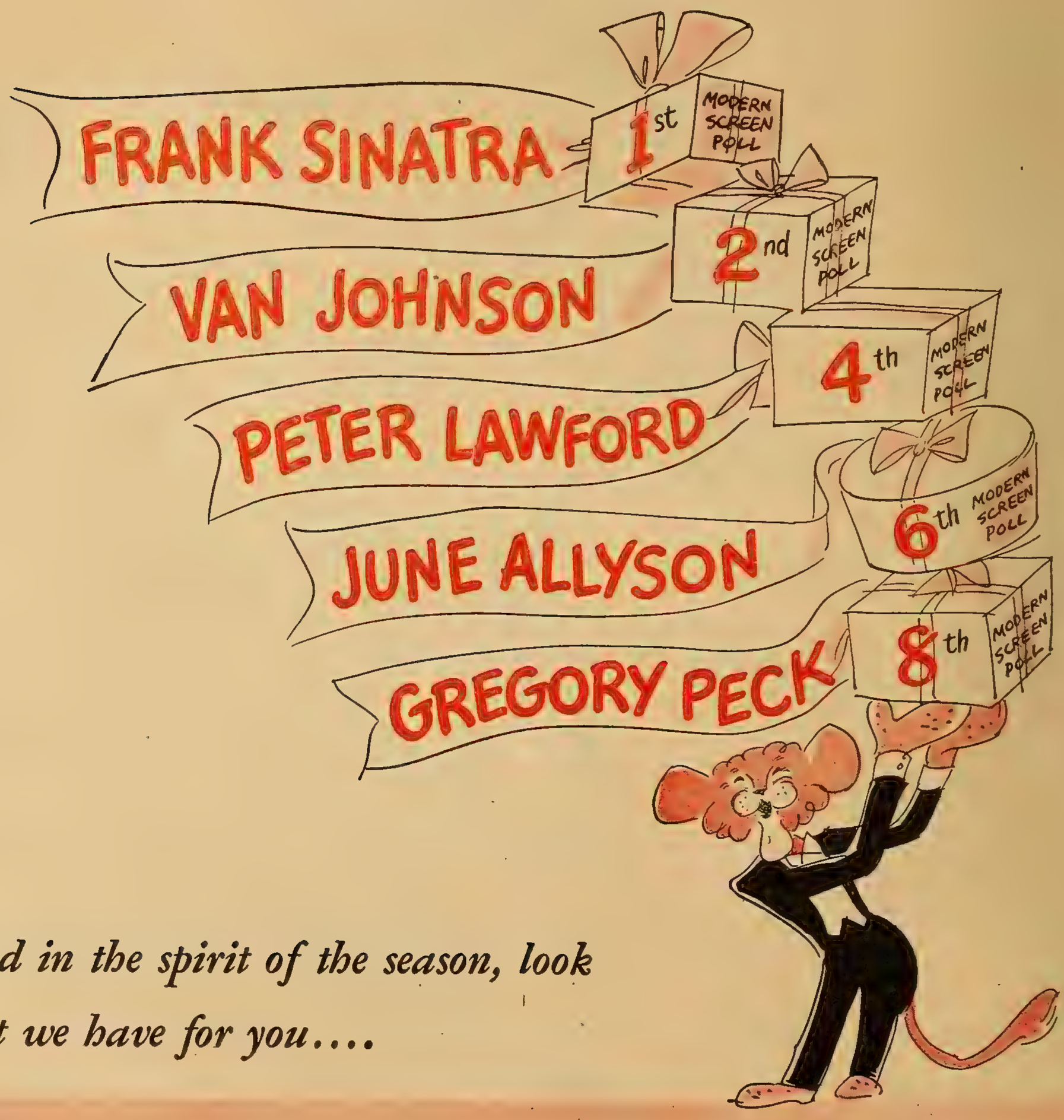
There were to be other great discouragements in his career, "but I never felt lower than at that moment," remembered Bergen. "Here we were, back in Chicago—released from the Ziegfeld 'Follies'—cancelled out of College Inn and a long run. That night, I took stock of myself and the conclusion was inescapable. We had gone just so far

(*Continued on page 83*)


EXOTIC NIGHTS..in
the mystic port of Morocco!
WARM LIPS.. of the
girl of 1001 dreams!
BURNING HATE..in the hearts
of men who fought for her!
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
Presents
Yvonne De CARLO
Brian DONLEVY
Jean Pierre AUMONT
don't say it..sigh it!
SONG OF
SCHEHERAZADE
in Technicolor
THRILL to the
best loved MUSIC
of RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF
"SONG OF INDIA" · "FANDANGO"
"ARABESQUE" · "FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE"
"HYMN TO THE SUN" · "CAPRICE ESPAGNOL"
"SCHEHERAZADE"
with EVE ARDEN
PHILIP REED • JOHN QUALEN
and
Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company
CHARLES KULLMAN
Written and Directed by WALTER REISCH
Director of Photography: Hal Mohr, A.S.C.
Associate Producer: Edward Dodds
Produced by
EDWARD KAUFMAN
A Universal-International Picture

5 Winners!!!

M·G·M says "Thank you, Modern Screen readers, for your wonderful Christmas present to our stars".



And in the spirit of the season, look what we have for you....



FRANK SINATRA IN "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" AND "IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN"



VAN JOHNSON IN "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" AND "HIGH BARBAREE"



PETER LAWFORD IN "MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES"



JUNE ALLYSON IN "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" AND "THE SECRET HEART"



GREGORY PECK IN "THE YEARLING"

To our Readers...

■ January issues always find editors tallying their sins and their circulations. MODERN SCREEN being the friendly magazine, Henry Malmgreen and I naturally haven't a sin to our names. But we do have circulation—and above all we have friends in alarming quantities. For instance, in 1946, 180,000 of you darling people voted on our MODERN SCREEN poll (p. 20) . . . Since that poll tells us whom you want to read about—and helps keep MODERN SCREEN far ahead of the competition—thousands of you are in effect helping us edit our book. All of you pitching for us, that's friendship on a colossal scale, and we love it! I'd like to sit right down and write each of you a fat love letter—and enclose a lean lamb chop. Since King Solomon and Mike Romanoff between them couldn't handle that order, I'm going to content myself with telling you who won the poll and what we did about it . . . For 1946, Frankie passed Van by just the length of a bow-tie. Cornel Wilde was a close third, followed by Pete Lawford, Alan Ladd, June Allyson, Guy Madison, Gregory Peck, Jeanne Crain and June Haver—in that order . . . Your response to our poll is moving and it's magnificent. Through you, it has become the biggest poll of its kind in the world. Therefore, the honor you bestowed on Frank Sinatra was a very great one. We felt an obligation to present an equally great award. Not a medal or a ribbon, but a permanent and living symbol of your choice. And so, we commissioned Jo Davidson, America's most celebrated sculptor, to fashion a Sinatra bust. A short while ago, Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, placed the final seal of approval on your choice when he appeared on Frank's program and personally presented him with the bust . . . For a full account of the excitement, the mammoth party at Ciro's following the award, our own Louella's generous gesture in inviting Frankie to guest on her program on behalf of MODERN SCREEN; for all this, read on. But first, before I forget, a great big beautiful Merrie Christmas to all of you!

Ida Lupino



MY FRIEND. FRANK

by George Evans

I can remember the night it began, and that was a long time ago. Back in 1939. It was a blustery winter night, and I was driving along by the East River about one a.m. I was on my way down to my newspaper office for coffee and a bull session with some reporter pals of mine. The river beside the Drive looked black and lonely, and an icy wind thumped against my convertible.

I reached over and turned my radio on for company. The button I pushed got me a small local station, a voice singing "Night And Day," and a tap on the shoulder from Destiny, although I didn't know that yet. All I knew was that the voice somehow made me feel warmer and happier. It sounded as if the guy singing was right in the car and as if he was singing directly to me. I liked that. But the song was over in a minute and so was the program. Just then a big truck came along and darn near took off my left fender, so I didn't hear the announcement of the vocalist's name.

I thought about it later, over my second cup of coffee with the boys. "Anyone know who was singing 'Night And Day' over station W—— at one o'clock?" I inquired. "Some new crooner."

That got me a fine collection of wisecracks, but no information. The boys said they had something to do at one o'clock besides listen to the radio. They said they had a newspaper to get out. They added a few extra remarks about crooners.

I picked up the telephone and called the radio station. "Who was the guy singing 'Night And Day' at one o'clock?"

There was a slight pause for station identification, and then I got my answer.

"That was Frank Sinatra, broadcasting from the Rustic Cabin."

I repeated it obligingly to my newspaper pals. But did they know they were listen- (*Continued on page 92*)

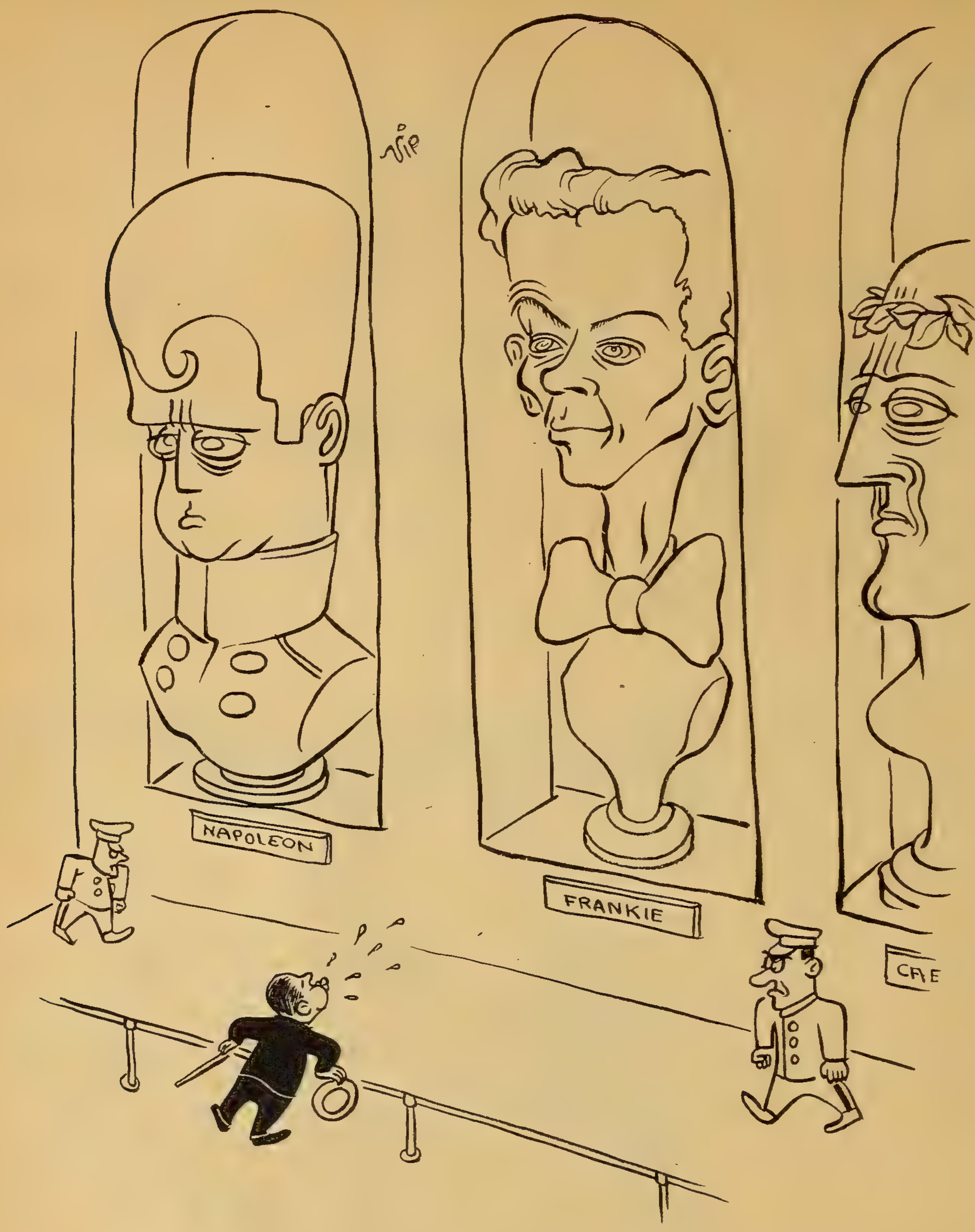


Whether he's rehearsing in a radio studio or acting on a movie set, Frankie always finds time to huddle with his friend and publicist, George B. Evans. (Here, chatting on the "It Happened In Brooklyn" set.)

Take away that old black magic voice, and what's left? Just about the best friend any guy ever had, that's all.

To honor Frank for heading our poll for 1946, MODERN SCREEN commissioned Jo Davidson, the world famous sculptor, to do this magnificent bronze bust, then gave it to Frank.

illustrated by virgil partch



THERE ARE AT LEAST TEN REASONS WHY I HATE FRANK SINATRA:

1 After ringing one of the loudest success bells in show business history, Frankie still knocks around with the same guys who knew him "when." The boys in the bands he used to sing with love him like a hot trumpet. When he walks down River Street in Hoboken, the policemen's horses give *him* sugar. He thinks in big numbers. His favorite is 140,000,000; he wants no part of the 400. He makes an old social climber like me feel like a social climber. Hate that boy! **2** He weighs 130 with a flat iron in his pocket. But he once knocked out a couple of plug-uglies for making a stupid, bigoted crack. How do you suppose that makes me feel? I usually substitute chit-chat for the old one-two. Loathe that boy! **3** A few months ago, Little Bow Tie walked out of a zillion dollar picture and flew to New York to stooge for Phil Silvers the night he opened at the Copacabana. For this he got (a) no dough and (b) no billing. He did it because "Rags" Ragland, who had been booked to do a double act with Silvers, died a few days before the opening. "Rags" was an old buddy of his. That kind of gesture makes a "do-nothing-for-nobody" look pretty crummy. Can't stand that boy! **4** When he could be sunning himself at Palm Springs, he flies to faraway schools and talks to kids about tolerance. I hate intolerance just as much, but I do less. When he believes in something, he does something. The courage of this skinny kid with the loving-cup ears makes me feel as yellow as Chiquita Banana. Detest that boy! **5** When the Theater Guild brought in a

by BILLY ROSE

Hate that Boy!



IF ONLY HE'D SING OFF KEY, OR

GET BALD, OR LOSE THAT WAISTLINE! BUT NO,

THAT SINATRA JUST GOES ON AND ON, WILTING

THE MEN AND WOWING THE LADIES.

it called "Oklahoma!" a few years ago, I turned chartreuse ith envy. Frank Sinatra thinks Bing Crosby is wonderful and ays so to anyone who'll listen. Phooey on that boy! **6** When omeone tries to make a touch, he reaches for his wallet like Vild Bill Hickock used to reach for his six-shooter. A good way o hit me for five is to ask me for twenty. Intensely dislike hat boy! **7** In 1944, he worked for a studio where the boss- ian was a Hoover Republican, but he drove his car on the t with a windshield plastered with Roosevelt stickers. Me, hen I'm with Hannegan I'm a Democrat, when I'm with ewey I'm a Republican. A pox on that boy! **8** Next spring e's financing a series of four-year scholarships for musical udents who otherwise couldn't afford advanced technical study. I've made a lot of money with musicians, but I never gave one of them a downbeat without collateral. He makes me feel like Scrooge. Nuts to that boy! **9** When he sings, my wife puts her arms around the radio. When I sing, she leans out of the window so the neighbors won't think it's she. He eats southern-fried chicken, candied sweets, and rye bread. I eat lettuce and rye-krisp. He has a waistline like Gregory Peck. I have one like Gregory Ratoff. Bomb that boy! **10** When I do a show I need seven press agents to protect my investment. When he does one, they need 70 cops to protect the theater. I'm snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails. He's sugar and spice and everything nice. The son of a so-and-so gives me an inferiority complex. Hate that boy!

VAN WAS A GROWN UP MAN OF EIGHT AND MEN DIDN'T CRY JUST BECAUSE THEY HAD NO CHRISTMAS TREE . . .

By Virginia Wilson

The big bedroom window had only been open half an hour, but already the room was icy. There was a full moon shining on the powdery snow outside, and by its light Van could see his breath making a frosty silver plume. He shivered, more with excitement than cold. When you're eight years old, Christmas Eve is so full of suspense that you can hardly bear it. He lay there, wriggling his toes a little under the heavy, home-made quilts. Listening.

The sounds from the other room were faint but unmistakable. The rustle of tissue paper. The tinkle of a fragile Christmas tree ornament breaking on the floor and then Dad swearing. Granny's soft Swedish voice, reproving him. Van grinned, and thought with eight-year-old superiority about last year when he had believed in Santa Claus. It was more fun this way, really. Of course he'd written a letter to Santa this year, the same as usual, solemnly giving it to his father to mail. It had contained just one sentence—a short one, in round, childish writing.

"Please, Santa Claus, an electric train."

Not that he thought he'd get it. Not now, when he knew there wasn't any Santa Claus. (*Continued on page 86*)



a xmas he'll never forget



Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M exec, formally presented the MODERN SCREEN Award bust to Frank Sinatra on F.'s broadcast. Later, they and Editor Al Delacorte went to Ciro's to celebrate.



At long last, Cornel Wilde's differences with 20th-Fox have been ironed out and he remains in "Amber." Wife Pat Knight's on her way up, too.



Guy Madison and Gail Russell, Hollywood's cutest kid twosome, had a fine time at the shindig. Says Guy, "We see each other every evening, but we can each date others—if we want to!"



Joan Crawford held even two glamor-accustomed folks like Louella Parsons and Louis Mayer enthralled over plans for her "in-person" exploitation for "Humoresque." She'll go to Paris on a similar stint.

louella parsons'

HOLLYWOOD HAD A CORONATION

THE OTHER DAY: EVERYBODY—INCLUDING

OUR OWN LOUELLA PARSONS—

TURNED OUT TO CROWN THE KING,

FRANK SINATRA, AT MODERN

SCREEN'S PARTY FOR ONE OF THE

SWELLEST GUYS IN TOWN.



Back from the wars, Glenn Ford, already a star, is a double threat as both the bobby sockers' and matrons' delight. Mrs. F., Eleanor Powell, played at Chi.'s Chez Paree at $10,000 a week, will do a movie soon.

■ A party to be remembered long and happily in the annals of Hollywood social history is the gay dinner dance hosted for the glamor boys and girls of Hollywood. Ciro's, the famous nightclub, was the setting, while the occasion was the award given each year by this magazine to the star chosen by you readers as the reigning favorite—the Number One actor of the year.

This year—1946—the winner of this coveted honor was Frank Sinatra, the boy whose voice has charmed millions. It was, however, not Sinatra the singer, but Sinatra the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actor, the boy who delighted so many movie goers in "Anchors Aweigh," who was singled out by our discerning MODERN SCREEN readers.

Van Johnson was chosen last year. This year, Van was away on location, but he sent a message to the Delacortes, expressing his regret he couldn't be present. But Alan Ladd, who was voted tops on two or more preceding years, was there with his devoted Sue, the girl who discovered him and who is always so frankly proud of the handsome Alan. It does my heart good to see them together.

The Ladds, Sue and Alan, expect a baby, their second one, at Christmas time, and Alan makes no secret of hoping the stork will bring them a boy.

"I'd like a boy," says Alan, "and I hope he will be exactly like our three-year-old daughter, Alana." She is the darling and apple of his eye.

As I talked to Sue and Alan, I heard her say, "Alan, let's dance. We don't want Shirley Temple and her husband (*Continued on next page*)



Sonny Tufts co-stars with Ann Blyth in "A Swell Guy," congratulated Ann at the party for at last shedding the brace she's been wearing since her toboggan accident. Ann refused to learn how to smoke for her new picture.



Our party was fine, Esther Williams and Ben Gage agreed. But the Gages are looking forward to barbecues at their new home, with Esther the salad chef, Ben at the steaks.



Publisher George Delacorte heard all about Dorothy Lamour's new home, which will have a nursery for her year-old son and a ranch for raising work horses.

GOOD NEWS

good news GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS

louella parsons'

Good News GOOD NEWS

GOOD NEWS

Good News

good news GOOD NEWS



Phoning keeps Hollywood's bachelor Lawford busy, and it's a Miami night-club dancer who's likely to be on the other end of the wire. Peter drove up to the party in his swanky $3,000, red leather-trimmed car.



Dancing with husband Jack Briggs at MS's party was a far cry from the minuet Ginger Rogers dances with David Niven in new pic: "Magnificent Doll." G.'s a brownette again.



Deanna Durbin (here with husband Felix Jackson) looks just the way she used to again. Her hair's back to its natural color, and her figure's streamlined. She'll sing requests in new picture.



Another happy couple who'll be buying layettes soon was at the party: The newly married Paul Brinkmans. Jeanne Crain's going to play Maureen O'Hara's daughter in "Chicken Every Sunday."

to outdo us in the rhumba department."

I don't wonder they felt in a dancing mood. The Delacortes, marvelous hosts, had left nothing undone to make the party one which even in Hollywood, which specializes in superb dinner dances, deserves mention among the really delightful events of any year. It was a fun party from start to finish, with Editor Albert Delacorte and Publisher George Delacorte and his charming wife on hand to see no one was neglected, with such food spread temptingly on buffet tables, such music and such chatter!

What a week of celebration for the MODERN SCREEN AWARD!

Earlier that very evening, Frank Sinatra had received the MODERN SCREEN AWARD, a bust by the renowned sculptor, Jo Davidson. The ceremony had taken place on Frank's radio show, and the spirited likeness which the sculptor had created was presented to Frankie by his boss, Louis B. Mayer, who as usual, made a speech that was spontaneous and eloquent with words of good wishes that must have made Frank a very happy boy. (*Continued on next page*)

GOOD NEWS good news GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS

louella parsons'

Good News GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS



Nope, Nancy Guild's *not* the exclusive property of Frank Latimore, though he might like it that way! Nancy's bosses want to keep her natural, so she wears her hair straight both on and off screen.



The guest of honor, MODERN SCREEN's "king of the polls," Frank Sinatra, talks to George Delacorte, MS's publisher, and Louella Parsons. To Hollywood's joy, Louella's back in the swing after her illness.



Best thing Albert Delacorte, MS's editor, could do for Larry Parks, was to promise to say "hello" to Larry's wife, Betty Garrett. Betty's in New York, starring in hit musical, "Call Me Mister."



Mrs. Charles Korvin sipped her coffee and discussed her husband's latest role with him. Charles (whose real name is "Geza") is no longer on suspension from Universal, will co-star with Merle Oberon.



That's not a mustache Rory Calhoun's sprouting; it's just the trimming on Virginia Mayo's hat. Michael O'Shea thinks the mustache makes Rory look like Clark Gable—which is okay with Rory.



The Robert Mitchums are real party-goers. They love to dance, and glide around the floor like professionals. Although divorce rumors floated around last year, Bob says the rumors were just that and nothing more.



"Cleatus and I belong together," announced Bob a few months ago when reporters were breaking their necks to find out whether it would be Lana T. who'd become the next Mrs. Robert Hutton. Now he and C. are one.



Tom Drake didn't know when this pic was snapped, he was so busy telling Cathy Downs and Lon McCallister about the book he's writing. Lon's got three pictures lined up, now that he's back in civvies.

Then on my show I interviewed Frank and also paid a tribute to this magazine which has such wide appeal for every member of a family.

I have never seen Frankie, who sometimes acts just a little blasé and bored, as touched and pleased by anything as he was by the Davidson bust. And well he might. The man who was selected to sculpt a bust of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, Clemenceau, Foch, and other distinguished leaders, had achieved a remarkable physical and spiritual likeness of the young crooner.

Taking me by the hand, Frankie led me out to his bust which stood on a pedestal. Gazing at it, he said, "Isn't it wonderful? It will be something my children will treasure all their lives.

"Look," he said, digging into his pocket as he produced a tiny head modeled from the big bust.

"May I have one?" I asked.

"I'd like to give you my head," he said.

That was the only flip remark Frankie made all evening. I have never seen him as subdued, excepting when he did my radio show with me. He had gone out to see his little daughter, Nancy, before he came to Ciro's, and she clung to him with kisses and hugs.

Just as I had prophesied, a week after they'd split up, Frankie and Nancy, who had parted just before the MODERN SCREEN dinner, reconciled. This line was in Frankie's radio script, "Put the spaghetti on the stove, keep the children up, I'll be home." But there was never a chance for him to say that line because (*Continued on next page*)



Still newlyweds, Barbara Hale and Bill Williams wouldn't part even to look at Jo Davidson's bust of Frankie, but examined it with Bill's arm safely around Barb's waist.



Pert June Haver visits with Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery. Dinah's got a new air show co-starring jokester Peter Lind Hayes—who's a very funny guy.



Trust Lana Turner to go to extremes! Once almost 20 pounds overweight, she's now reducing so fast, her friends hardly recognize her. That's brilliant pianist Carmen Cavallero with Lana.



Now that Alan Ladd expects to be a father again any minute, he's going into business and just bought the Mayfair Cafe. Sue's all enthused about plans to star him in "hot 'n' heavy" romantic roles in the future.

the Sinatras met accidentally at Slapsy Maxie's cafe and kissed and made up. Each was with a large party of friends at different tables.

Phil Silvers, an old friend who was the star entertainer of the evening, called on Frankie for an impromptu number. Frank and Phil dressed up like vaudevillians and the bow tie king sang "Going Home." Said Phil, "That wouldn't be a bad idea!" At this, Frankie walked directly from the stage to Nancy's table, where she sat, pretty as a picture. He asked her to dance. Beaming, she accepted. They danced once around the floor and on through the door and home.

I'm going to set a precedent about the party news (fashion reporters take notice) by telling you what the guest of honor wore. Nobody ever cares about what the *(Continued on page 105)*



She's had her first corsage (violets), seen her first show (N.Y. "Carousel") and had her first screen kiss (in "Rich, Full Life") Liz Taylor's certainly old enough to chat with handsome Mark Steve

louella parsons'



s soon as Johnny Johnston's divorce is final, he and Kathryn Grayson, ho's just signed a 7-year contract, will go on a "singing honeymoon." ey plan to appear as a team on cross-country personal appearances.



erica seems to be a bit too topsy-turvy for England's charming ort, Phyllis Calvert. Here, Editor Al Delacorte and columnist dda Hopper join Gary Cooper in a Yankee ribbing session.

Talk about time flying! Even though Shirley Temple and hubby John Agar deny it, rumor has it that Little Miss Marker's due to become a Little Mrs. Mama.



Ex-Lieut. Bob Stack threesome'ed it with the Glenn Fords. Glenn's trying to see "Gilda" once completely—fans have been getting violent!

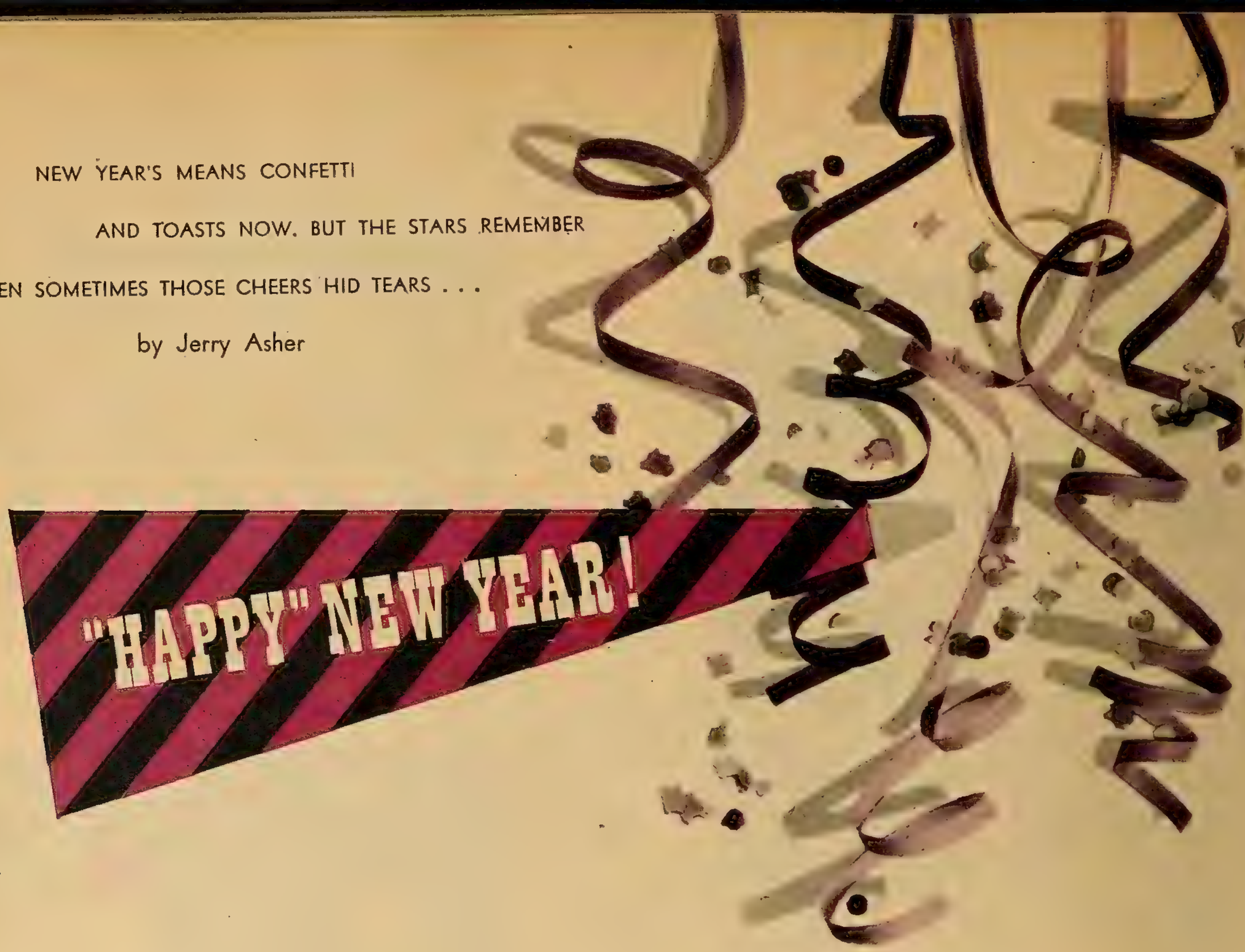


NEW YEAR'S MEANS CONFETTI

AND TOASTS NOW. BUT THE STARS REMEMBER

WHEN SOMETIMES THOSE CHEERS HID TEARS . . .

by Jerry Asher

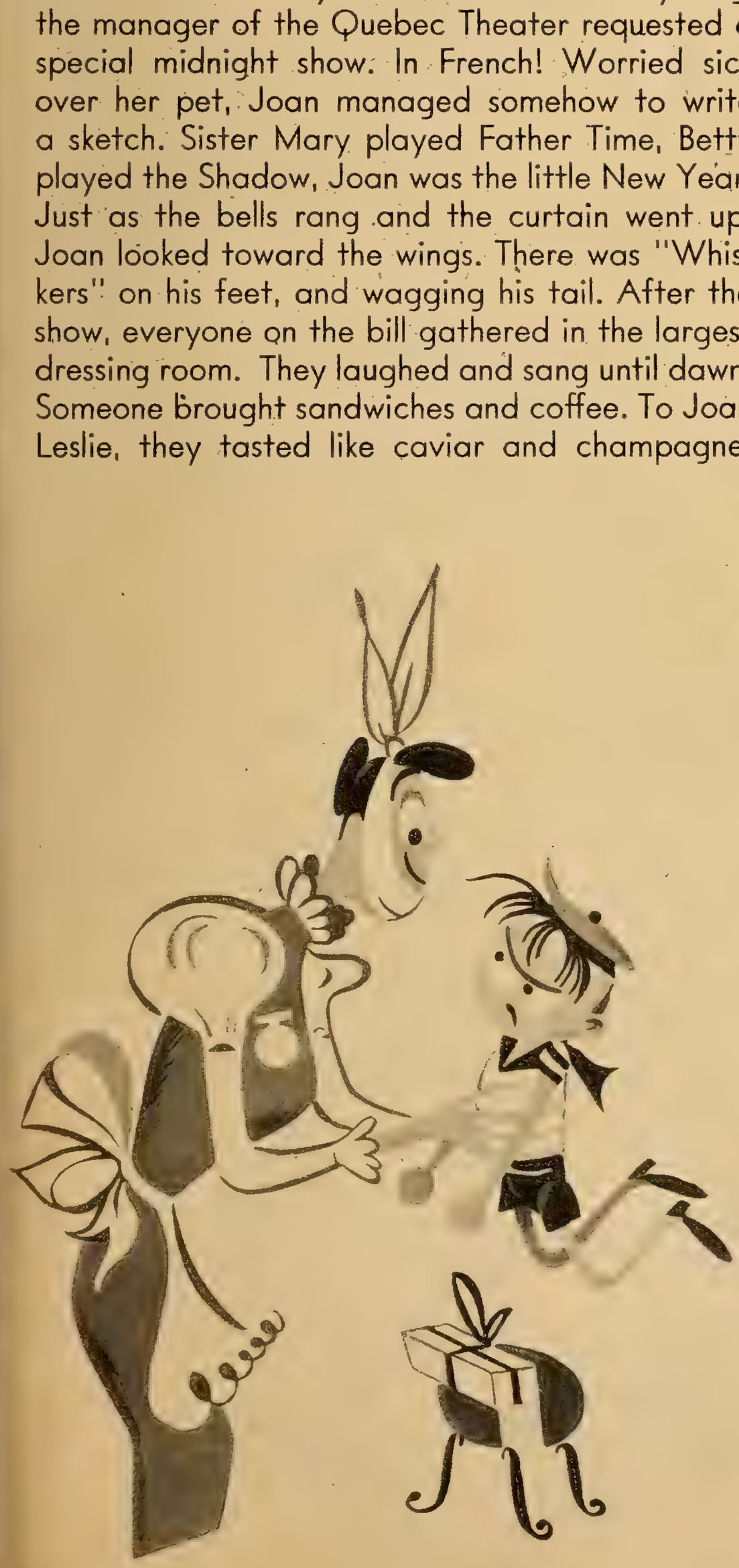




■ Not a child has to go to bed unless he falls asleep, or says goodnight on his own accord! She was only four years old at the time, but the importance of this announcement made a terrific impression on one Margaret O'Brien. They were at a cousin's house in San Francisco. It was December 31st and as usual, all the relatives were gathered to laugh, talk and reminisce. Being Irish and sentimental, there was also a tear or two along with the gaiety. At twelve the bells rang out. A heavy-lidded but determined-to-stay-awake Margaret, joined in the fun. She especially loved "breakfast served at midnight"—even if the reason wasn't exactly clear in her little girl's mind! New Year's Day, Mrs. O'Brien gave Margaret one last Christmas present, held over for this special event. The one she received last New Year's Day, Margaret will never forget. Eagerly she tore into the bright colored package. Before their startled eyes she pulled out a baseball and catcher's mitt! Somehow, someway, something had gone terribly wrong. It was the Christmas present Margaret had selected herself to give to—Butch Jenkins!

■ "Whiskers" was a very sick dog. Lying there so still in his box backstage at the Arlequin Theater, he looked pleadingly into the eyes of his young mistress. She struggled desperately to keep back the tears. "You can't cry now, Joan," someone cautioned her. "You're on next." At that particular moment, to Joan Leslie it seemed as if she was always on next. Invariably, on this last day of the year, the Brodel Sisters touring in vaudeville, found themselves far away from Detroit, friends and festivity. Now, to climax everything, the manager of the Quebec Theater requested a special midnight show. In French! Worried sick over her pet, Joan managed somehow to write a sketch. Sister Mary played Father Time, Betty played the Shadow, Joan was the little New Year. Just as the bells rang and the curtain went up, Joan looked toward the wings. There was "Whiskers" on his feet, and wagging his tail. After the show, everyone on the bill gathered in the largest dressing room. They laughed and sang until dawn. Someone brought sandwiches and coffee. To Joan Leslie, they tasted like caviar and champagne!





■ "Don't forget to knock on Mrs. Rumbold's door and wish her a happy New Year," his mother cautioned young Ray Milland. "You know how she loves little boys." Ray knew indeed. It was an old Welsh custom back in Neath, Wales, where he was born. The grownups attended the midnight watch service—watching the old year out and the New Year in. Bright and early the following morning the children made the rounds of the neighborhood. In exchange for cheery New Year's greetings, each child received fruit or nuts—or a kiss! The toothsome bounties appealed to his small boy's heart, but how he hated those kisses! Mrs. Rumbold's expansive ones in particular. Being his mother's best friend, she always insisted on kissing him, too. "I won't let her kiss me, I won't," Ray muttered desperately through clenched teeth. All that New Year's Day he tramped through the snow, avoiding the deadly issue. Finally at nightfall he knocked resignedly on the foreboding door. "Is Mrs. Rumbold at home?" he asked, as he felt his whole world slipping away. "Mrs. Rumbold," came the rejoinder, "has the mumps!"



At six, Greg was a city slicker, complete with high buttoned boots and freckles.





"The Yearlings." Here, at a zoo, Greg anticipated his Metro hit by 20 years.



Though G. was terribly woman shy, Mom was the only gal who could bring out the Beau Brummel in him.

RESTLESS AND CONFUSED, YOUNG GREG DIDN'T HAVE A DREAM TO HIS NAME. BUT A TRIP TO NEW YORK CHANGED ALL THAT! (PART I)

By Kirtley Baskette

gregory peck life story

■ The sign on the little brown bungalow in La Jolla, California, read, "La-Lo-O-Mi," which in Indian language meant, "Welcome." All the funny little shingle sided bungalows in La Jolla had names tacked up beside the door — "Resthaven," "Seaside," "Ocean View," "Bide-A-Wee." La Jolla, nestling on a curving white beached bay of the blue Pacific above San Diego, was a resort village. Down the hill a half mile from Fay Street, where the Peck bungalow perched, the high shore broke off into sandy cliffs, famous the world over for their grottos, caves, and natural arches through which the Pacific breakers boiled and bubbled. Glassy blue coves scalloped the shore and all year 'round gaudy umbrellas blossomed on the white sand. No wonder La Jolla people counted themselves particularly blessed to live in such a heavenly place. No wonder they named their little cottages affectionately. And the one where Gregory Peck and his wife, Bernice, lived, was especially blessed and appropriately titled the night of April 5, 1916. That's when their baby was born. He was especially welcome at La-Lo-O-Mi—because he was a boy.

Gregory Peck, Senior, had his heart set on a boy, a son of his father, a Peck. The Pecks were sturdy Irish-Americans; Dad Peck's mother had come over from Ireland, an immigrant, married a Buffalo, New York, baker and when he died, traveled West to San Diego with her small boy. Alone, she'd raised him and raised him right, hiring out for work to support him.

Greg's dad, Gregory Peck, was a he-man—square, solid, big, and muscular—and he passed on to his famous son the manly virtues of an athlete. Mr. Peck, active in his school days, starred at Michigan Univ. in football, basketball *(Continued on next page)*

gregory peck life story



Baby Stephen was born just after Greg finished appearing at a summer theater. The anxious pop practically bit his nails to the knuckles worrying about Greta (here, holding Jonny) who astounded everyone by being up and abouf in 6 days!



Statistics show that if Greg accepted every role offered him, he'd be working constantly for the next 10 years! He still has enough excess energy left, however, to perfect his usually corny card tricks.



He has only himself to blame! When they were first married, Greta doted on man-tailored suits and slacks. Now, because Greg likes his women feminine, she often blossoms out in frills and furbelows.

The biggest thing in Jonny's life right now is his new cowboy suit and Stephen, whom he calls "My baby." When he saw M.S. photog Gus Gale, he chirped, "Hi, pal!" then kept pleading, "More *photographs,* please!"



and baseball, playing semi-pro ball after college, still excelling in everything connected with sports around San Diego, where he played on or coached almost every kind of action team in town.

Dad Peck knew the Pecks always had boys and he was confident. "If I'd have been a girl," Greg Peck has often grinned since, "Dad would have sent me back for a refund." He had an Irish temper that way, as "Doc" Peck proved the night he married pretty Bernice Ayres, from St. Louis, Missouri, who was to be Greg Peck's mother.

Greg's mother's father, a railroad detective, had seven sturdy children. English, Dutch and Scotch blood ran in their veins and Irish and English in Dad Peck's. If the baby boy born in the little California bungalow that night hadn't (*Continued on page 70*)



Greg (of "The Macomber Affair") whets his appetite by working out with weights, bar bells and tennis. Jonny's a tagalong, mimics pop even to wood chopping and huge meals.



Contrary to custom, Jonny isn't jealous of baby Steve, magnanimously offered to share his private zoo of a pair of monkeys and a troupe of trained dogs as soon as "My Baby" grows old enough to appreciate the better things of life.

“Esther’s like that”

by ben gage

■ The girl in the white dress was in trouble, and the book said a soldier should always be a gentleman. Besides, I have been called a lot of things but no one has ever called me blind, and what I saw in the dress I liked. And I could see very well, although it was raining cats and dogs in sunny Southern California.

That's how I happened to meet Esther Williams—I rescued her car from the parking lot at Earl Carroll's and when I brought it around to the door, some people introduced us.

"This is Esther Williams, the actress," they said.

It didn't click with me. That name meant something else. "You mean," I said, "Esther Williams, the swimmer?"

"No," smiled Esther, "just Esther Williams."

That's what I liked about the girl I later married—right from the start. No act. No glamor. Nice and normal. I've never thought of Esther as an actress. Before I met her that night (*Continued on page 79*)

TEMPERAMENT IS JUST A WORD

IN THE DICTIONARY TO ESTHER WILLIAMS,

WHO DOESN'T EVEN GET MAD WHEN HER HUSBAND

SAYS HE LIKES HER ACTING—

BUT PREFERS HER BACKSTROKE!

▼ It isn't Bach and it isn't boogie-woogie; all that the musical Gages can play on their new piano—yet!—is chopsticks. Esther practices twice a day, now that she's through working on "Fiesta."



▼ Ben's a handy gadget to have around; his height's a great help in hanging curtains. Esther's proudest, though, of the old vacuum he converted into a swimming pool cleaner.





➤ They're both wild about figs, and got a wonderful surprise when the tree on their property blossomed forth with lots of fruit. Ben's kept busy picking, but Esther specializes in eatin'.

my best finds of '46!

by hedda hopper

Lizabeth Scott and Mark Stevens!
Out of her whole bright roll call of "Stars of the Month," Hedda Hopper
picks these magic personalities for inevitable stardom.

The winnahs! Lizabeth Scott and Mark Stevens give Hedda Hopper their thanks and their grins for those hard-earned honors.



LIZABETH SCOTT

■ If it's perfectly okay with everybody, Miss Lizabeth Scott can help herself to a brand new name right now.

She's not "The Threat"—she's "The Promise." And I'm backing that up by crowning Lizabeth MODERN SCREEN's Prize Girl Find of 1946!

Maybe Scotty was just a threat, back last year when I slipped a gold Gruen award watch on her trim wrist and announced as how she was going places in Hollywood. But Liz was just a fresh ex-model then—a one-picture girl, untried and untested, and buried under a load of press agent adjectives a mile deep—"The Threat" . . . "The Hubba-Hubba" . . . "The Tall, Tawny and Terrific" . . . the This and the That.

I had to hire a steam shovel, practically, to dig down and discover what Lizabeth Scott was really like before I dared stick out my neck on her chances. Things are different now—and how! I'm not saying "I told you so"—not exactly—but you'll have to admit I can pick 'em. I pointed out, 'way back then and in these very pages, that all Scotty needed (*Continued on page 95*)

She's sweet and svelte, yet packs it away. Her idea of a light snack is a quart of milk and millions of brownies. During her visit, the Scott appetite put a dent into England's rations.



MARK STEVENS

■ Pardon me, kids, for crooking my elbow in public—but if you don't mind, I'd like to pat myself on the back with this new, shiny copy of MODERN SCREEN.

After all, it's about this time, isn't it—New Year's—that you get around to checking up? And, looking back over MODERN SCREEN's star-bound Gruen watch winners, it's pretty plain to me that Hedda Hopper's picked herself a peck of pretty special people in the past twelve months—yes, indeed!

Now's the time when that rickety old '46 guy with the sickle bows out for the '47 kid with the brand new hourglass—and maybe that's pretty appropriate, too. Hollywood's never had such a shot of new blood in its history as it has this year. And along with MODERN SCREEN, maybe I've helped to hand out a transfusion or two. If so, I'm mighty happy. Nurse, hand me my plasma, quick! I love it—because I love Hollywood.

And Hollywood thrives on new blood—new faces, new names, new talents, new stars! (*Continued on page 97*)



Mark and wife Annelle collect pix of their baby. The seven-week-old pup they bought recently had to be given away. He was so huge the Stevenses were scared he'd swallow baby!



■ The drought's over, girls. Your long drink of water's back. We can talk about Jimmy Stewart again. He's finished his first picture, "It's A Wonderful Life" and started on "Magic Town," his second. He's living in his pre-war house, and Daisy Dooley, his pre-war housekeeper, is running it for him.

Daisy called him up at the Hank Fondas, who'd taken him in for a week that stretched to three months. "Don't you think you'd better get into your own place, and I'll come back and work for you?"

Jimmy wouldn't be surprised if his folks put Daisy up to it when the letter to Frances Fonda didn't work. "Isn't Jim staying too long?" they inquired anxiously of Frances, who showed him the letter.

"Nice penmanship," he murmured, and changed the subject. Now that he's moved, the only difference is he goes home to sleep.

He looks the same as ever—legs up to here, jaw down to there, and the slow-breaking grin. For the immediate future, his plans (*Continued on page* 103)

It's a wonderful life!



Even singer Anita Gordon's voice couldn't be heard above Charlie McCarthy's prattle. Edgar Bergen made Charlie tease Jim about painting his roof bright green so's he could spot it from the air.

HE'S FLOWN ALL OVER EUROPE AND

COVERED CONTINENTS, BUT NOTHING'S EVER THRILLED

JIMMY STEWART LIKE COMING HOME . . .

by Ida Zeitlin



One of Jimmy's best gals is blonde Anita Colby (above), although he's currently squiring Peggy Cummins. When Jim came back from the Army, he gave his service decorations to his first fan club.

Love song

HE WAS CROONING HIS HEART OUT ON A SMOKY BANDSTAND · WHEN HE SPOTTED THIS BLONDE. "I'M DICK HAYMES," HE GRINNED . DISARMINGLY. FIRST SHE WAS SORE—THEN THEY WERE MARRIED

by Jean Kinkead

■ Considering the slow start Dick and Joannie got off to, they're really breezing right along. Daily phone calls when they're apart, silly love letters written in soap on the bathroom mirror. It's strictly a made-in-heaven proposition at this point, but it wasn't so in the beginning . . .

It started one night when Dick was singing at the Hotel Lincoln with Harry James. There was a blonde having dinner alone at a table in the corner, and Dick couldn't take his eyes off her. "Hey, Harry," he said between numbers, "who's the babe at the far table?" Harry looked out at the gal, waved and then cocked that famous eyebrow at Dick.

"Look, bud," he grinned. "Does Macy tell Gimbel?" Whereupon he gave the band a downbeat, and further conversation was suspended. Dick sang "Stardust" as he'd never sung it before, then "Night and Day," and eventually there was an intermission.

The blonde was on her dessert by then, and in another minute she'd be gone, and jeepers she was beautiful. The boys in the band adjourned to the bar, all but the big towhead with the stars in his eyes. He strode across the room to the table in the corner. "I'm Dick Haymes," he said, and then he stood awkwardly, looking down (*Continued on page 89*)



No spendthrift, Dick nevertheless gave up a neat $250,000 to take a 3 months vacation with the family (here, wife Joanne, Pigeon and Skipper). "It's the first time I've ever been able to take it easy," Dick grins, "so now I'm going to get acquainted with the kids!"

The Haymes' nearly broke up when Joanne insisted on resuming her acting career, but when she proved to her anxious hubby that the children were old enough to be cared for by a nurse, Dick relented. So now she's a big hit in "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Rich" is wowing 'em in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim."





hunderbolt," Dick's too-spirited horse, is anti-social, hates everybody t the boss. Dick's got "horse fever," though, and just bought a ling stable with singer Curt Massey to run for profit and pleasure.

e "gets away from it all" by escaping to his 100,000 acre ranch 60 les from Hollywood. Dick's setting a fan record by receiving 8,000 ters weekly at his studio, another 6,000 at the radio station.



SOMETIMES IT WOULD BE NICE, GENE

TIERNEY'S BROTHER-IN-LAW THINKS, NOT TO BE BOTHERED

WITH THOSE QUESTIONS: "WHAT'S GENE REALLY

LIKE? IS SHE GLAMOROUS?" AND HERE'S THE ANSWER . . .

by CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

sister-in-law gene



Igor Cassini, Gene's brother-in-law, is better known as New York's society reporter, Cholly Knickerbocker.

■ This whole thing springs from a telephone call I got one morning at nine o'clock. I had been dreaming that a fire engine had burst into my flat and I woke up. It was the telephone. I reached over, sleepily, and grabbed the receiver.

"Yes?"

"Is Gene there?" a feminine voice squeaked.

"No," I said. "She's gone back to Hollywood."

"Oh, then this is Oleg?" the voice said.

"No. Oleg has gone back to Hollywood, too." And with that I was ready to drop the receiver.

"Well, then this *must* be Igor?" said the tiny voice, hurriedly.

"Yes," I replied. "And, by the way, who are you?"

"You don't know me," she answered. "But I know you. Won't you let us come up?"

"Us?"

"Yes, I have a friend. It's very important that we see you."

If I hadn't been awake before, this did it.

"Look," I said, stifling a yawn, "I'm not even out of bed yet. In fact, I just (*Continued on page 102*)





Swing your partners!

IT'S LIKE A ROMANTIC

SQUARE DANCE WITH CUPID CALLING

THE TURNS AND HALF YOUR HOLLYWOOD

FAVORITES CHANGING

PARTNERS — AND HEARTS.

By Arthur L. Charles

■ The Visitor-From-The-East, a stout matron whom we shall call Mrs. Esterly for no particular reason, ordered another frozen daiquiri and regarded her hostess brightly across the little table in the Tropics cabana. She had just arrived that day and, far from being t' d after her long journey (in compartments on the Centu and Chief), she decided that she had never felt better in her life.

Because her hostess, formerly Mrs. Esterly's room-mate at college and currently the third wife of a famous Hollywood producer, had never been so fascinating. Miriam, Mrs. Esterly had begun to realize, apparently knew all, heard all, saw all and told all that went on in Hollywood. Certainly she went to all the parties, was on "darling" and first name terms with an incredible number of stars. Five of the biggest names in pictures had so far stopped at their cabana during this lunch hour—at this very moment, for that matter, Miriam was waving and nodding across the patio to, of all people, gorgeous Lana Turner, who had just come in on the arm of a tall, dark, extravagantly handsome chap whom Mrs. Esterly did not recognize.

"Is that Lana Turner's fiancé?" asked Mrs. Esterly innocently.

Miriam eyed her sharply. Then, deep in her throat, Miriam began to chuckle softly. "I see I'm in for it," she said. "Settle back, dear, and loosen your collar. I'll get it over with, once and for all, or you'll be asking questions every ten minutes the rest of the time you're here, and nothing will make any sense to you.

"Now it all began . . ."

It all began (Miriam said) in 1945 when Cleatus Caldwell was in the process of getting her divorce from Ken Murray. You know, he's the comedian who started "Blackouts" out here and made a million dollars out of it. It's a divine show, I must take you one night— Well, as I was saying, there was Cleatus divorcing Ken, and in the meantime she was going about with Robert Hutton.

That was the romance of the year—or so it looked, and so everybody thought. You saw them everywhere together, at restaurants and parties (*Continued on page 64*)



Lana and Bob Hutton danced away many a night at Ciro's like this, but now Bob's married to Cleatus Caldwell. Lana tried dying her hair blue, but she didn't like it.

Here's Bob Hutton with wife, Cleatus Caldwell. That's Johnny Martin laughing at Bob's story about his difficulty learning 4 tunes for new pic, "Love And Learn.



Last year's Press Photographers' Ball boasted luscious Lana on Rory Calhoun's arm, started all those rumors that they might elope one day.



Last March, Lana was night clubbing in Florida with socialite Huntington Hartford, shortly after returning from her South American trip.





←Tony Martin, who used to go with Rita Hayworth before Orson Welles married her, mixed hot dogs and glamor with L. at H'wood Park.



Rita and Orson Welles are back together again after a separation, which leaves Tony Martin without Rita, without Lana—but not without a brand new gal!



One of Lana's non-actor beaux is handsome Greg Bautzer, famous H'wood lawyer. Lana's getting so thin, her size 12 dresses for "Green Dolphin Street" have to be taken in!



three little girls in green

THERE'S A BIT OF BLARNEY IN THEIR TALK AND A HINT OF IRELAND IN THEIR WALK—MAUREEN O'HARA AND HER THREE EVER-LOVIN', SHAMROCK-EYED SISTERS.

By Fredda Dudley

■ Miss Bronwyn Price, chubby and two—the daughter of Maureen O'Hara—has an enchanting new game. It is called "playing baby." By the hour Bronwyn trots around the house in her ruffled white pinafore with a dimpled hand extended. When someone asks, "What are you carrying, Bronwyn?" that little lady answers in a surprised voice, "My baby, of course."

This baby's habits are not of the best, as another of Bronwyn's frequent remarks is, "Oh baby, wet again."

The baby gets sung to sleep with one of two chanties. One is "Rockabye Baby" and the other is a Bronwyn Price original. No one has any idea where she picked up either the tune or the lyrics. It started as a simple phrase to which she sang the words, "Goodbye, Joe, goodbye, Joe, goodbye, Joe."

One night her nurse, in a jocular mood, wanted to know, "Are you singing about Joe, broke his toe, on the way to Mexico?"

Miss Bronwyn, a very sharp cookie, studied her (*Continued on page 77*)



No sooner had Maureen (in "Sinbad the Sailor") welcomed sisters Margot (left) and Florence to her new Bel-Air home, than word came that her request for passage to Ireland had been granted! All 3 gals have slight brogues—and babies under two years of age.



SUN OR SNOW—NO MATTER WHAT YOUR
HOLIDAY BACKGROUND, YOU CAN HAVE A PRETTY SKIN!

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ This winter the holiday season has lots of its old time zip. A lucky few of us are trekking South, some are taking to skis in the North and others, including Yours Truly, are slinging their ice skates over their shoulders and trudging off to the neighborhood rink for a happy whirl. With things in general looking so bright you wouldn't want your complexion to be the one sad spot on the scene, now would you? Of course not! So during this season of winter holiday, give some attention to the health of your skin.

Yes, I said *health!* Let's be really basic about this beauty business. Let's give our complexions the wonderous benefits of eight cozy hours of sleep every night. And we're not going to spend all our time huddled around the radiator, are we? Too much steam heat can wilt the most petal-smooth skin. Thing to do is to plan to spend a good segment of our days in the Great Outdoors. If we are 'way down South, soothing oils and lotions will keep our skin at its sun-kissed best. Richer, heavier beautifiers will fill the bill if Jack Frost is nipping at us.

Whether we are North or South, (*Continued on page* 75)



Frances Gifford, the smoothie-puss whom you'll soon be cheering in "The Arnelo Affair," uses a rich cream to protect her complexion against weather extremes.



Sun-squint lines are so unglamorous! So take a hint from Frances and, whether skiing in the north or swimming in the south, protect eyes with sun specs.



no vacation from beauty



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1 *Letter names and greetings with tape strips*
2 *Hold pine and holly sprigs to packages*
3 *"Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals hold name cards*
4 *Seal and decorate odd shaped packages*
5 *Use tape on wrapping paper edge for bright border*
6 *Fasten clips to ornaments with "Scotch" Tape*

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The gifts *you* give are the prettiest under the tree when you use the "Scotch" Gift Wrap beauty treatment. It's simple to glorify even the tiniest (or biggest) package with "Scotch" Tape's sparkling assortment of thirteen colors and Christmas-y designs. This smart tape sticks at a touch . . . seals *and* decorates at the same time. And half the fun of Christmas will be in working out clever designs for your packages. Buy a roll or two of each design. Most stores have "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape at 10¢ a roll . . . "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals at 25¢.

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SWING YOUR PARTNERS!

(*Continued from page 58*)

and previews.

Then what do you think happened?

("What?" asked Mrs. Esterly.)

Bob took Cleatus to a party one night, and who should be at the party—alone, as I remember it—but Lana Turner. Remember that Bob had been going steady with Cleatus for months. But the first thing any of us knew, Cleatus was talking with a couple of people on a sofa and Bob was dancing with Lana.

(She paused for effect. "Go *on!*" cried Mrs. Esterly, impatiently.)

Bob Hutton took Lana home. . . .

(*No!*)

Yes. That's the way love happens in Hollywood. Of course Cleatus had finally left the party when she considered she'd been left alone long enough, and I suppose Bob felt she'd been unreasonably jealous and decided to take her up on it.

At any rate that effectively took care of the Hutton-Caldwell engagement—if it actually was an engagement—and Cleatus began being seen around town in the company of Harry Carl, who's enormously rich, my dear.

triangle . . .

Bob, naturally, took up with Lana where they had left off after that party, and obviously fell desperately in love with her. Meanwhile, she was having occasional dates with Rory Calhoun. . . .

("Who," interrupted Mrs. Esterly, "is he?")

The boy Lana just walked in with, dear.

(Mrs. Esterly's large, rather florid face wore a look of mild bewilderment. "But you said— I thought all this was back in 1945—")

It *was*. You must try to pay attention, or I'll lose my train of thought and I'll need an ouija board to find it again. Now then, where was I— Oh. Bob is with Lana, only occasionally she sees Rory, and Cleatus is with Harry Carl. . . .

You may or may not remember from the columns, but for years Greg Bautzer, the handsomest attorney in town, was supposed to be the great love in Lana's life. And now in the late fall of 1945, just when Lana and Bob Hutton were at the very peak of their new romance, Lana and Greg walked into a cafe together for dinner one night, and there you were—the old spark had flared up again.

For awhile no one knew what to expect, not that we ever do with Lana, dear, and speculation was rife. At which point Lana announced that her studio was sending her to South America on a good will tour, and went flying off to Buenos Aires as nice as you please.

("But was that nice young Rory happy?" asked Mrs. Esterly. "And Bob Hutton? And what about that Mr. Bautzer you said—")

Will you *wait?* I'll get to them, all in good time. We've got to follow Lana to Florida. . . . Yes, dear, she turned up in Florida, and there she was introduced to Huntington Hartford. Very rich, very social, very handsome.

. . . And then she disappeared from Florida and reappeared in New York—across a table at the Stork Club from Howard Hughes. What's the trouble, dear? Need a handkerchief?

("I'm just hunting for a pencil," Mrs. Esterly muttered, thrashing about in her purse, "and a slip of paper. Perhaps if I made a little diagram—")

But it's so *simple!* If we just don't lose track of the time element—it's still winter, you know, in California at least. And back there, I mean here in Hollywood, while Lana has gone to South America and Florida and New York, where we left her at the Stork with Howard Hughes, just a few things have happened.

Cleatus Caldwell has said goodby, gently but firmly, to Harry Carl, the shoe man. Robert Hutton has been playing the field, and having a very good time doing it, to all appearances anyway. Rory Calhoun has been doing what he was told by his studio—he's still being groomed, you know—and has been seen about with various girls. Cleatus, after her breakup with Mr. Carl, has taken up with George Raft. And Greg Bautzer . . .

("The attorney?" asked Mrs. Esterly.)

The attorney. But I get ahead of myself. He can wait.

The point is, Lana was having a perfectly splendid time in New York with Howard Hughes, and people were predicting all sorts of things about Lana and Howard when—if you *must* take notes, dear, take your rings off, they scratch on the menu, so distracting—when, of all things, a front page announcement appeared in newspapers all over the country that Lana was engaged to Charles Jaeger, a very important radio executive.

Thereupon, Lana left New York very suddenly and flew to the Coast, with this Mr. Jaeger following her exactly one week later. . . .

("Jaeger," mumbled Mrs. Esterly, scribbling and scratching industriously. "Spelled like those things some men wear in winter?")

If you interrupt me at this point I shall scream, and furthermore not go on at all. I didn't realize when I started all this . . . However. Cleatus is going now with George Raft—darn! I said that.

Waiter, two more daiquiris. Greg Bautzer, I should have said, was going about with Joan Crawford. Bob Hutton was still playing the field. It was spring, tra la. And, precisely one week after Lana returned to Hollywood, her engagement to Charles Jaeger was very loudly broken.

Mr. Jaeger flew back to New York.

And, for pressing professional reasons, Lana shortly thereafter flew back too.

Bob Hutton followed her.

But Howard Hughes was still in New York. . . .

But concurrently with all that I have been telling you, you must understand that Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth had split up, and that Rita and Tony Martin, who had just been released from the service, became the most interesting couple in town. There was no doubt about it, Rita and Tony were in love. Of course you know that Tony was once an old beau of Lana's, they were practically engaged.

It's now midsummer, 1946.

Lana is still going places with Bob Hutton, and occasionally with Rory—your "nice young man." But Rory doesn't last. At least, not enough to represent an alternative romance.

It is at this point that Howard Hughes crashed in his experimental plane, and was carried off to the hospital more dead than alive. It had still been rumored that Lana and Howard were very close to each other, but when Lana was actually seen dancing at the Mocambo with Bob Hutton a night or two after the accident—well, dear, that appeared to write Mr. Hughes out of her life once and for all.

*Mean*time, dear, Rita and Tony were blowing hot and cold on their romance, until finally they were seeing very little of each other. Tony began to play the field, just as Cleatus—whose affair with George Raft had washed itself up—was doing. Tony went places with Marie MacDonald and Myrna Dell and Marguerite Chapman and Lana Turner. Especially Lana, who seemed to console him for the loss of Rita more than anyone else.

Tony was torching like mad for Rita, at the time when rumors were spreading that Rita and Orson might stage a great reconciliation. Lana's romance with Bob Hutton began to cool slightly, toward the end of summer, and in addition to everyone else she began to date Peter Lawford, that divine English actor who's over at Metro too.

Well, Orson *did* come back from New York, apparently to make his peace with Rita. But when he got here Tony had stopped seeing Lana and was back with Rita again—so Orson went to Mexico City, some say in a huff. And that brings us right up to last month. . . .

(Mrs. Esterly said firmly, "I distinctly saw Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth driving along Sunset Boulevard on my way over here. They were in the same car, too.")

"Of course, my dear," said Miriam complacently. "Orson came back from Mexico and Rita greeted him with open arms. They are quite happy again, as man and wife."

"If Rita went back to Orson," Mrs. Esterly said, not to be put off, "what happened to Tony Martin?"

"Still carrying a torch, but doing it without too much pain in the company of Nancy Valentine."

"And the handsome Mr. Bautzer?"

"The last I heard, he and Joan Crawford were still trotting around town together."

"But that charming Bob Hutton, who was so faithful for so long—and the girl he left, Cleatus Caldwell—"

"Back together again, dear. Married."

"Then there's Howard Hughes, who's up and about again. Didn't I read—?"

"You read that he was rushing Ava Gardner for a time in New York. Ava just divorced Artie Shaw, you remember, and Artie was once married to Lana."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Esterly, as Miriam paid the check. "It's like—why, it's just like a merry-go-round, isn't it? I wonder who'll catch the brass ring?"

"There's a gold ring in this one, somewhere," Miriam said. "What gets me is, who's going to give it to Lana?"

Elizabeth Taylor . . .

. . . currently appearing in M-G-M's "Courage of Lassie," soon to be seen in "The Rich Full Life." Here Elizabeth is all set for spectator sports (or maybe just some nice, idle relaxation) in Felix Safian's brilliant Mexicana playdress. Isn't that neckline Latin as anything . . . and aren't those colors luscious? And look at the sleeves—they start out by being shoulder caps, and have a surprise ending in little puffs! Cute, we call it—and bound to make you feel as though you own a patio *and* a swimming pool—whether you do or not!

To find out where to buy this playdress, and the other clothes in the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Section, turn to page 71.


Modern Screen
Fashions

Holiday Hoop-la - - -

in dance dresses

■ *Left:* If woman-of-the-world is the way you want to look (and who doesn't?)—try sophisticated scrolls on a moulded jersey bodice—and an inky black ninon skirt. Black with contrast, or all pink, white, blue. Sizes 10-18. By Glad Modes. $18.95.

■ *Below:* If your man likes you sweet and romantic—black velveteen bodice to show your pretty shoulders, a full net skirt to twirl when you dance. Black with white, pink or blue Texagon rayon net skirt. Sizes 10-18. By Glad Modes. $18.95.

■ *Opposite page:* And don't be surprised if you're kissed in this dream dress. All floating white net glinted with gold stripes and a little gold bow. Texagon rayon net. Sizes 9-13. By David Klein. $25.





CORO JEWELRY, NELLIE FOREMAN EVENING BAG, $7.5





Holiday Hoop-la...

in short blacks

FOR STORES FEATURING THESE FASHIONS, SEE PAGE 71.



■ Above: Get him where you want him —right at your feet—in a figure-making black with a spray of rhinestones winking from the bodice. Simple, yes . . . super, yes, yes! Rosewood rayon crepe. Sizes 9-15. A Melvin Dress. $17.95

■ Right: Stagline black dress that fits ooh! and flirts a triple-threat ruffle. The ruffles go around the dress, and dip seductively in back. Clip your best pin to the squared neckline. Rayon crepe. Sizes 7 to 15. By Joanne Jr. $22.95



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GREGORY PECK

(*Continued from page 47*)

been tailored for trousers, Gregory Peck might have sent him wrathfully back, sure enough. Luckily, Eldred Gregory, as they named him, was all boy. You could tell that by the square cut of his baby jaw, by the fuss he raised, by the way he scooted out the door if you left it open a crack, the minute he could toddle around, to see what was cooking in this wide, new world.

Greg won't forget the time his big cousin, Warren, and the gang of swim-seasoned moppets tackled and dragged him, fighting, kicking and screaming, to the briny terrors of Alligator Point. It jutted eight feet up over deep water, but to Greg it looked a mile high and twice as deep. He'd skipped in the waves and paddled in the coves, but this was different. He struggled desperately, but it wasn't any use and he knew it. He felt himself swung, cat fashion, by the older huskies.

"One," yelled Cousin Warren, "two—*threee!*"

sink or swim . . .

Out Greg sailed in a sprawling arc, dizzily dropping; then a splash and down he went, clear to Davy Jones' locker, it seemed to Greg. But he bobbed up, sputtering and gasping, shouting wildly to the kids perched on the point for help. Nobody moved a muscle. After he'd swallowed salt water, Greg knew it was up to him to make it back to the rocks. Somehow he thrashed there safely, as every kid did—somehow. The treatment was rugged, but it worked. From then on Greg Peck was as at home in the water as he was on land. And that's where he was half of the time, when he wasn't playing in "Grandpop's" grain and feed store.

"Grandpop" wasn't really Greg's grandfather; he was a great uncle. He ran a horse and buggy service station—a big barn-like store on the main road where wagons rolled in, a blacksmith forge clanged and glowed, and up the ladders into the loft were wonderful piles of bouncy hay.

Greg was just six years old when his father and mother separated. The memory is still crystal clear to him, not because of the break-up of his home, which was not quite understandable at his age, but because he took a trip halfway across the country all by himself. And he left his beloved California, for what, he tearfully thought, was forever.

The trip his mother took back to St. Louis was to be permanent, his Dad told him soberly one day, and since that was the way it was, it was best for Greg to be with her. He was busy with the drug store, but Greg would be put on a train in the conductor's care and his mother would meet him in St. Louis. Greg's despair at leaving the place he loved was sweetened by the excitement of the adventure.

But childhood's sorrows are fleeting and as soon as Greg had dried his eyes the wonders of the train took over and he basked in the first spotlight of his life. Greg was pumped and interviewed until he began to think the train was going East expressly to take him to his mama. It was a swell feeling and one he never forgot. St. Louis, too, sticks in Greg's memory vividly—but mostly because he didn't like it.

His mother took him to a boarding house in a shabbily genteel part of town. Bernice Peck was determined to make her own way, now that her marriage had broken up. She was working, and she welcomed young Greg with the best she could afford. But it wasn't elegant, and for a kid used to the sunny California outdoors it was dingy and confining.

Greg's mother realized that. She did her best to give him outings at Crève Coeur Lake and Forest Park Highlands, took him down to the rolling Mississippi to watch the side-wheeler steamboats. But it was a struggle and she knew that boarding house city life wasn't fair to her boy. It pulled at her heart to hear Greg say "Mama, when are we going back to La Jolla?"

Bernice Peck decided she could do better back in California. She'd find a tiny cottage by the sea Greg loved so well, then she'd get a job and Grandma Ayres would take care of her son during the day as she'd offered to do. Bernice Peck had courage that way, and always her boy's interests came first. Pretty soon Greg was on the train heading West, and happy as a canary out of a cage.

His mother found a little seaside bungalow to rent in La Jolla. The three—Greg, his mother, and Grandma Ayres—moved in, but the best position Bernice could find was in Los Angeles a hundred miles north. That month Grandma Ayres took over the daily care and raising of young Gregory Peck. His mother sent money for his support; which Dad Peck matched, and came down weekends, hurrying back to her job Sunday night. But in between, Gregory Peck—more than the average boy—was on his own. He couldn't run to mama every time he got in a jam, or to his dad either, away in San Diego. So he learned early to make his own decisions and run his own life, developing the self-reliant, independent strain that was later to guide him to Hollywood.

Grandma Ayres' house was on Exchange Place, "The Dewdrop," her cottage sign said, and it wasn't much bigger—a tiny bungalow with a kitchen, bedroom, living room and bath. Greg slept on the sofa in the living room. That was his home until he was ten years old.

Grandma Ayres matched her small house, a tiny woman under five feet, more round than tall, but with unmatched courage and spunk. Her heart went out to Greg, and she tried to take the place of his absent mother.

But with the unfettered feeling Greg had after cramped St. Louis, Grandma Ayres had a job cut out for her. Greg's dad couldn't be much help, because he'd sold his La Jolla pharmacy and taken a night job in a San Diego drug store. That meant he worked all night and slept most of the day. Greg wasn't Peck's Bad Boy by any means, but at that age, around seven or eight, he was bound to land in some scrapes, or he wouldn't have been normal. The worst part about it was—to sensitive Greg the mixups always worried him more than they did anyone else. He was always certain the Reform School was just around the corner for him.

Once Dad Peck gave him a bow and arrow for his birthday and Greg raced into the vacant field next to Grandma's house to try it out. A particularly luckless sparrow perched on the telephone wire and chirped sassily and Greg let fly. There wasn't any good reason why he should have hit the tiny bird—he had no skill with a bow and it was just one of those things that the arrow flew true and spitted the sparrow neatly through the middle. It flopped off to the ground and Greg dashed forward, amazed and stunned by the event. He hadn't really meant to kill the bird.

The most terrifying memory Greg Peck holds of his moppethood, though, is one he still blushes to tell. It wasn't exactly chivalrous, even though it involves Greg Peck's first encounter with a girl. It got him off to a pretty bad start with the ladies, as a matter of fact.

The girl lived next door and she didn't like boys any more than the boys liked her. In fact, she had the frank habit of heaving rocks at any male she encountered.

One day, this budding Amazon whistled a brickbat past Greg's ear at point blank range. If he hadn't ducked, his face would have never seen a movie camera, very probably, and the mayhem attempt made Greg see red. Unfortunately, too, a rock happened to be right at his toes. He picked it up and whammed it at the fleeing girl, who saw his face and knew what was about to happen. Greg's aim was true; the rock hit right behind the young lady's ear and she fell like a log, blood spurting.

cops 'n' rocks . . .

Greg was horrified at what he'd done, and what he'd done, he was sure, was commit murder. He ran, sobbing, home to his grandmother, "I've just killed the little girl next door!" Then he raced wildly down into the canyon across the field and sat on a rock deep in the brush reviewing his cardinal sin. He knew that the most horrible thing in the world was going to happen to him. Because he knew something especially awesome about the girl he'd socked—her father was a policeman!

They finally tracked Greg down about ten o'clock that night and carried him home. He was sure he was on his way to jail for life, but the terrifying cop neighbor never even mentioned the bloody episode. He knew from experience who had started the fracas.

Greg Peck got along better with more reasonable creatures—like boys and dogs

(*Continued on page 72*)

MODERN SCREEN

CLEOPATRA KELLY



"You mean you haven't *any* stamps with Frank Sinatra's picture on them?!!"

BUYING GUIDE

MEXICANA PLAYDRESS
(color photo, page 65)
BY FELIX SAFIAN

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon
Baton Rouge, La.—Tots & Teens
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Erie, Pa.—Trask, Prescott & Richardson
Hartford, Conn.—Youth Center
Lexington, Ky.—Tots & Teens
Los Angeles, Cal.—The May Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Bitker-Gerner
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy
Pawtucket, R. I.—Peerless
Port Huron, Mich.—The Winkleman Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—Livingston Bros.
Schenectady, N. Y.—The Wallace Co.
Scranton, Pa.—Santer Brothers
Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Fowler, Dick & Walker
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
OR WRITE—FELIX SAFIAN, 1375 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

VELVET BODICE DANCE DRESS (page 66)
SCROLLED BODICE DANCE DRESS
(page 66)
BOTH BY GLAD MODES

Baltimore, Md.—May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy
Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marche
OR WRITE—GLAD MODES, 1385 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

GOLD-STRIPED DANCE DRESS (page 67)
BY DAVID KLEIN

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank
OR WRITE—DAVID KLEIN, INC., 525 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

SHORT BLACK WITH RHINESTONES
(page 68)
BY MELVIN DRESS

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
OR WRITE—MELVIN DRESS CO., 222 W. 37TH ST., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

SHORT BLACK WITH RUFFLES (page 68)
BY JOANNE, JR.

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros. Co.
New York, N. Y.—The Emily Shop
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store
OR WRITE—JOANNE, JR.-ZINN BROS., 1400 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

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"Please don't get up!"

and his best chum and bosom companion was a mutt named "Bud." Everywhere Greg went, Bud sniffed along behind happily, like Mary's little lamb.

Greg got along well enough in La Jolla Grammar School after he thawed out. He was no prize pupil or shining light in anything particularly, just passable in all. His active mind was seldom inside the classroom, but wandering out the open window through which the tang of his beloved Pacific continually wafted.

sea sprité . . .

The sea he loved also handed young Gregory Peck the first real heartbreak of his youth. He thought he'd never get over the tragic end of the "Tar Baby." That was a skiff Greg and Johnny Buchanan, his pal up the street, built together. It took them six months of furious, painstaking labor, uncounted midnight raids on lumber yards for scrap boards, beachcombing for hemp and nails and tar wheedled out of street repair gangs. They built the boat from a plan in *Popular Mechanics* and to Greg and Johnny it was the greatest project ever undertaken. They'd get up with the roosters and race home to the boat after school and Grandma would have to come drag Greg away at dusk for dinner. They had to soak the boards in tubs of water and bend them for the bows.

But at the end of six months, the "Tar Baby," black and glistening with its pitchy coat, was ready. Greg and Johnny lugged it precariously down the long wooden cliff steps and launched it proudly one Saturday morning before all the green-jealous kids in La Jolla. They spent the whole day rowing the gang all over the bay, basking in praise and admiration as the proud owners of a home built boat, big shots for a day—but only one day.

That evening they dragged the "Tar Baby" up on the beach where everyone hauled their skiffs and left them, well out of reach of the tide, safe, so Greg thought. Nobody ever touched La Jolla skiffs, but someone did that night—maybe a jealous kid who couldn't stand the spotlight on somebody else. Anyway, when Greg and Johnny rushed down Sunday morning for another day of glory, the "Tar Baby" wasn't there. Someone had launched it in the night and it was gone. They found it at last, or what was left of it, a mass of splinters washing against the rocks of Alligator Point.

Greg thought he'd never recover from that blow, but luckily about that time a big and exciting change in his life came up. Greg's mother, Bernice, was remarried and had a home in Los Angeles. She wanted Greg closer to her than La Jolla and she knew of a good boys' school in Los Angeles, St. John's, a military academy where he could have the best of training and still be a part of her life.

There was a family conference, and Doc Peck agreed to her idea; it was only fair to share their son. Greg was ten years old and just through the first grade when he left San Diego, and he was eager for the change. The brass buttons, long drill trousers and gold trimmed caps were a potent enough picture to blot out the joys of La Jolla's beach.

The school numbered about 300 cadets, with Army officers handling the R.O.T.C. and the Catholic Sisters of Mercy taking care of classes. Greg was there four years, from the age of ten to fourteen, until he was ready for San Diego High. He took the life seriously and blossomed from a shy, quiet kid into darned near an extrovert. He made every athletic team in his grade group—football, basketball, baseball and track.

king-sized kid . . .

Aside from editing "The Bugle Call," he also worked up to captain in his last year, commanding Company D. St. John's cadet companies were ranked according to age and size and Greg's company was the youngest and tiniest, an ignominious fact which took much of the glamor away from the boots, belt and sabre he could now wear. Because Greg had arrived at the stage of his life when he wanted desperately to get grown up as fast as possible. Anything connecting him with boyhood wounded his new dignity no end. Like the medal he won at the end of school.

He'd swallowed his humiliation at having to handle a bunch of babies and set himself to prep his company to win the drill prize. It was a job; half the time his babes in uniform would wander right out of the ranks or wail to go to the bathroom, it seemed to Captain Peck. But finally he'd got them whipped into shape and passed in review. The commanding officer then stepped up in front of all the parents in the grandstands and read the list of awards. Greg stood proudly at attention when the CO began, "To Captain Gregory Peck—" He expected some citation like "A medal for his excellent command of Company D!"—something military and manly. Instead, the officer read, "A special award for fine work in Junior Playground this year." To add insult to injury the officer then took one of Greg's cadets on his knee and patted him fondly—like a baby!

It was when Greg came back to San Diego that the pal-ship with his Dad began, which has meant so much to both Doc and Greg Peck's lives.

boy among men . . .

Grandma Ayres had kept him under her mothering wing as much as possible in his elementary years, and at St. John's, Greg's home life was divided. He commuted between San Diego and Los Angeles on all vacations and holidays. He'd spend Christmas Eve with his mother and stepfather in Los Angeles, then grab a train down to San Diego for Christmas Day with his dad. He'd spend Thanksgiving with one family and Easter with the other. But when he left St. John's to return to San Diego, it was Greg and his Dad alone. His mother and her husband had moved to San Francisco. The relation was more like buddies than father and son. They bached together in Doc's San Diego apartment house out on Broadway.

Greg grew four inches in his first year in San Diego High and at 16 he was six feet tall. He stroked a rowing team at the Club then, the rest of whose members were San Diego working men of twenty-five and over. The Rowing Club became his whole life outside of school. And school to Greg was, as always, mostly classes to be endured, and passed, of course. It held no other charms for him. He never went out for any of the athletic teams; he shied away from the school activities and dances—especially the dances. Greg didn't dance; in fact, he packed sort of a complex about girls, and it wasn't all from the rock dodging introduction he'd had to the fair sex either. For one thing, Greg was sensitive about his height—tree top tall, and mostly bones. Six feet—and only 125 pounds. For another, he didn't have any snappy chatter or glib assurance with gals—they were unfamiliar animals and he got tongue tied.

One weekend, Greg invited five of his high school pals up to his Dad's mountain cottage at Suncrest. There was a mountain hoedown on Saturday night and the gang trooped over for a look. The joint was jumping when they got there. Local yokels and vacationers were going to town on the rough boards, whirling their partners around while fiddles squeaked and the rickety piano tinkled. Three of the gang could dance. "Come on," they urged, "let's get going!"

"I can't," said Greg. "I don't know how."

"Me either," said Kenny Stevenson, his pal.

"See you later," chorused the gifted trio.

They danced all evening, while Greg and Kenny hung on the sidelines, twiddling their thumbs, and feeling like a couple of drips. It looked like a peck of fun and right then and there Greg resolved to do something about it.

"My sister, Detty June, can dance like nobody's business," said Kenny. "If we knew how, we could take her dancing. I'm gonna get her to teach me."

Greg didn't have nerve enough to ask, "How about me, too?" But the longing to get going with the girls was eating him

up and he decided to solve it in his own fashion, typically Peck, independently. There was a dance studio in San Diego which advertised, "Dance Like A Dream—Six Lessons for $10."

He climbed the stairs. A bare room greeted him with a battered phonograph in the corner. A tired looking, little slick haired guy with a cigarette hanging out of one corner of his mouth was resting his patent leather pumps. "Yeah?" he asked.

"I—I want to take these lessons," said Greg, waving his newspaper ad.

"When you wanna start—now?"

Greg nodded. "Okay." The hoofer walked over and to Greg's ghastly, red faced amazement, grabbed him around the waist and started pointing out the steps. It wasn't what he'd dreamed at all, and he felt like a fool, waltzing around with the barking little hoofer. He sneaked out of the place after the lesson feeling like a criminal. But he sneaked back in again and grimly sweated out the rest of the lessons.

He also took piano lessons, borrowing another ten bucks from Doc Peck, and in another six-easy-lessons deal learned to pound a few chords. He joined the glee club at high school and even started looking at tux's in the men's store windows downtown. But he still had never had a date with a girl, like all the rest of the guys. That cosmic event took place when Greg was 16 and he'll never forget it, because it took him five months to get up nerve enough to ask for one, and when he got it he experienced the most agonizing evening of his young life.

jr. love light . . .

There was a saucy blonde dream at San Diego High Greg long had worshipped from afar. She was popular and confidently coquettish with the boys and that made her all the more unapproachable to self-conscious Peck. But between a certain class he'd pass her every day, always at the same place and always he'd look at her and she'd know he was looking at her. That went on for three or four months. But Greg didn't dare smile or say "Hello, there." Somehow his face muscles froze and his tongue jammed every day. But Greg knew something had to be done.

So one day, in the hall, he steeled himself and walked straight at her, blocking her path, and blurted desperately, "I've liked you for a long time—I want you to have a date with me!" And she didn't slap his face or call the cops or anything. Instead, she smiled sweetly and said, "Why, I'd love to!" It was as easy as that.

So the ice was broken and there were lots of dates for Greg Peck after that. His steadiest girl was named Wilma, who (Greg could really pick 'em) had twelve brothers, more than a football squad, of all ages and all at home, it seemed, every time Greg called. Greg took in the school dances, played with a pick-up band for one or two himself, talked his Dad out of a tuxedo and generally blossomed into a man about school before he'd graduated.

He financed most everything he did—his dates, his sports gear—oars, rackets, golf clubs, his piano lessons. Greg liked to be independent that way, always had. He had started out caddying for his dad on the golf course. Then he got a job as delivery boy for Marston's Department Store, hopping off the truck and racing packages to front doors. Every long holiday Greg Peck found himself some kind of job. Easters he'd work for a florist and clean up thirty or forty bucks before he went back to school. He had a steady Christmas holiday job selling neckties in a downtown haberdashery.

It was all a mark of his native independence and self reliance which Doc Peck wisely recognized. When he married again and moved into a house from the Broadway apartment, Greg was invited to live there too, and did. But he always had his own room and separate entrance. Seeing his Dad only casually every day, Greg had plenty of time to figure things out for himself and he day dreamed a lot. For a while he'd imagine himself a famous Big League baseball pitcher or a surgeon.

Really, of course, Greg was dramatizing his future, although he didn't know it then. It never entered his dreams to picture himself an actor or a movie star. The only person who had ever suggested such a thing was his stepfather, Joe. Joe Maysuch was more than a stepfather to Greg. From the start he was one of Greg's best friends. A successful salesman, he was a cheery optimist, with a positive personality and always busting with ideas. Luckily Greg's two families were friendly and he was as much at home with his stepfather as with his Dad—in fact, Joe, being naturally less conservative than Doc Peck, was the one who later encouraged and backed Greg Peck when he struck out for his crazy dream of acting, and Joe it was who, when Greg was only fourteen, planted a seed.

He looked at Greg quizzically one day and said "Say, you know you ought to be an actor when you grow up."

"Aw," Greg had countered, "gee whiz, me?"

"Sure," said Joe. "You've got the looks and you're smart, and when people see you they look twice. That's personality, my boy. I know. I'll bet you'll make a lot of money on the stage some day."

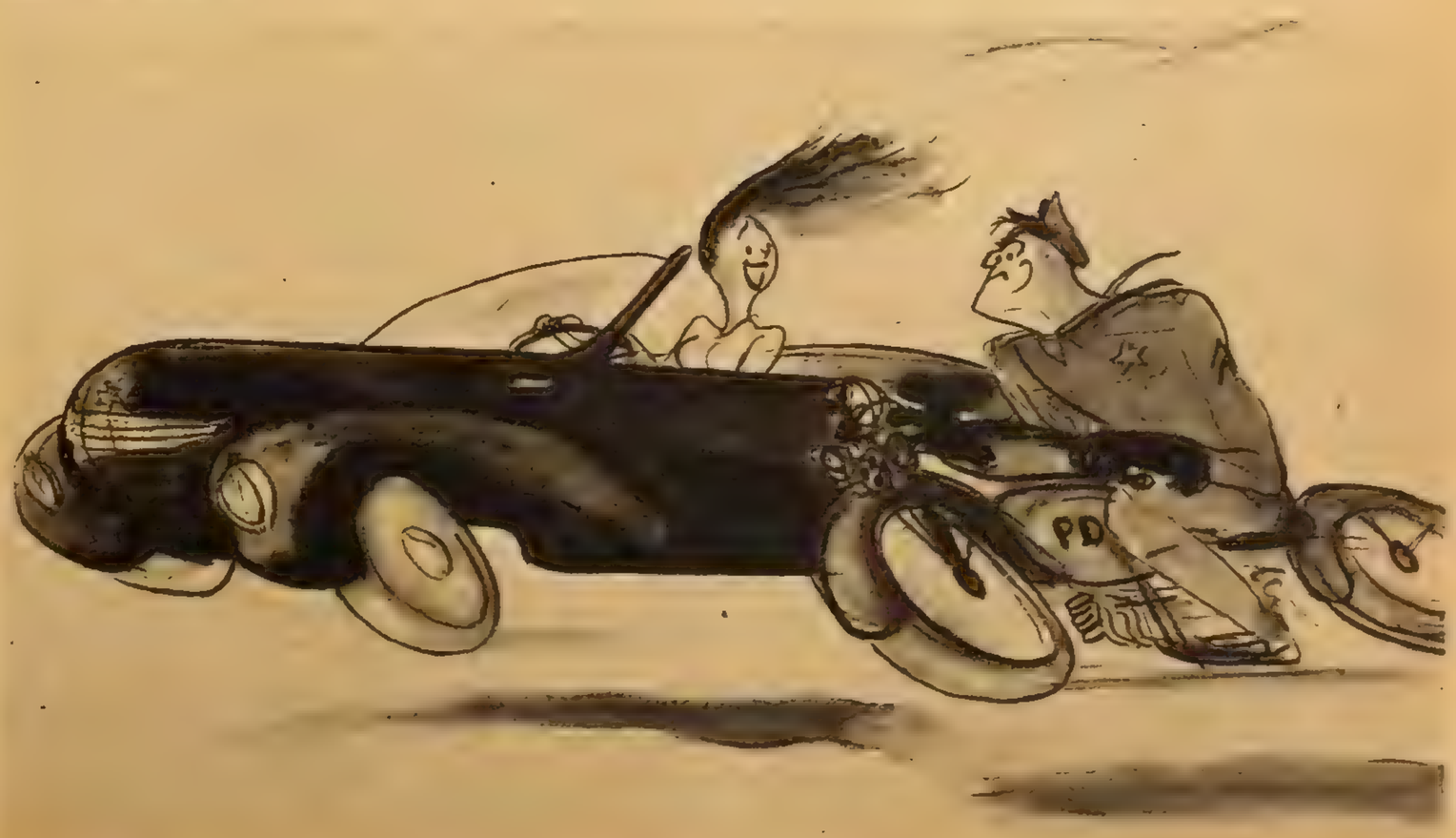
But Greg was embarrassed, flushed and changed the subject. He even thought he'd forgot all about it—until later on he remembered, and he knew then that Joe's idea had lodged somewhere and never dried up.

But at that point he was pretty confused. Basically, all Greg Peck knew was that he wanted to be somebody, to bust loose, to go places as he grew to manhood. How or why or where wasn't very definite—although the doctor dreams persisted, encouraged by "Doc" Peck, the pharmacist who was a frustrated physician. He'd planned to be an M.D. himself in his youth, but athletics got in the way and he'd settled for pharmacy. He'd always regretted it. He'd tell Greg, not exactly plugging, but suggesting, "The best thing to have is a profession. There's nothing finer than being a doctor. I wish I'd realized that when I was your age." So Greg more or less inherited the idea. He wasn't ever sure it was the right idea.

Greg Peck entered San Diego State College the next fall, after he graduated from San Diego High. He loaded up on pre-med subjects, which made him work, because he hated chemistry and physics. To balance the agony, he had as much fun as he could, and really in Greg Peck's education, State was just a prolongation of high school. He still was mixed up about his future and drifting and getting unhappy about it. He played around more with the girls, got seriously involved a time or two, went in for school athletics, making the State track and swimming teams, chased around with the boys and rowed at the Club. Physically he was growing into manhood. But he was getting nowhere and after the first year he suddenly determined to quit and take a job. He wanted to stand completely on his own feet and have a good look at himself. He walked into the Union Oil Company and came out driving a huge oil truck. It was a man's job. Greg was 18, but he fibbed and said he was 21. He herded the big wagon around San Diego county delivering oil, grease and gasoline ten hours a day. It was a dull, hard job and Greg Peck didn't like it. But he liked the $115 a month salary. It made him feel more independent and he stuck it out a year, saved up enough to buy his own jalopy, a second-hand Model A Ford roadster, and put a stake in the bank. Because he knew his Dad was right when he made him promise to go back to college after a year at the job. And by now Greg thought he knew what school he wanted to go to—the University of California.

Greg picked Cal for several reasons. He wanted to get far enough away from San Diego to a big school where he could look around and maybe find the desperately needed but nameless something he wanted but hadn't discovered yet. You could study a dozen different professions at Berkeley, including medicine. More directly appealing were other facts: California was one of the best rowing colleges in the world, a bunch of Greg's pals from San Diego were going there, and his mother and stepfather now lived in San Francisco to give him a touch of home. The one thing at California which was to change his life forever, Greg Peck never considered, never even knew about. That was the Little Theater on the campus.

The only brush Greg Peck had ever had with anything remotely approaching dramatics had happened when he was in San Diego State. By purest chance, he was an extra in two Hollywood movies. Once,



"I hope you don't mind, officer—this is the only way I can dry my hair."

"Caliente" with Pat O'Brien and Dolores Del Rio, was shooting at the Mexican resort, Agua Caliente, just across the border. The assistant director came to State, lined up the students in the gym and picked a hundred for atmosphere. Greg was one of the luckies. Busses picked them up, hauled them across the border where they swam in the pool, danced in the hotel, and lounged around for movie background, all for $10 a day and lunch. Another time, on the same kind of deal, Greg sat in the bleachers at nearby San Diego Army and Navy Academy and rooted while Mickey Rooney ran for a touchdown in one of his Hollywood boy sport sagas. Greg Peck remembers both events striking him as slightly ridiculous, but a soft touch. He recalls one director wore a pink and green sports coat, a purple scarf and suede shoes and he thought Hollywood must be a funny place—and gave it no further mind.

Greg returned to San Diego State to make up the necessary credits to enter Cal U, as a junior. It meant he had to make top grades—three A's and two B's. That's what he made—three A's and two B's, and he'd never studied so hard in his life. His acceptance slip came that summer and in the fall he loaded the Ford with two pals, Speed Wann and Fred Teepe, together with everything all three owned stacked, stowed and roped until the springs creaked, and rolled north.

Greg Peck had offers of financial help in college—from his Dad, from his mother and stepdad, who offered to bunk him in San Francisco. He shook his head. He wanted to be self supporting. He wanted to be free to find himself in any direction, without any strings attached. Fred, Speed and Greg landed a job the first afternoon at Berkeley as janitors for an apartment house. Salary—a free apartment for the trio and ten bucks apiece a month. Greg, Speed and Fred soon latched on to a couple of other lucrative rackets, so Gregory Peck's first two years at California boiled down pretty much to job hustling, study and rowing. He loaded up with a solid schedule in Liberal Arts, spent three hours afternoons working out in a rowing shell on the water, then hustled back to the apartment to take his turn cooking dinner with Speed and Fred.

He got good grades—all B's—and he made the Junior Varsity at his old Rowing Club spot—stroke. But a gnawing dissatisfaction haunted Greg—he still couldn't grab that elusive life's ambition.

California had a crack crew that June; both the Senior and Junior Varsities headed for the National Collegiate races at Poughkeepsie. Greg rated the trip, all expenses paid. Greg had never been out of the west, so after the regatta when the coach turned the squad loose, with a return ticket and four free days before train time, Greg and his rowing pal, Frank Lawrence, headed straight for Manhattan.

They had exactly fifty dollars between them. They put aside ten for food on the trip back and, after checking in at the Y. M. C. A., set out to see the town. How they ever did so much on so little money and so little sleep, Greg Peck will never know. But if there is anything they missed he can't remember what it was. They averaged two hours of sleep in every 24 hours.

Home once again, Greg knew that somewhere in New York there was what he was seeking. He didn't know what it was until his last year at California.

That summer he settled down doggedly to a job in his stepfather's office appliance company in San Francisco, saving a stake to start college again. The year passed with nothing accomplished, he felt, except good grades and more credits. He was all set to finish that senior year in mid-term—until something happened to keep him glued to the Cal campus longer than he needed to be. That something was a part in a play.

Greg first got mixed up with the Little Theater at California University to oblige a friend. He was stepping out of his English class one day when a classmate, Jack Thompson, stopped him. Greg knew Jack was a student director at the Workshop, an offshoot of the campus Little Theater, where they tried out original playlets with college actors. But like Greek letter fraternities and other campus societies, Greg Peck had never paid any attention to college dramatics. He knew about the Little Theater, that it was pretty good, but that was about all. He'd never even seen a performance. When he wanted to see a show he drove across the Bay Bridge to San Francisco. He was the last person in the world to suspect that what he was restlessly seeking inside lay right under his nose—until it reached up and bit him.

"Say, Peck," said Jack. "How about helping me out?"

"Glad to," grinned Greg. "What is it?"



Well, madam, you've tried on *every* pair of shoes in this place."

"Want you to play a part for me—at the Workshop."

Greg laughed. "Me—on a stage? What could *I* do?"

"Just be yourself," said Jack. "It's like this—" and he went on to explain. He was directing a scene from "Moby Dick" at the Workshop, a dramatization of the part where the mad Captain Ahab quells a mutiny. Captain Ahab was being played by a short actor; Jack said he wanted a tall one for contrast to play Starbuck, the saintly first mate peacemaker. It was all experimental anyway, wouldn't matter if Greg was good or bad. "Come on," Jack urged. "Maybe you'll like it. Maybe you'll get interested and get yourself some good parts. Anyway, you're the type I'm after and I'd be much obliged if you'd do it for me."

"Sure," said Greg. "But I'm no actor. I'll be terrible."

He was right. He was terrible. He didn't know what acting was all about. But right away he liked it, he himself couldn't tell why. Somehow, he wanted to play more parts and better ones. Next time the Workshop put on a play, Greg volunteered for a part. He did an old man in the racy Greek comedy, "Lysistrata." Again he was technically terrible.

He was bad and he knew it. He was a rank beginner, miles behind everyone else in the Little Theater, starting just when his collegiate career was due to end. But—and this was the funny thing—the more people told him how terrible he was, the more Greg wanted to be good. Criticisms made him mad at only one person—Greg Peck. Looking back today, Greg doubts if he'd ever have lost himself body and soul in the wild idea that was about to seize him, if he'd been good, a natural, an easy ace from the start. He might have lost interest then.

There wasn't much danger of that. He got no bouquets, only brickbats. The Little Theater tried him out in an S. N. Behrman play, "Rain from Heaven," entirely because Greg was tall and looked manly enough for the rugged explorer lead, and most of the Little Theater males were far too arty and delicate. But the brittle Behrman dialogue was 'way over Greg's head. The San Francisco newspapers reviewed that play and the critics were unanimous. Eldred Peck, in the lead, was terrible. But one said prophetically, "Awkward and green though he is, Peck has one thing. He has personality. At least you look at him."

Even with that, he got the promise of a part in the Little Theater's production of "Anna Christie," to be put on in the spring. Greg stayed over another semester and enrolled in an advanced dramatics class where he drew one of the lowest grades. Toward the end of the year he played "Anna Christie." The San Francisco critics tore him apart again. But by then Greg Peck had made up his mind.

Greg had his bags packed for New York when he took his last final exam at California. He would skip the cap-and-gown and exercises. He'd get his diploma by mail. That wasn't important now. His college career was out of Greg Peck's mind—ended. Yet, for the first time in his life, he knew what he wanted to learn.

He told his mother and Joe about his decision. "Hop to it," laughed Joe, "you've got what it takes." Joe's enthusiasm was catching. Greg smiled at his mother and she nodded, "I know you'll make good."

Greg didn't tell his dad, Doc Peck, down in San Diego, his decision. He knew he couldn't justify it—starting to learn something as strange and fickle as acting—just as he was supposed to be through with learning, just as he was getting his college degree. Doc would hardly agree that acting was a "profession" and besides, Greg knew, he could never explain his crazy action at this point. He just had to up and do it.

He sold his car for $200 and borrowed another $200 from Joe, his stepdad. Greg didn't know a soul in New York, and barely how to find Broadway. But there would be a way to learn to act right and a way to eat, he was confident of that.

Joe and Bernice drove Greg to the station and waved him off on the big adventure. "Send me your autograph," cracked Joe merrily. "And meanwhile," he whispered to Greg, "if you get hard up, you know where to write."

Greg said "Thanks, but this is my party. You and Mother have helped me enough."

"We'll be bragging about it some day," grinned Joe.

So Greg was smiling confidently himself when he waved them goodbye and handed the porter his bags. After the train pulled out of Oakland station headed East, he stretched out in his upper berth and listened to the rhythm of the tierails.

They seemed to tell Gregory Peck, A.B., "You know where you're going—and you're on your way!" It was the first time he'd ever heard that chant in his ears.

(Gregory Peck's life story will be concluded in the February Modern Screen.)

NO VACATION FROM BEAUTY

(*Continued from page 62*)

we can take a hint from Frances Gifford and pop sun specs on our noses when we brave the great, open spaces. It's a basic-beauty idea because the glare of sun-on-snow or sun-on-sand can cause some mighty unattractive squints and wrinkles which a good pair of sun glasses would prevent. Incidentally, the glasses which Frances is wearing for skiing have special long leather thongs attached to the ear-pieces. These thongs tie cozily under the chin and prevent the glasses from flying off when a gal gets involved in the acrobatics of ice skating or skiing.

Healthy sleep and outdoor exercise, no doubt about it, are bound to give a girl a good appetite. But if you want a really super-de-luxe complexion, you can't live on a diet of candy bars, spaghetti and crackers. A tasty balance of fresh vegetables, lean meats, fruits and cereals will keep the roses blooming in your cheeks.

Most important of all, a face must be clean before it can even begin to be beautiful. The tools for this important job are cream, soap and water. First, soothe your taut, winter-weary face with the cleansing cream patted on in brisk, upward motions. Feels good, doesn't it? Old makeup and soil dissolve . . . and whisk off efficiently with soft facial tissue. Now, lather up snowy clouds of suds with a fine facial soap and a pliant complexion brush or sturdy wash cloth. Set to work with a will; scrub thoroughly but gently. Then with warm water, rinse, rinse, rinse. You've now set the groundwork for beauty. Top off this ritual with an exhilarating dash of skin freshener, a soothing lotion or, if headed bed-wards, a film of non-greasy night cream. If you're embarking on a new makeup, you will, of course, apply your pet powder base.

If such nuisances as blemishes and blackheads and "bumps" crop up in your life (the meanies love to make their appearance just before your Big Date), set to work to clear your complexion. But if they persist after normal care, run, don't walk to the nearest doctor. Might be, he'll find it necessary to tinker with your diet.

But many belles who find their faces afflicted with blemishes can right matters themselves. Remember that blackheads stubbornly plant themselves in a carelessly cleaned face. They are oil ducts that have become clogged and covered with a surface dirt, but can be removed with a regular blackhead extractor. The skin should be softened first by applying a wash cloth wrung out in hot water. Then the blemishes will come out with some gentle but firm pressure—and the surrounding area should be patted with an antiseptic lotion.

White clay and other packs are mighty useful in cleaning muddy complexions. Smooth them on a freshly cleaned face and let them remain as long as the instructions recommend. If your skin is dry or sensitive, use an emollient cream after the pack. The cosmetic industry has a remedy for most complexion woes!

* * *

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BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ If you will kindly yank a little more energetically at this long white beard I'm wearing, you will uncover the astonishing fact that I am not Santa Claus at all. (You will, of course, also uncover my chin.) Be that as it may, I do have lots of good valuable record information to pass along, so here it is, all covered with red and green good wishes for a Merry Christmas. For the best popular record of the month try the delightful "Christmas Carol" sung by King Cole with a string choir background on Capitol, and the best hot item is Count Basie's "Mutton Leg," Columbia.

BEST POPULAR

AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE A WOMAN?—Louis Jordan (Decca), Pat Flowers (Victor), Frankie Laine (Mercury)—The three records of this tune are wonderful contrasts in singing styles. Louis Jordan and his fine, breathless delivery, you all know. Then there's Pat Flowers, the boy of whom Fats Waller said before he died, "This kid will carry on for me after I go." Pat doesn't sing like Fats, but his piano playing's similar, and this record features two of the men who were on all the old Fats records—Herman Autry, trumpet, and Gene Sedric, clarinet. The third version of "Ain't That Just Like a Woman?" marks the record debut of Frankie Laine, who's very popular on the west coast. Laine looks like a business man—you'd never dream he was a singer—but he's actually a white carbon copy of King Cole.

JUST SQUEEZE ME—Duke Ellington (Victor)—This is a number Duke wrote years ago under the title of "Subtle Slough," and it was recorded then by Rex Stewart and some of the boys in the band. Now it's gone through the usual Ellington procedure of having lyrics added, and a new name, and Duke's recorded it with Ray Nance singing.

MERRY HA-HA—Ella Mae Morse—Ray Linn (Capitol)—This has an Ellington angle, too. It was composed by Billy Strayhorn, Duke's assistant arranger, with lyrics by Bob Russell, who's done the words for most of Duke's songs in recent years. ("Don't Get Around Much Any More" and "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me" for instance.) "Merry Ha-Ha" is the best record Ella Mae Morse has ever made—better than her "Cow-Cow Boogie"—and not only does Ella Mae sing well, but she has wonderful accompaniment. The band is led by Ray Linn, who used to be trumpeter for Jimmy Dorsey and Boyd Raeburn. (*Continued on page 101*)



Peggy Lee and guitarist husband Dave Barbour (right) visit New York with Jane and Leonard Feather at Joe Louis' new restaurant. Joe swapped fight talk for jazz talk.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN GREEN

(*Continued from page 60*)

nurse without comment, but the next day Bronwyn's mirage baby was sung to sleep by the lyrics, "Goodbye, Joe, broke his toe, on the way to Mexico."

The invisible and highly hypothetical baby which Bronwyn carries around has two real life models: Her six-months-old boy cousin, Charles Donald, and her four-months-old boy cousin, Brian.

Charles is the lusty son of Florence Catharine FitzSimons Clark, and Brian is the blue-eyed baby of Margot FitzSimons Edwards, all four of whom have been the house guests of Maureen and Will Price for the past eight weeks.

The reunion of Maureen and her sisters was the first in over seven years of separation, and it was made possible because both Florence and Margot had become war brides. Florence had married a Canadian serviceman who is now in business in Montreal, and Margot had married a Major of Marines whom she had met in the British Embassy in London during the blackest days of the Blitz.

After V-E Day Major Edwards was returned to the Marine base at San Diego, whereupon Maureen received an ecstatic cable from Margot saying that it would soon be possible for the three FitzSimons sisters to have a Hollywood reunion.

When Maureen, Bronwyn, and Will Price met Margot at the airport, Maureen scanned her sister's face quickly, then, conquering a rising tide of emotion, turned her attention to the infant in Margot's arms. "Good Heavens," she said briskly, "you're starving that baby to death. Give him to me this instant!"

auld lang syne . . .

Florence, who is called Florrie by her sisters, arrived a few days later with her son. So the huge Price home in Bel Air echoed to the laughter of three girls who discovered immediately—to their intense satisfaction—that it was as if they had never been separated. Margot had brought a series of photograph albums in her restricted luggage space, so three beautiful heads pressed together, looking at the pictures and recalled olden days.

There were old snaps of Maureen, over which the girls screamed with laughter. Some of the shots of Florrie and Margot weren't unfunny, either. For weeks most of their conversations were prefaced by that happy phrase: "Remember when." Florrie, chuckling, recalled one tragic Sunday morning. Peggy, the older sister, had been guilty of some minor infraction of family rules, so the family had started to Mass without her. Florrie, always Peggy's pal, hung back and didn't want to go until later when Peggy was to go with the nurse, but her suggestion was vetoed by Mr. FitzSimons.

Three very glum little girls, Maureen, Margot, and Florence, sat beside their parents in church, missing the fourth member of the quartet. Suddenly, in the midst of prayer, a child cried out in the back of the church. Maureen, convinced that the weeper was her older sister, arose and shrieked—to the consternation of her parents and the controlled amusement of the parish—"It's all right, Peggy darling. Don't cry. We're right here."

One afternoon a wagon arrived at the Price home to deliver some of Margot's luggage forwarded from New York. After the boxes and barracks bags were stored in the basement, the three girls went down to investigate the shipment. They opened the package marked "Linen" and sorted out



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AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

some of Margot's fine tablecloths and napkins. One had been burned by a cigarette. This hole was neatly indicated by an outside circle of bright red thread, a means taken by Irish laundries to call the fastidious housewife's attention to a need for repairs.

Maureen caught up the napkin, uttering a cry of remembrance. "It's been seven years since I've seen such a thing," she said. "It's so like home. It takes me back as if I had never been away at all."

Her two sisters were somewhat surprised by this nostalgic reaction, but each rested a hand on her shoulder in an affectionate caress. A few seconds later Maureen leaped up with a howl, saying, "There's a spider, there's a spider!"

Florrie, the forthright sister, pulled off a shoe and neatly bopped the spider. Margot observed laughingly, "Maureen, you really haven't changed at all. You're still afraid of spiders and you're still the world's biggest tease."

"Florrie was always a far greater tease than I," corrected Maureen.

Florrie denied it instantly.

"What about my stockings?" demanded Maureen.

"I only took them when I hadn't a clean pair of my own, and it was too late to get into a store," defended Florrie.

"It was always too late to get into a store," grinned Maureen, "and there was never much point in washing your stockings because you ruined every pair the first time you wore it."

Margot had something to say at this point: "You got even for every pair of stockings Florrie ever snitched from you when you went off to London with her paint box hidden in your luggage."

Regretfully Maureen agreed. "I suppose you shed bitter tears when you discovered what I had done, didn't you, Florrie?"

Smiling into her sister's eyes Florrie confessed, "I went through your grip when you were packing and found that paint box. I could have lifted it out and you would never have known the difference, but the truth was that after you were gone we were so lonesome for you that I comforted myself many times with the knowledge that wherever you were, you were carrying my most prized possession."

When Maureen knew that she was to have the delight of two months' visit from her sisters, she planned a good many things. They were to spend several days at the beach because all of the girls are good swimmers.

She wanted to take them night clubbing, to Romanoff's, Mocambo, and Ciro's. Most of all—since she herself has never been there—she wanted to take them aboard the island steamer to Catalina, twenty miles off the Southern California coast.

tot's confusion . . .

As luck and her motion picture career would have it, Maureen worked every day during the first month of her sisters' visit, in "Sinbad," at RKO; and after only a weekend off she reported to 20th Century-Fox for her starring role in "Home Stretch," with Cornel Wilde.

One Saturday night when Major Edwards was in Los Angeles on leave from his base, he and Will Price took the three sisters, gabbing like magpies as usual, night clubbing. They danced once or twice, but the floor was so crowded that the slide trombone had to be eliminated for fear of beheading a patron.

"Awfully smoky in here, isn't it, Florrie?" said Margot.

"Noisy, too," supplemented Florrie.

"And we could be playing 'Patience'," summed up Maureen.

So the party adjourned to the Price home where the three girls settled around a game table to play their particular version of brain-bursting "Patience," while the men discussed the Marine Corps.

After having won three games, Florrie's attitude was mellow. "There was only one thing that was fun about going to a night club," she admitted. "That was sitting at the table with Maureen and having everyone stare at her. I remember when I was a little girl I always liked to walk down the street with Maureen because she was so beautiful that everyone turned around to give her a long look of admiration."

Maureen let her win three games.

Incidentally, Florence resembles Maureen so closely that Miss Bronwyn was confused by her presence for several weeks. On repeated occasions either Maureen or Florrie would catch Bronwyn standing rooted to one spot while her bright blue eyes moved from her mommy to the face of her pretty aunt and back again. She listened to the sound of their voices, obviously comparing them. A number of times she popped into a room where Florrie was standing with her back toward the door and asked a question, addressing Florrie as "Mommy."

Having discovered her mistake, Bronwyn would depart in chagrined haste.



"All right, so it ain't like your mother used to make."

Eventually, the young woman's sense of humor caught up with the situation. Standing her ground one afternoon, she placed a hand on each hip and chuckled, "Two mommies."

Unlike most California visitors, neither Margot nor Florrie was agog over the prospect of meeting and getting to know motion picture stars. In Florrie's case this is accounted for by the fact that she had made many British motion pictures, in the latest of which she was James Mason's leading woman. In the case of Margot, that beautiful and talented girl had also been a rising young actress when she married, having appeared as second lead to Wendy Hiller in three pictures.

When Maureen asked them if there was any person in particular whom they wanted to meet, they said no. Then they burst into reminiscent laughter. When Maureen had first come to Hollywood, Florrie bombarded her with letters demanding pictures of Mickey Rooney. Margot, no less heavy on the pen, besought photographs of Bing Crosby.

Recalled Florrie, "I'll never forget the moment when a large manila envelope arrived in the morning post. Margot and I each made a dive for it—each screaming at the other that it was undoubtedly *her* own package. Daddy arrived at the scene in time to take the parcel away from us before we ruined it. As punishment he ruled that neither of us was to have it. Then he read the address. 'Mr. Charles FitzSimmons,' it said. You had sent a series of cowboy pictures to our brother, Charlie."

Margot and Florrie and their two youngsters had been in residence with Maureen only a week when the entire staff of servants, with the exception of the loyal nurse, resigned without notice and sailed out in an indignant body.

"Now what will we do?" wailed Maureen.

Her two sisters looked nonchalant. "What's wrong with our doing the housework?" asked Florrie. "After all, I'm a housewife. I've grown accustomed to making a home in a shoe box if necessary. This won't be any trick at all."

family portrait . . .

Useful as the aunts found their resourceful niece, she also embarrassed them on occasion. One evening she told her mother, "Auntie Fawie is wearing your red shoes, mommy. And Auntie Margot is wearing your pink slip and your big bracelet."

Added Florrie, resignedly, "I am also wearing one of the two pairs of nylons which were delivered this afternoon, and I have tried on that blue wool suit hanging in the back of your closet."

Margot also added a confession. "*I've* been wearing your black gabardine coat while shopping in the morning. It's just perfect for me, darling."

"I've never liked either one," fibbed Maureen. "Move them into your own closets and wear them out."

In one additional department Bronwyn's assistance could be classed as zero-plus. Having watched her aunties cleaning the house and having listened to their comment that the linen on the line was "white as snow," she undertook a project of her own. Margot entered the kitchen one afternoon to discover with a horrified shriek that the floor was covered from wall to wall with a thin sifting of flour. In one corner was a young lady who looked up in obvious expectation of praise. "Floor all white—nice and clean," she explained.

When the FitzSimmons girls were growing up, all of them were given piano lessons, but no one plays the piano today. However, Margot had a surprise for Maureen, for in her luggage was a small Irish harp. One of the most wonderful evenings of their visit together was that one during which the three girls, Will, Bronwyn, and the two sleeping boys, were gathered in the library, and Margot played the harp and everyone else lifted his voice in old Irish tunes.

Late that night when the harp was put away, Margot said with a sigh, "I wish we could do this at least once a week all the rest of our lives. It's so wonderful for us to be together in a family again, quite as though nothing had changed."

There will be many separations, however, before the three girls are together again. Florence must return to Montreal where her husband is. If theings go well, however, she will return with her husband and her son to spend Christmas with Maureen. Margot's Marine Major husband is to be transferred to the State of Washington, where she will follow him. And Maureen, herself, is planning to spend two months in Ireland with her parents.

She will have great stories to tell Margot and Florrie when she returns, and once again the three little sisters are gathered around the fireplace reminiscing and thinking of songs to sing in accompaniment to the twang of an Irish harp.

"ESTHER'S LIKE THAT"

(*Continued from page 49*)

I'd never seen her in a picture. There are still some I've missed. I don't hang around her sets and we don't talk shop when she comes home from the studio. If I'd give in to my natural inclination to be corny I'd even say, "That's no actress, that's my wife."

I took Esther to a premiere one night. Her sister, Maureen, came along with her two daughters, Jody and Beulah. After the show, there was a line-up of kids to get the stars' autographs. Esther was too busy to notice that her nieces had disappeared. She was scribbling away when she happened to look up—and almost fell over. There, standing in line waiting their turn for an autograph, were Jody and Beulah.

"What in the world are you two kids doing here?" scolded Esther, "if you want my autograph you can get it any time."

They blushed. "But Aunt Esther," explained Jody. "We didn't know you were so famous!"

When MODERN SCREEN asked me to hold forth on Esther from a husband's-eye view, I balked. "There's nothing exciting, dramatic or glamorous to tell," I protested. "We're just a couple of plain, normal married characters." They didn't believe me. All right—

I was discharged from the army the 24th of November. Esther and I were married the 25th. We flew to Mexico on our honeymoon that night.

marital ties . . .

I packed my bags with a bunch of pre-Pearl Harbor, real silk ties. I'd been saving those ties carefully for four years waiting for that happy day when they called me "Mister" again. Frankly, I thought they were pretty darned nifty. I patted each one tenderly as I folded them in the suitcase.

The first night in Mexico City we got dressed up to go out for dinner. I hauled out the ties, spread them on the bed and spent a half hour picking out just the right ribbon. If I do say so, it was a beauty. Blue with splashes of gold. A pattern that would knock your eye out—especially the eye of a guy jaded with GI tan. I hummed, happy as a—well, as a groom—and wrapped a trim knot.

Esther was all ready to go when she spied the tie.

"D-darling," she said.

"Yes?"

"That tie."

"You like it?"

"You aren't really going to *wear* it, are you?"

I sulked a little but I went back and changed to another. Repeat the scene. I tried again. Ditto.

"U-m-m-m, let me see your ties," said Esther sweetly.

"Yes, dear." I actually said it.

"These four are very nice," said my wife, dangling my four last choices from her finger.

"From now on, darling," I swore, swooping all the rest into the waste basket, "I shall wear only those cravats of your choice." From that day on I've worn only those four ties. From that minute on, too, I realized I was married. I certainly was.

Seriously, glamor leaves both us Gages as cold as two cucumbers in our private life—and that's the way we like it. We're both knee deep in show business—Esther's in movies and I'm in radio. We love it. She sits in the sponsor's booth every

(*Continued on page 82*)

Give yourself a beautiful TONI Home Permanent

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Easy as putting your hair up in curlers — but the wave stays in!

You'll want to know *all* about this new easy way to look lovelier . . . win compliments. These questions and answers tell you everything!

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Answer: Yes! Mothers find Toni's gentle *creme* waving lotion is ideal for children's silky-fine hair. (And the child is free to run about and play while the permanent is "taking"!)

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Answer: Yes! Your Toni wave *must flatter you* or you get back every cent you paid. Toni can make this guarantee because the Toni Wave is laboratory controlled for uniformity and high quality.



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NEEDN'T REMAIN VISIONS

BECAUSE OF SUGAR SCARCITY! OTHER SWEETENERS

MAKE EQUALLY DELICIOUS HOLIDAY TREATS

By Nancy Wood

"Dear Santa: Please bring me a cat, a dog, a monkey and some rabbits for Christmas. And I like candy, too. Thank you. From Margaret O'Brien."



Margaret O'Brien has been a *very* good girl all during 1946! That means Santa Claus will just outdo himself bringing her presents! Margaret, pet of the M-G-M studios, has acted beautifully in four films, among them "Tenth Avenue Angel," to be released soon. She's had to go to school like other youngsters and get lots of 100s and American flag stickers for not erasing in her copy book. Margaret has not, however, been *disgustingly* good—she stalls at milk and spinach and hates to go to bed at night. But she's still entitled to a wonderfully merry Christmas with candy and lots of everything a little girl loves.

KRISPIE DROPS

1 7-oz. bar semi-sweet chocolate, melted
¼ cup butter
½ cup chopped pecans
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups rice krispies

Melt chocolate and butter together over hot water, add nuts and vanilla and fold in rice krispies carefully. Drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper and store in refrigerator overnight.

SPICED NUTS

This holiday sweetmeat takes a minimum of effort and sugar. Shelled nut meats are coated with a crisp, thin covering of spiced, melted sugar. Here's how: Beat an egg white slightly. Add about two cups shelled, unbroken nut



Luscious squares of Cocoa Fruit Fudge can be made without a grain of sugar! Fine for gifts since it doesn't dry out easily. (*Photograph courtesy Best Foods*)



Molasses candy, long an American favorite, is a good sugarless holiday sweet. Do try the Raisin Peanut Clusters and Molasses-Cocoanut Chews for which we are giving you recipes. (*Photograph courtesy Brer Rabbit*)

meats and stir gently until nut meats are covered with beaten egg. Mix ½ cup granulated sugar with ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of allspice and ground cloves. (Omit salt if salted nuts are used.) Place sugar mixture in small bag. Put a half cup or so of nut meats into the bag and shake to cover with sugar. Remove and place on buttered cookie sheet. Cover remaining nut meats. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) about 30 minutes.

RAISIN PEANUT CLUSTERS

½ cup New Orleans molasses
½ cup corn syrup
1 teaspoon vinegar
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup shelled peanuts
1 cup raisins

Combine molasses, corn syrup and vinegar. Place over low heat and stir until mixture boils. Continue boiling to 250° F. or until a small amount of syrup forms a firm ball in cold water. Remove from heat and add butter. Stir until combined with syrup. Add nuts and raisins. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pan. If candy hardens while working with it, put it back over very low heat and stir until it softens slightly.

MOLASSES COCOANUT CHEWS

½ cup corn syrup
½ cup New Orleans molasses
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups shredded cocoanut

Combine syrup, molasses, vinegar and butter. Place over low heat and stir until mixture boils. Continue boiling to 248° F., or until a small amount of syrup forms a firm ball in cold water. Remove from heat; add cocoanut. Drop from two forks on greased surface. Makes about 28 chews.

COCOA FRUIT FUDGE

¼ cup vitaminized margarine
½ cup honey
2 cups cocoa
¼ cup boiling water
1⅓ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped assorted candied fruits and nuts

Blend margarine, honey, cocoa and boiling water in large heavy saucepan. Add sweetened condensed milk and salt and stir constantly over low flame about 15 minutes, or until thick. Remove from heat, add vanilla, candied fruits and nuts, reserving some for garnishing top. Turn into shallow square pan, lined with waxed paper to extend above edge of pan. Brush well with melted margarine. Let candy cool. Lift from paper. Cut in squares. Yield: 36 pieces.



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

My, how we Mothers wait for baby's first smile - cherish each succeeding one. There's such a world of reassurance in watching the corners of that tiny mouth curve upward, as if to say, "Everything's fine with me."

Mrs Dan Gerber



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broadcast I make and tells me off when I make a fluff. I'm her severest critic at previews and her number one fan, too, (next to Mom Williams, of course).

One night we had an invitation to an ultra Hollywood party. The host was a good friend of mine and Esther's. "Fine," we accepted when he called. "We'd love to come." We meant it. I even sent my dinner jacket out to be pressed and Esther bought a new pair of red shoes.

So Friday night rolled around and my brother, Chuck, called.

"Say," he said, "when are we all going to see those pictures at the studio? How about tomorrow night?"

"Fine," said Esther. "I'll fix it up."

So we had a party on our hands.

We arranged to meet at a beaten up old Bar-B-Q. Driving over, Esther said suddenly and soberly, "D-a-rling—"

"Yes?"

"Do you know what night this is?" I said it was Saturday, of course. "Do you know where we are supposed to be?" I said meeting Chuck and Ann.

"Uh-uh," said Esther, shaking her head firmly, and I could tell from the look in her eyes there was some joke on us. I suddenly remembered. "Oh, my gosh—the party!" Esther laughed. "Well, I'll just have to call." And she did.

anti-phony . . .

I'll stack Esther's friendliness and good nature up against anybody's, but one night we were somewhere or other and she got mobbed by autograph fans. She was dashing off her name as fast as her fingers could fly but it wasn't fast enough for one rude brat. He yelled, "Y-a-aah—Esther Williams—ya don't even do ya own swimmin' in ya pitchas!"

Esther stopped the pencil work pronto and fixed this young Dead-Ender with her best schoolmarm gaze. "Listen," she boiled, "When I was your age, I was practicing every spare minute I had so I *could* do my own swimming in my pictures—instead of running around the streets insulting people!" Then she grabbed my arm and we got the heck out of there, fans or no fans. Esther won't compromise on what she thinks for anything.

Esther was my particular pin-up girl long before I ever met her. Not entirely because she looked well in a bathing suit (and still does) but because I'm a swim fan from way back. I won my letter in high school and college swimming breaststroke on the teams. But I could never do the crawl for sour apples. On our honeymoon I kidded Esther. "I really married you," I told her, "so you could teach me the crawl."

"You said you loved me, you cad," replied Esther. "Anyway, if I'm giving lessons we need a swimming pool."

We found a pool. A house went with it. Not much of a pool, not much of a house, at first. But that's another thing about Esther—she's a born pioneer. Everything was a "shortage," and impossible to get, but Esther tracked it down. I still don't know how it all happened, but pretty soon there was a house with everything working, furnished and looking swell. We've just contributed a bar.

And we had a pool. No tile, no chrome ladders, not even a springboard, and only four feet deep and small enough (it's been said) to give a goldfish claustrophobia.

A photographer from a picture magazine came out to snap Esther at her pool. Being Esther Williams, he thought she naturally had a pool to end all pools. He took one look and his face dropped to his ankles.

"Is *this* it?" he yelped.

"Sure—isn't it *wonderful?*" glowed Esther. He didn't think it was.

My wife takes a somewhat wicked delight in surprises like that. But she loves to be startled herself just as much.

Last August 8 was her birthday and it was also the date of my weekly radio show in Hollywood. As I said, Esther likes to kibitz when I work, so those nights we usually have dinner at the Hollywood Derby. I figured she wouldn't catch on if I staged it there. But I laid a false trail by having Janet Blair and Lou Bush invite us to dinner. I worked out an arrangement with the chef, Robert. I snitched Esther's glasses; she's on the near-sighted side. We met the couple and Robert came up, as advertised, and asked us to see the American Room, just redecorated, he said. Esther's a sucker for all redecorations. So we trooped back and Esther spied the room full of people—but just people; I had her glasses.

"Oh," she whispered, dismayed. "We've interrupted a party!"

Just then Johnny Green played "Happy Birthday" on the piano and I handed Esther her specs.

"Put these on and look around," I said.

"Oh!" cried Esther. "Golly!"

Was Esther dismayed at finding herself turned from a guest into a hostess for a room full of people? Not a bit. She had the time of her life. That's the kind of thing she's crazy about. But she was luckier than I was. My surprise was more on the rugged side.

It happened the first night I wangled a date with Esther. "All right," she said, "if you'll come to my house for dinner and meet my mother." That suited me fine.

"This is Mommy and this is the room I was born in," introduced Esther. I liked them both. Mrs. Williams didn't look like a movie mother and the house didn't look like it had ever been introduced to Hollywood. For the first time since I'd come to Hollywood I felt right at home. We had a perfect home-cooked dinner and then Esther curled up on the couch. "Now," Esther smiled sweetly, "you and Mother get acquainted." Then she went to sleep. She was working in a picture; she was tired. I wasn't working; I was in the Army.

flying colors . . .

I don't know how long Mom Williams and I talked. But I know what we talked about—Ben Gage. I've been examined in college and screened by the Army Air Corps, but those were mere picnics. When I left, Mom Williams knew everything about me from the day I was born, and before, including the fact that my ancestor was a British General named Gage who was a first rate heel around 1776.

I was dizzy when I told Esther good night at the door. "Who is your Mother," I asked, "the district attorney?"

"Better than that," she grinned. "She's a counsellor for the American Institute of Family Relations. Good night."

I certainly never would have walked into *that* session with my eyes open. But I was really lucky. I was relaxed and I came through. Esther told me next day, "You got straight A."

In fact, her favorite type fiesta is a periodic family reunion the Williams clan tosses every so often. Every family member totes along a special dish and by evening it all spells bicarbonate of soda backwards, forwards—anyway you look at it.

Mom Williams raised her daughter right, a fact I rediscover every day.

She's got a dreamy disposition. I had a date to take Esther to an important Hollywood party one night when I was still in the service. At the last minute, my commanding officer asked me to emcee a dance at the base. I dropped a quarter into the phone shakily. I mumbled out the sad news, expecting at least a disappointment.

(*Continued on page 85*)

RADIO AWARD BY ED SULLIVAN

(*Continued from page 24*)

no farther, and now McCarthy and I were back home in Chicago.

" 'Bergen,' I said to myself, 'this is where we came in.' "

So what did he do?

"Just what you'd have done, Edward," said Bergen. "I was feeling morbid, sorry for myself, so I decided to go to the Chez Paree and get plastered. The place was full of music, gay people, lights, but brother, I was the ghost at the banquet.

"I was getting gloomier by the second when something hit me a terrific blow on the back. The 'something' was the hand of Joey Jacobson, who owned the place with Mike Fritzel. 'Bergen,' said Jacobson, 'you are just the guy I'm looking for. When can you open for me here?' "

"Tomorrow night," Bergen assured him.

There's no business like show business! From the lowest point of his career, Bergen rebounded to his greatest success at the Chez Paree. Radio, which had snubbed him, suddenly discovered that the script they'd rejected was just what they wanted. The voice of Charlie McCarthy was heard throughout the land, and Bergen and Charlie not only were sitting on top of the world; they wrapped their legs around the saddle. "It was fantastic," grins Bergen. "Fantastic."

The Voice of McCarthy indeed was heard through the land, getting in sly jibes at the big shots invited to Bergen's program, making love to glamor girls, deflating stuffed shirts. The country howled at the little man with the piping tones who acknowledged no reverence to anyone or anything.

So this month, the MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan Award goes to Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, who have proved that there's no business like show business—and who have proved, too, that in the long run, talent will find its own high level.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



In 1943, when Bob Alda was still unknown to movie audiences, he was appearing at Chicago's "Latin Quarter." The night I was there was the Senior Prom of Von Steuben High School. I decided then and there that even if Bob Alda wasn't in the movies, he should be, and I was going to get his autograph. I waited until I spotted the table he was sitting at. When he got up to leave, I knew it was now or never. Grabbing a pencil and a postcard, I dashed across the room, shouting "Just a minute, Mr. Alda, I want your autograph." It seems that the contact of the rug on the floor, and my first high heels, made my dash a slide, and there I went—very ungracefully—right across the floor, smack into Bob's waiting arms. I was so out of breath and so flabbergasted, that I just thrust the pencil and postcard at him and said, "Sign here, please." He did, and also said, "This is the first time anyone has thrown herself into my arms for an autograph. Anything else I can do for you?" I got my autograph, and in due time, Bob got his fame!

Lois Gross
Chicago, Illinois

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THE FOLLOWING ARE NOT CHARTS:

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in last night's movie, see column on page 10 for details.

EXCLUSIVE CANDID SNAPS! These beautiful 4" x 5" glossy snapshots of your favorite stars were taken by MODERN SCREEN's own crack photographers, Gus Gale and Bob Beerman. NO POSTAGE REQUIRED! They're 10c each; 3 for 25c; 6 for 50c; 12 for $1.00, or the entire set for only $1.50. (Sorry, only one pose per star.)

I enclose $..... for the snaps checked below.

My name.....

Street address.....

City..... **Zone**..... **State**.....

☐ Entire Set of 20

☐ Van Johnson	☐ Frank Sinatra
☐ Guy Madison	☐ Cornel Wilde
☐ Ingrid Bergman	☐ Gregory Peck
☐ June Allyson	☐ Alan Ladd
☐ Mark Stevens	☐ Peter Lawford
☐ Bing Crosby	☐ Lon McCallister
☐ Clark Gable	☐ Glenn Ford
☐ Jeanne Crain	☐ Betty Grable
☐ Gene Kelly	☐ Dana Andrews
☐ Lana Turner	☐ Danny Kaye

"Tell you what," came back Es, "I'll drive down to *your* dance." That's Esther.

She's domestic. She'd rather be home than any place. For weeks last summer we tried to take a vacation trip. Each time I came up with an idea, Esther took it apart. "What's there?" Then she answered herself. "A bar, a pool—and sunshine. Well we've got a bar, a pool and sunshine right here." I suggested everything from Palm Springs to Sun Valley. I got the same answer. We stayed at home. Esther's a cook supreme. I've never seen her come up with a bad meal, and sometimes that's a small miracle. She can come home, tired from a day under the lights, and I've forgotten to market or the grocery man has left the wrong things. There's nothing in the house to eat. Then—presto—before I've read the evening paper, it's on the table—and it's good.

Esther's thrifty. She's a good business woman and a smart buyer—whether it's clothes, clothespins, or Cadillacs.

Esther's sentimental. The first present I ever gave her was a radio. It was while I was in the service. She couldn't get one. I had a buddy with one for sale. I worked a deal, hauled it up from Santa Ana in a trailer. I hooked it up for her on Valentine's Day. It's a beaten up old box by now but she wouldn't have a new one.

Esther's impatient; she's a perfectionist; she wants to get things done and she wants to do it the best. She can get off to work faster in the morning than any human in the world. She can work harder and longer and not get tired. She was shooting some tough water scenes when we were swamped in re-doing our house. One morning, in the gray dawn, I heard a bustle and rustle and pried open my eyes. It wasn't light yet and Esther had a hard day ahead of her. "What the heck are you doing up at this hour?" I muttered. "Putting paper in the drawers," said Esther, "It has to be done right away." Well, maybe it did. Anyway, to Esther it did.

FEBRUARY ISSUE

Our Valentine for next month will be June Allyson, whom we borrowed from that nice Dick Powell, to grace our cover. Watch for Junebug—on the stands in our February MODERN SCREEN on January 10.

Esther's not perfect—thank God. She's a terrible gambler, for instance. When she picks race horses they struggle in around midnight; I've given up trying to teach her poker; she still draws to inside straights and disgraces her aces. She has a weakness for shoes and angora sweaters—last count she had ninety-five pairs at least and as many swimming suits, shocking pink preferred. She never carries any money with her. She writes counter checks instead and forgets to enter them in her bank book and we wind up each month needing a C.P.A. She has terrible taste in her husband's ties. She talks him into shorter and shorter haircuts until he (me) is going to end up looking like a convict. She gives her heart to a droopy-eared cocker spaniel named Angie to tear into little pieces.

But whatever Esther Williams is, or will be, she's what I like, which is, as she told me the night I met her, "just Esther Williams."

In fact, there's only one time I ever thought of her as anything else—say, like a glamor girl, an actress or even a celebrity—that was before Esther and I were married.

I was headed for Hollywood from the Santa Ana Air Base and I was in a hurry. I'd promised to take Esther to a preview that night and, as usual, my pass got snafu-ed and I was late. So it wasn't any wonder that a cop chased me.

He parked his motorcycle and dismounted, agonizingly slow. He strolled leisurely over, tipped back his cap and whipped the ticket pad out of his pocket. "Well, Sarge," he said, not too originally, "just where do you think you're going—to a fire?"

"No," I explained, "I'm going to a preview."

"What's a preview?"

I told him. "It's a showing of a movie before it's released. And," I added, not kidding one bit, "if I'm late, my girl's going to be madder than all heck."

The cop clucked sympathetically as he scribbled my license number. "Too bad, too bad! But look, Sarge, I thought only important people went to those previews. How come you're invited?"

"My girl's pretty important," I said. "She's Esther Williams."

"You're kidding."

I dragged out my wallet and showed him her picture autographed to me, Sergeant Ben Gage. He looked at it a long time, I thought, darn it. Then he slipped his ticket pad back in his hip and straightened his cap.

"Any soldier who can promote a date with Esther Williams," he sighed, "deserves to be on time. Sarge," he grinned, "you know what I'd do, if I was you?" I shook my head.

"I'd get there just as fast as I could!" said the cop, waving me on.

So I did. And I've never been sorry.

Yours for a Happy Holiday!



PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

ALWAYS BETTER....BETTER ALL WAYS

A CHRISTMAS HE'LL NEVER FORGET

(*Continued from page 33*)

When there was only Dad and Granny, and not much money for what Van's father called "fancy nonsense." The worst thing of all was that Van was terribly afraid there would be no Christmas tree. He had heard his father talking about it to Granny.

"I waited till today thinking they'd come down in price at the last minute. Then doggone if they weren't all sold out."

"We can hang the Christmas tree ornaments on strings from the mantel," Granny had suggested, "beside the boy's stocking."

Probably that was what they were doing now. And it would look fine. Sure it would. Only—it wouldn't be like a *tree*. For one long moment Van let his thoughts wander enviously over to the two or three big houses by the ocean which were open for Christmas. Most of the rich people closed their places in September and didn't come back to Newport until the next June. But he and Dad had walked by the Astors' and the Van Allen's tonight, and seen lights, and scarlet and green wreaths.

day-dream . . .

Through one window Van had glimpsed a towering, feathery Christmas tree. Be side it was a boy about his own age, surrounded by what looked like miles and miles of electric train. There was even a tunnel, painted green, and a station for the train to stop at. Van had pulled his father to a halt, while he stared in wide-eyed admiration. Then he started walking again, very fast. Talking about the snow, and the way he'd slide down hill tomorrow. About the Santa Claus he'd seen on the street corner that afternoon.

"He was so fat he stuck out all over, Dad. And his nose was as red as his suit, honest. He had a bell he rang, and a sort of kettle to put money in."

"Ayah. Salvation Army." His father, a true New Englander in spite of his Swedish ancestry, never wasted words.

"So—I put a dime in the kettle. Mrs. Speckman said it was to help the poor people have a merry Christmas, so I did it. Was it all right, Dad?"

"Sure, son."

Van thought, a little wonderingly, that there was quite a difference between last year and this. Last year Santa Claus gave *you* things. This year you gave money to Santa. But that was all right.

He got out of bed now, very quietly, and tiptoed to the old mahogany chest that held all his possessions. He crouched on his haunches and pulled out the bottom drawer, which promptly gave a loud squeak. Van stopped and listened, but the sounds from the other room went on.

He felt the comforting outline of two packages in the drawer. A long, flat box, and a small, square one. The square one held a handkerchief for Granny. A pretty one, blue to match her eyes. The girl at the store had said it was imported linen and hand embroidered. It had cost seventy-five cents. The other package was the real pride of Van's heart. Neckties for Dad—and what neckties! Just looking at them would, Van felt, brighten anyone's Christmas. One was a spiral pattern in brilliant red and green. Real Christmas colors. The other was a checkered job, black and red, that reminded Van of the old checkerboard in the parlor, only this was new and bright. The ties had cost more than Van had counted on, but they were certainly worth it. Now Dad could throw away those old dark-colored ones he always wore. Why, these would make him look ten years younger.

Van got up and stole over to the door. He peered through the keyhole.

This was wonderful.

Dad was spreading asbestos under the big window that looked out on the street. Then he put shiny silver stuff like snow over the asbestos. It sparkled in the light with a million starry twinkles. Granny moved into view, carrying a big round mirror. She handed it to Dad, and darned if he didn't put it right down on the floor in the middle of the silver stuff. All of a sudden it wasn't a mirror any more. It was the pond over on Ocean Drive where they went skating Sundays.

"Looks nice, doesn't it?" Mr. Johnson stood back to admire his handiwork.

Granny said something in Swedish. Van couldn't understand what it was, because he'd never learned Swedish although Granny spoke it so much of the time.

His father sighed. "I know. The boy loves a tree."

Just then Granny turned around, and Van realized she was starting straight at him. She could see his face peering around the edge of the door, plain as anything. He didn't know what to do, so he just stared back, his childish blue eyes wide and alarmed. Then a funny thing happened. Granny winked at him.

But in another moment Van heard his father say "Guess I forgot the most important thing. It's in my bedroom." Like a startled rabbit, Van skidded back to bed. In five minutes Van, excited as he was, had succumbed to the sandman and dreams of a Santa Claus who kept saying "I don't exist, you know, but we'll have fun tomorrow, anyway."

Van was the first one up in the morning. He leaped out of bed, pulled on his underwear and a sweater and pants, and tore over to bang on his father's door.

"Merry Christmas, Dad! Merry Christmas!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The population at Big Bear Lake, California, got a real thrill when Roy Rogers and his company were there on location. I was the hotel photographer, and took many snaps of Roy. He was always pleasant and cooperative. One evening there was a huge dinner party, with Roy seated at the head of the table. Just before he took his seat, he turned and smiled to the other guests, who had started a round of applause at his arrival. Then, attempting to sit down, he missed the chair and landed squarely on the floor, legs crossed. Everyone laughed and cheered, but Roy was undisturbed. He calmly remained on the floor, drank a glass of water, then got up and sat on his chair as though it happened that way every night. It was terrific! I destroyed the shot I took in deference to Roy's good sportsmanship.

Shirley Lange
Toledo, Ohio

Gosh, grownups were slow on Christmas Day! Van wandered restlessly over to the closed door of the parlor. Of course he could peek in, but they always waited and all went in together.

Then at last, they were there. Dad, red-faced, scrubbed and beaming. Granny in a clean apron, with a little glint of mischief in her faded eyes. Dad went into the parlor first, closing the door behind him. Van gulped. This wasn't the way they did things. What went on here? Then he heard a funny buzzing noise. Dad came out grinning, very pleased with himself, and gave Van a little shove.

Van stood in the doorway, gasping. There, winding around the little pond with the Dutch skaters and by it over to the big bookcase, an electric train was chugging along. As it passed the signal post, the signal changed from red to green, and Van's eyes almost popped out of his head. He gave a whoop of joy and rushed over to fling himself on his knees beside it.

it all came true . . .

"You like it, boy?" His father's voice was oddly gentle.

"*Like* it! Oh, gee—it's the greatest thing I've ever seen! I can hardly believe it!"

"You've been a good boy. You deserve a good Christmas present."

Van remembered his manners then, and got out the square package for Granny and the flat, long one for his father. Maybe it was just as well that he immediately became engrossed in the train again, and didn't see the look they exchanged over Mr. Johnson's ties.

Even in the midst of playing with the train, Van was conscious of a funny emptiness in the room. Every other year they'd had a tree. Maybe just a little one, but a tree. It had been a sort of—what was that word?—a *symbol* of Christmas. It was all very mixed up, and the thing to do was concentrate on the train and forget the tree. It was such a wonderful train! It had a little white station to stop at, and a tunnel. And a huge, glowing headlight on the engine! It was the most beautiful train in all the world. Van could hardly be torn from it long enough to eat breakfast. They had bananas and oatmeal, Granny's delicious johnny cake with maple syrup, and sausage made at a factory right there in Newport.

Later Van went sledding with the other kids. Ayrault Street, where the Johnsons lived, sloped down to Broadway. It made a fine place to slide down hill, and was designated by the City Council for that purpose during the winter. Mr. Johnson always collected ashes from all the houses around and put them across the foot of the hill so the kids' sleds wouldn't go out into the Broadway traffic.

Betty, the little curly haired girl who lived across the street, came up to Van.

"Merry Christmas, Van! I've got a present for you," she said happily.

"You have?" Van was embarrassed. He hadn't any present for Betty. Then he remembered the big bag of candy Mr. Crosby, who owned the house where the Johnsons lived, had given him that morning. "I've got something for you too," he said eagerly. "In the house. Wait a minute."

He disappeared, and came back with the candy. Betty smiled shyly. "Thank you. And here's my present—for your elephant collection. You can hang it on your Christmas tree."

"We haven't got a tree this year," Van

said straightforwardly. "But gee, thanks for the elephant."

It was a cute thing. Small and white, not ivory but something like it. A miniature elephant with an upturned trunk, for good luck. It was, Van decided, the handsomest one in his whole collection.

There was turkey for dinner, of course. Turkey with its crisp, golden skin and tender meat. Mashed potatoes with thick, brown gravy. Crimson cranberry jelly and brussels sprouts. A mince pie that tasted like something straight from heaven. After dinner, Van said expectantly to his father, "Movies?"

"Didn't think you could leave your train that long."

Van hesitated, torn between two desires. But the movies won. "Let's go to the Colonial."

"What's on?"

Van didn't know, or care. Any movie was sheer bliss to him. He put on the new grey sweater that was Granny's Christmas gift, and his good coat.

"Dad, let's take *the car*." *The car* was a Ford, a recent acquisition. Van almost burst with pride every time they rode out in it.

"Well, I'll tell you. I've got an errand to do. You walk down and I'll meet you in front of the Colonial. We'll ride back."

"Okay." Van started off briskly. It was quite a walk, but the sun was warm and the sky was soft and blue. Van stared into all the windows, and most of them seemed to have Christmas trees. But he bet they didn't have little glass ponds with skaters on, or great, long electric trains. He whistled jauntily. A tree wasn't so important. Not so *terribly* important.

the play's the thing . . .

At the Colonial, Van noticed that there were quite a lot of people standing around the lobby. Dressed up people. Then he saw his father coming. Mr. Johnson grinned at him, and went to the window. He planked down the usual dollar. The Colonial charged forty cents apiece for matinees.

But the cashier was frowning. "I'm sorry," she said. "We're having a regular stage play this afternoon and evening. 'The Cat and the Canary.'"

"No movie?"

"No. A play."

Mr. Johnson felt an excited tug at his coat. Van was staring up at him anxiously. He turned back to the cashier. "How much?"

"That would be four forty, sir."

"Four forty! That's too steep for me!" He started to leave the window. But Van was tugging again, desperately now.

"*Please*, Dad! A real play! I'll do anything! I'll—I'll even give back my train!"

Never were eyes more imploring. Reluctantly, with a feeling that he was being a soft-hearted old idiot, and with no realization that Fate had a hand in this, Mr. Johnson drew out his billfold. He looked at the tickets which were handed him with some hostility. Four forty—for little bits of pasteboard like that.

Their seats were excellent. Right bang in the middle of the third row. There was an air of subdued excitement through the theater as they waited for the curtain to go up that you never felt before a movie. Van wriggled his toes inside his stout boots. He always wriggled his toes when he was excited. A play! A real play, with actors and actresses!

The curtain went up at last, and for two hours Van was lost in fantasy. His eyes followed every movement on the stage, hypnotized by unreality. He gave a squeal of pure terror when the clutching hand came through the wall behind the beautiful heroine. He lived a whole new life

"Bill and I got another raise!"



"Of course, Bill deserves most of the credit. After all, *he's* the 'bread winner' in this family—and just about the smartest shop foreman this side of Sunday.

"It all started back when Bill was an apprentice. We were having all we could do trying to make ends meet. Then one day I happened to see an International Correspondence Schools advertisement. It told how thousands of fellows were taking special training—in their spare time—to help themselves get ahead. That gave me an idea.

"That night I showed the ad to Bill. We talked it all over and then I suggested that he fill out the coupon and send it in.

"Soon afterwards, Bill enrolled for the Machine Shop Course offered by I. C. S. He studied evenings—while I did the dishes and put the baby to bed. It wasn't long before Bill's boss started taking notice of the way Bill was doing his work. That's when *we* got *our* first raise.

"Maybe you're in the same boat we were in four years ago. If so, why not help your husband the way I helped mine? Clip this coupon and put it next to his dinner plate tonight. It may lead to the chance for which you've both been hoping."

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there on that bright-lit stage and loved every moment of it. As they came out of the theater, he said in a hushed voice, "Dad, you know what I'm going to be when I grow up?"

"Ayah. You told me the other day. A fireman."

Van looked at him indignantly. "That was silly. No sir! I'm going to be an actor."

"That'll be fine," said his father absently. Mr. Johnson had enjoyed the show, but four forty was an awful lot of money. It was probable that if at that moment he could have seen himself twenty years later, riding around in a brand new Nash, the super de luxe model, presented to him by his son, the Hollywood star, he would have fainted dead away.

As it was, still absently, he stuck his key in the door of the Ford and fiddled with it. Nothing happened. It didn't turn.

"Jammed," he said bitterly. "A fine thing. I told you we should have walked."

"Let *me* try."

Van tried, with the same result.

"I'll have to break the darned window," Mr. Johnson decided crossly. That would cost more money to get it fixed. He searched for a rock and found one, a good, heavy one. But Van rushed up breathlessly and headed him off.

"Dad, look!"

Two cars behind this Ford was another Ford, as like it as a double exposure. Mr. Johnson peered at the license numbers, and carefully put down the rock with which he had been about to smash some stranger's car window. He unlocked the door of his own car, climbed sheepishly in, and they drove off.

Van was in a fog of excitement all the way home. He chattered about the play, describing it in every minute detail. Mr. Johnson was puzzled.

"How did you notice all those things, Van? Didn't miss a trick, did you?"

"I've *got* to notice everything if I'm going to be an actor. I've got to learn how. I'm going to plays as often as ever I can the rest of my life."

They drove slowly up Broadway and turned into Ayrault Street. It was dark now, with the quick-falling blackness of a December night. Van looked up at the stars twinkling cheerfully against their black velvet canopy. When he brought his gaze back to earth he blinked, and blinked again. Stars in his eyes, that's what he had! Because there, inside the big front window of their own parlor, he could see a lighted Christmas tree!

"Dad," he whispered, and the words caught in his throat, "Dad, look at that."

"Ayah. Looks good, doesn't it? I told Granny to turn the lights on by the time we got home."

Van scrambled out of the car and into the house like a small whirlwind.

"Gran!" he cried. "The Christmas tree! We've *got* one!"

"Yes, child. A lovely one."

It *was* lovely. Its thick, wide-spreading branches reached almost to the low ceiling. The ornaments which had hung, a little forlornly, from the mantel, now sparkled from the tree's green depths, looking just right.

"Where did it come from?" Van asked in a hushed voice. "Did—did Santa Claus bring it? But there isn't any Santa Claus!"

Mr. Johnson scratched his sandy head. "Well, I'll tell you. I guess it might have been Santa Claus that made me remember a little store down on the wharf, today. Went down and they had two trees left. Skimpy ones. I wired 'em together and brought 'em up while you were on your way to the Colonial."

trader johnson . . .

Van's eyes were wide with admiration. "You mean there are *two* trees there?" He went and looked, and sure enough, you could see the two trunks. He grinned at his father. "You're pretty smart," he said admiringly.

"Nope, I ain't." Mr. Johnson wore the defeated look of a Yankee outsmarted in a horse trade. "Didn't save any money in the end, havin' to buy two trees that way. Good thing Christmas only comes once a year."

It *was* a good thing, Van thought solemnly. Because how could you bear that much joy twice?

CO-ED

(Continued from page 12)

brief talks, to think on your feet, to achieve a poise you've never dreamed possible.

There'll be theater parties, group visits to the star's studio (if you live near Los Angeles), fun that until now you've only read about, but never *lived.* Does it sound good? Well, hold your hats, then, cause we've saved one of the dandiest features of belonging to an MSFCA club till the last. Like dessert. As of this issue of MODERN SCREEN (see "The Fans," page 22), there's to be a monthly page devoted exclusively to our fan clubs. No other magazine offers you such an all-inclusive fan club department, and think what it means. A corner exclusively for you, as a club member. Late flashes about your club; tidbits about club members—and picture the thrill of seeing your very own name in print; news of forthcoming contests for literary work, for bringing in new members, for candid camera shots; and the descriptions of the prizes, all fabulous loot like compacts and watches, will make you drool.

Editing this heaven-sent page is Shirley Frohlich, MODERN SCREEN's Service Editor and the bright-as-a-button director of MSFCA—the gal who thinks like a college professor and looks like a quite sophisticated bobby-soxer. (At the office here, we're convinced she *is* one, part-time, she knows that much about Van and June and people.) She's the gal who'll help you organize a brand new club (and is that fun!), the babe who'll answer your questions, who'll dream up new ideas to help you put your star on top. We're awfully thrilled to welcome her and her brainchild to the magazine, and we can promise you one thing, you are really going to love that gal!

Gee, we've sort of gone on about this business, haven't we? We couldn't help ourselves on account of we're so impressed with MSFCA clubs in general, and with Shirley's new page in particular. Have we given you the bug too? Then you'll want to turn to our Super Coupon on page 84 where you'll see the name of the chart which will tell you everything you need to know about joining a club. It's "How to Join a Fan Club," and lists names and addresses of fan club presidents, plus such important information as annual dues (usually no more than one dollar) and the name of the club journal. Imagine, if you send for the chart today, you'll be a bona fide club member in just a couple of weeks. Inside of two months you'll forget you were ever lonely, ever bored, ever hobby-less. You'll be a new person. We guarantee it! Try it and see.

LOVE SONG

(*Continued from page 55*)

at her, trying to summon just one glib phrase. "Say, the bar is jammed," he managed finally, "and I thought maybe I could order a beer and have it in here."

She had a nice smile, slow and kind of mysterious. "Why, fine," she said. "Go right ahead." Hardly believing his good fortune, he ordered the beer, then went into the lobby to get a couple of packs of cigarettes for her. He hurried back, swaggering a little, feeling good. And there was the beer, but the gal was gone. It was a pretty bad beginning, with Joanie thinking what a fresh guy Dick was, and Dick thinking what a Class A prune *she* turned out to be. Harry James got them together before long, and now that first meeting is a family joke.

It's a gay marriage, the Haymes'. They kid each other a lot, and—after a bit of trial and error—they've learned what topics are okay to kid about, and which are slightly dangerous. You can tease Joanie about her swimming or her acting, because she's astute enough to know she can hold her own in either field, but don't make light of her cooking.

dick the diplomat . . .

"We ate out quite a little when we were first married, didn't we, honey?" Dick used to say in front of friends.

"Yes, I guess we did," Joanne would return, her voice icy.

"Joanie here," Dick would go on, smiling indulgently, "well, she's awfully beautiful, but what she can do to a scrambled egg—" Joanie wouldn't speak to him for a good half hour.

Kid Dick about his singing or his ping-pong, and he'll laugh his head off, but don't josh about the way he manages his kids. On that subject he couldn't be touchier. Now and then there'll be a day when Noonie, the nurse, and Joanne are out of the house simultaneously, leaving Dick in charge of Skipper, aged four, and Pigeon, aged two. Ordinarily he's an excellent father, sensible and equal to any behavior problem, but there's something about being left to cope single-handed. Everything goes black. While he's getting Skip up after his nap, Pigeon is into Joanne's lipstick and powder. While he's cleaning *her* up, Skip turns a bottle of ink over his head. When, at last, someone comes home and relieves him, Dick is very nearly gibbering, but much too proud to divulge what a time he's had.

"How was it?" Joanne will ask.

"Great," Dick says. "Grand little kids." It's the kids who'll eventually tell how wild-eyed Daddy got that day.

It's unusual that a pair as young and gay as Dick and Joanne should be such homebodies, but now—after all the lean and hungry years in furnished rooms and fifth floor walk-ups—they have their dream house, and they can hardly bear to leave it. It's a Colonial house, beautifully furnished with early American and British Colonial antiques. It would have been a million times easier just to go to a store and buy all the furniture in a single afternoon, but it wouldn't have been nearly as much fun as tracking each individual piece to its lair. Their taste is very much the same, and it was almost uncanny the way they'd pounce on the same piece of furniture at the antique shops.

There was just one piece that they quibbled over. Joanne brought it home from an auction one evening, triumphantly, with an it-was-a-tough-fight look on her face. It was a big mahogany job with a



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marble top, and instead of going off his head about it the way Joanne had, Dick sort of leered at it.

"What's the matter?" Joanne said, removing her gloves with small belligerent motions.

"What is it?" Dick asked her.

"What *is* it?" Joanne sputtered. "Why it's one of those old marble-topped—" She stopped suddenly and looked at it in bewilderment. "What difference does it make *what* it is. It's a perfectly beautiful piece."

"What'll we do with it?"

"Listen here, Dick Haymes," she said, biting off her words as if they were pieces of thread. "We found things to do with the old fashioned cradle and all the other stuff, didn't we?" The upshot of it was, of course, that they kept the piece, and they use it as a sort of a small bar.

There is also a regular full-sized bar in front of which are stools topped with alternating English and Western saddles. All the rooms in the house are unusual, but perhaps the most original one of all is the dining doom. It's decorated in English-taproom style, and instead of one large table, it has six little ones covered with red and white checked table cloths. The Haymes like intimate groups instead of mob scenes when they entertain, and this arrangement is perfect for them.

They've thought about this house for five long years, never actually believing that one day they'd be able to build it, but loving the dreaming part anyway, the super-elaborate imaginary plans.

"It'll have a swimming pool," Dick used to say.

"Sure, sure," nodded Joanie, "and a tennis court."

"And a stable full of horses."

"And a big beautiful dog to stretch out in front of the fire." And miracle of miracles, it all came true.

it all came true . . .

There are wonderful sun-drenched hours in the pool, with Pidge intermittently shedding her life-jacket to show off her powerful crawl, and Skipper very definitely and very proudly on his own. There are horseback rides in the cool of the morning, Dick on Pappy, his big palomino, Joanne on her little paint, Skipper straight as an arrow on his small, sure-footed filly. Pidge watches them go and come, a wee bit enviously, and spends all her spare moments supervising the care and feeding of the other small filly in the stable who'll be hers next year. It's all there, just as they used to imagine it, only more so. The garden, the sweeping views, the quiet evenings before the fire. Even the dog has materialized.

He's a magnificent police dog, a gift from Linda Darnell. Skipper took one look at him and christened him Boots, no one knows why. Boots took one look at Skipper and Pigeon and immediately assumed complete responsibility for them. Noonie might just as well go home as far as he's concerned. *He* is in charge. His most unhappy moments are when the two kids are apart. He races from the stable to the pool, from the pool to the stable, terrified lest Pigeon get into mischief while he's watching Skipper, and vice versa. To conserve his strength for his big deals, Boots has taken to lying down while he eats, his bowl between his paws.

Dick has a fabulous collection of Disney movies and other films for small fry which he runs off on the playroom screen a couple of evenings a week, and the kids are crazy about them. They sit in the almost blacked-out room, complete enchantment on their faces. The other night, Bill Burton, Dick's agent and one of his best friends, said, "Why don't you show the kids one of your movies, Dick?" Behind the youngsters' backs, Dick spread his hands in a shut-up gesture.

"What's the matter, kid," Bill asked Dick later. "Are you waiting till they get a little stronger?" Dick laughed and looked a little embarrassed.

"Maybe you'll think I'm nuts," he said, "but you see the kick they get out of a movie. To them it's something kind of out of this world. Magic—or something." Dick smiled, his good warm smile, "I don't want them to know that all those beautiful people they see on the screen are just a bunch of lugs like the old man. Not for a while yet, anyway."

"Like Santa Claus, hey?"

"Sort of."

"What a corny guy."

He is kind of a corny guy, but in such a nice way. He remembers anniversaries and birthdays and things. He's sentimental about the old songs and the Hotel Lincoln. And as we told you, he wouldn't let a day go by when he and Joanie are separated without telephoning her just to be sure that she's okay. Like a kid with a crush. These calls, however, he's thinking seriously of discontinuing, after the fright he got out of one of them while he was playing in Boston this fall.

phone phobia . . .

He sat on his bed at the Ritz, whistling a little as the operator put the call through, person-to-person, thinking how good it would be to hear the cute familiar voice again, thinking about how excited she'd be when he told her he thought it would be a good idea for them to do "Born Yesterday" in summer stock next year, thinking— He heard a lot of confusion and clicking, then the operator said, "Mrs. Haymes has asked to have your call transferred to—" and she spieled off a number that had a vaguely familiar sound. Good Lord, he thought, his mind conjuring up the list of emergency phone numbers on the telephone table at home, That's the doctor's office! There was an agonizing wait, and then the operator said, "That line is busy. We will call you." And Dick sat still, his head in his hands, picturing first an automobile accident, then a fall from the horse. A fire, a catastrophe in the pool . . . The phone cut sharply across his thoughts, and there was Joanie's voice, calm and dear.

"What's the matter?" Dick snapped.

"Everything's all right. Skip cut his head a little, and I brought him over here. I was afraid I'd miss your call."

"You're keeping something from me, Joanie—" His skull was fractured of course. That damn little filly. He'd have her disposed of. He'd—

"Rich, don't be a goon. Here's Skip himself."

"Daddy?" Over the wire came a small, unbelievably wonderful voice, and Dick breathed again, relaxed his clutch on the phone. "Are you coming home soon? Will you fly? Will the plane have two engines or four?"

"How's the head, fella?"

"Will we meet you at the airport?"

"Sure, sure. How did you hurt yourself?"

It was Joanie again. "Fell over his big feet. . . . Rich, are you mowing 'em down?"

"Well, natch," he said. His heart felt as big as a football. His kid was okay, he was talking to his wife, he was going home soon. Gee, he was a lucky guy.

The week in Boston was really something. He broke even Frankie's record at the RKO-Boston. It's reported that that stint will boost his 1946 earnings to $500,000. Funny, Dick thought, as the boys in the back room at the theater were telling him how he'd cleaned up, once upon a time I'd have felt like going out and

celebrating. Now all I want to do is get home." And that's what he did.

They met him at the airport, and then he was home again, catching up on news.

"I swallowed a nail and mommy had to pick me up by the feet." That was poor Skip with a bandage on his head.

"I can swim and dive now." That was Pidge with delusions of grandeur.

"How about you, mom?" Dick turned to Joanie.

"Well, cross your fingers, but the preview didn't look too awful." She was talking about "Abie's Irish Rose" in which, as Joanne Dru, she makes her screen debut.

Dick beamed at them all. "What a gang," he said, hugging them.

With two working folks in the family, the Haymes' have eliminated most of their night life, but to celebrate Dick's homecoming, they called up the gang and drove into Los Angeles for dinner at Romanoff's. Getting ready, Joannie was as excited as a bobby-soxer on her first date.

"What'll I wear?"

"Oh, something black." (He's mad for her in black.)

"Will I put my hair up?"

let your hair down . . .

"Well—" dubiously, "okay, but no flowers in it." (He likes her hair down and uncluttered.) They were off finally, and dinner was superb, and Joanie felt very festive and continental with Dick spouting French at the waiter.

"Rich," she said admiringly, "I'd give anything to be able to carry on a French conversation that way."

It was much too good a chance to miss. "Would you, honey?" Dick said. "Well, look. When he comes back again, you say to him, 'L'addition, s'il vous plait.'" Joanie repeated it, her big eyes shining. She thought it meant "the dinner was wonderful." She caught the waiter's eye and smilingly whispered her message.

"Oui, madame," he said, and from a back pocket he produced the check and handed it to her. She looked up at Dick, and then she had to roar laughing.

Their sprees into town are rare. Most evenings they play gin rummy or else see a movie—either in their own playroom or at a neighborhood theater.

"Although," Dick explains, "the kids prefer the Haymes theater. Three against one."

The kids' friends love it too. The other day, Skip gave a party, and the guests could hardly be pried away from Porky Pig long enough to eat their ice cream.

That was the party at which Joanne decided to take a picture of Skip flanked by two queens, namely Vickie James, Betty Grable's little girl, and Bronwyn Price, Maureen O'Hara's youngster—to show him when he got big. When the picture was developed, you could make out a small sad figure brooding in the background. Little Miss Pigeon, crushed because her beloved Skipper was involved in something without her.

Not long ago, a new friend of Dick and Joanne's remarked to Bill Burton about the youngsters' devotion to each other. "It's kind of wonderful to see a brother and sister who aren't tearing each other to pieces," the friend said.

"Ever notice Dick and Joanie when they think no one's looking?" Bill said. "The look she gives him and he gives her right back, doubled? Notice how neither of 'em likes the other one out of his sight? 'Where's Joanie?' 'Where's Rich?' Casual-like, but not really casual at all. Stick around and watch them. With an example like that, those kids of theirs couldn't be any other way."

"Lucky kids," the friend said. To which we say, Amen.

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Nestle HAIRLAC

MY FRIEND FRANK

(*Continued from page 29*)

ing to history in the making? They did not. They had started a card game, and I might as well have said "That was John Smith." Let's face it, even Evans didn't realize what was up. Oh sure, I got out my notebook and jotted the name down.

So what happened? Nothing, as far as I was concerned, until a couple of months later. Then I came home one evening and my son, Phil, who was then fourteen, took me aside.

"Dad," he said solemnly, "will you do me a favor?"

"What's the matter? Did you get mixed up in a big financial deal and run short?"

"No, it isn't money. I wanted you to listen to a record of 'Little Town In Singapore'. Will you, dad?"

He turned it on, and I sat there thinking about a certain client that was causing me trouble. All of a sudden I did a complete double take. It dawned on me that (a) the voice singing was really out of this world and (b) that it was the same one I'd heard on that late broadcast. What the devil was his name, anyway?

"Frank Sinatra." I produced it finally.

Phil eyed me with respect. "I've got to hand it to you, dad. You really know 'em. Have you heard him in person?"

"Uh—no, not yet." I didn't admit that Sinatra was nothing but a name and a voice to me at this point.

"I've got one of his recordings made with Harry James," Phil said eagerly. "Honest, I think he's the best band vocalist in the country."

"What is it you find unusual about his voice?" I asked curiously.

"Well, dad, all the other singers are falling over themselves trying to imitate Bing Crosby. But this guy has a style all his own, completely different and original."

And when I think back to that conversation, I feel that the same thing holds true today.

"He's appearing at the Paramount this week," Phil told me. "He's with the Dorsey band. Let's go, shall we, dad?"

We went. The Paramount was jammed with Tommy Dorsey fans, plus a scattering of those more interested in the vocalist. When Frank came on the stage I was immediately fascinated. Here was a man who violated every impression of what a romantic singer should look like. At first glance you certainly wouldn't expect this slim guy with the hollow cheeks to have the qualifications of a matinee idol. But I found my attention held by the personal magnetism I felt from the beginning. I moved from the twentieth row down to the tenth. Then to the second. There was something about this boy that drew me. Yes, he was different, but I understood now why it was that even on the air or on records, his charm came through. Those candid blue eyes told you that he was singing to you and meaning every word he sang. He made the audience listen to the words of a song, even when they had heard them a hundred times before—and not just listen, but feel them!

About this time I was handling Glenn Miller's band and getting fancy results with it. They went up to number one band like a thermometer hitting ninety in July.

One day my secretary told me Frank Sinatra wanted to see me. I grinned happily, lit a cigarette with two matches for luck and called him to come in. Now Frank has never put on an act in his life. He's the most natural, direct guy in the world. He came in, gave me a quick once over with those bright blue eyes and said, "Evans, I hear you get pretty big dough for handling people."

"Depends on the people," I told him.

He didn't beat around the bush. "I haven't got big dough. But I think you and I could really do a job together. If—if you'd like to."

I got up then and looked out of the window. Not stalling, or trying to impress him, but remembering that first night I heard him on the radio, and Phil's records, and the Paramount. I had a crazy feeling that everything had been leading up to this for a long, long time.

"I'd like it fine, Frank," I said. "You're going to be the biggest thing in this country. I've felt that way about you for some time. Let's go on from here."

We shook hands. We were a little solemn about it, because I guess Frank felt the way I did—as if something pretty important had just happened. There have never been any contracts or legal papers between us. Just that handshake. There are loopholes in legal contracts—none in Frank's loyalty.

So we went on from there. One of the first things Frank did was invite me out to his place in Jersey. He and Nancy had just bought their house in Hasbrouck Heights, and he was like a kid with a new sled on Christmas morning.

I'll never forget that first evening. I drove out the winding Jersey highway, wondering a little what kind of set-up I'd find. I found the house, and pulled up in the driveway. Immediately Frank burst open the front door, and yelled "Hi, George!" exuberantly.

I climbed out. "Nice house, Frank." It was. I always liked that friendly house.

"I'm hanging pictures," Frank informed me. "Getting 'em all crooked, Nancy says, so it's a good thing you got here. You can help."

I followed him into the house. The hall was warm and bright and filled with the most mouth-watering smell I had ever encountered. Suddenly I realized I was hungry for the first time in weeks.

"What a beautiful smell!" I said.

Frank grinned happily. "Nancy's making lasagna. Ever eat it?"

"*Eat* it! I never even *heard* of it."

"You don't know what you've missed, bud. It's made with noodles and cheese and sausage and stuff."

Just then the door opened from the kitchen and there stood the prettiest girl imaginable. She had long, soft, black hair and black velvet eyes, and a smile that tangled you up in its curves. Frank went over and put his arm around her.

"Honey, this is George."

Her handclasp was as warm and friendly as her smile. "Hello, Mr. Evans," she said shyly. "I'm glad to see you."

Maybe I wasn't glad to see *her!* My worries vanished like soap bubbles in the sun. Then they took me in to show me the baby, and I fell in love. Little Nancy always has had Frank's charm.

I ate lasagna that night until noodles were coming out of my ears.

Frank kept right up with me.

"How can you stay so thin when you eat so much?" I asked him, puzzled.

"It's because he's so intense," Nancy said. "He goes at everything so hard he uses an awful lot of energy. Every time he sings a song he has to sing it better than it's ever been sung before. He's that way about everything."

Another time I went out to their house one Sunday afternoon. Nancy told me Frank had gone over to the woods for

something. Pretty soon he appeared, carrying a knife and an armful of twigs. He was whistling merrily.

I stared at him. "What are you up to? Run out of matches so you have to make a fire the Boy Scout way?"

"Come on down cellar, and you'll see."

When we got there, he took out a saw. I regarded him forebodingly. "If you cut a leg off with that, it won't be so funny."

"Relax, Junior. Frankie boy knows what he's doing."

He did, at that. He cut a plank of wood into the size he wanted—about two feet long. Then he planed it down and varnished it. While the varnish started to dry, he cut the twigs he'd gathered into short, even lengths. By now Nancy had come down to see what we were doing. She and I craned over Frank's shoulder. Whistling absorbedly under his breath, he began to put the twigs on the sticky varnish, spelling out letters. "W-A-R-M V-A-L-L-E-Y."

"How do you like that for the name of our place?" he asked.

"It's a good name, Frank," Nancy told him seriously. "Just right."

Next day I saw him at the theater, rehearsing. "How are you today, Frank?"

"Unhappy. Somebody stole my Warm Valley sign." He *was* unhappy. That sign had meant so much to him.

Around that time, Hollywood heard about the thin little guy with the black magic voice. They dangled a contract in front of him and he signed it. He signed another one soon, just as important—the contract to sing on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade. I remember how he almost knocked me down running to telephone Nancy.

"Baby, it's happened!" he told her, and his voice was half exultant, half scared. "We're really going places!"

All this time I was getting to know Frank better. We spent long evenings talking together and I soon found out that his main interest was people. His most unhappy moments came when he read or heard of someone's misfortune. He has a quick, enveloping sympathy for those who are under-privileged in any way. Much of it comes from not having had things himself when he was growing up.

Which reminds me of a story that Frank will probably give me a punch in the nose for telling. He and I were on one of our drives through the old Hoboken neighborhood of his boyhood one evening. Suddenly Frank put on the brakes, pulled over to the curb and parked. I looked around. It was a block of modest little stores and at this time of night they were all closed. I couldn't see what he was stopping there for and said so.

"I just remembered something." The kid's voice was unusually serious. "I remembered something I'm pretty ashamed of, and I want to fix it up. Got any dough on you?" As usual, *he* had about sixty cents. He just can't be bothered with money.

"Sure. How much do you want?"

"Got twenty dollars?"

I passed it over. He wrapped it in a piece of paper and got out of the car. I watched him slide it under the door of a tiny shop whose weathered sign read faintly, "Candy. Stationery."

He came back to the car and drove away, grinning.

"What was the big idea?" I demanded. "You just don't care *what* you do with your dough, do you?"

"I always liked the little man who runs that shop. But when I was a kid, we thought it was smart to steal penny candy from him and run like hell. He was lame, see, and couldn't chase us. I didn't like myself much when I was doing it, and every time I've thought of it since, it's

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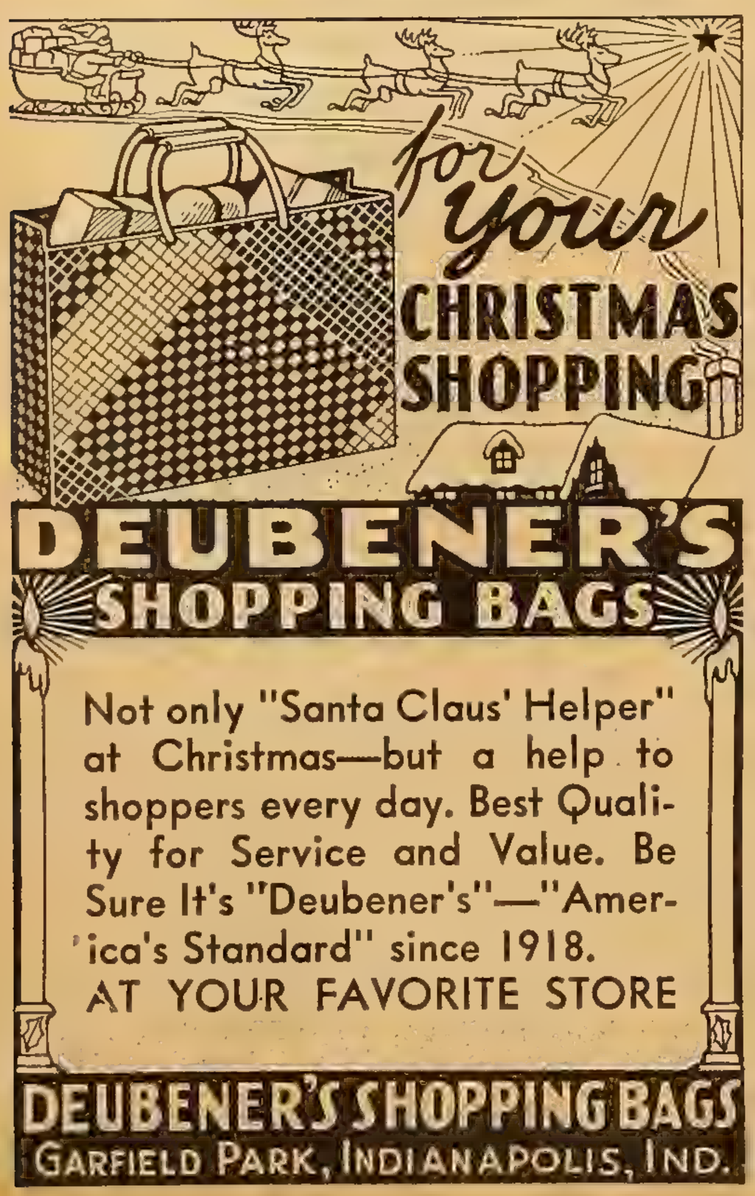


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given me a nasty cold feeling down my back. Now I can forget it."

"But he won't know who it's from!"

"Of course not. But he'll have the dough."

Another time he and I were playing gin rummy in his suite at the Waldorf. It was a Saturday afternoon. Frank wasn't paying attention to the game the way he usually does. Suddenly he threw his cards on the table and got up and walked restlessly over to the window. It was a grey November day.

"Take a ride with me, George?"

"Sure, if you want to. Looks like snow, though. Where do you plan on going?"

"There's a fellow out in Jersey that I've been thinking about all day. He's a musician who used to play around with us. I hear he isn't doing so good lately. I want to look him up."

"Know his address?"

"No, but I remember about where it is."

Well, we drove up and down the streets of Jersey City in a blinding snowstorm. I got pretty well caught up with the deal.

"Come on home, Frank, before you get laryngitis again."

But he was stubborn. "I've got to find him. It's right around here somewhere."

Eventually we found the place. It was practically a tenement. Frank got out and rang doorbells till he found out which flat his musician buddy lived in—they didn't even have cards on the mail boxes. The fellow was home and he was as glad to see Frank as Frank was to see him. They talked about old times, while I fidgeted. Finally I got Frank on his feet—he was due at rehearsal. As he got to the door, he said in a carefully matter-of-fact voice, "By the way, if you'd be interested, we could use some of your brand of music when we're making recordings. How about coming over to CBS Tuesday around two o'clock and I'll introduce you to the boys?"

Frank didn't look at his friend's face as he said it, but I did. I saw the wonder and the glory that spread over it, and I got a lump in my throat. Ever since, that boy has been making recordings with Frank and he's moved to New York with his pretty blonde wife and baby.

During the war things were tough for everybody. They were tough in different ways for different people, and what was hardest on Frank was not being able to get into the service. That perforated eardrum kept him out of everything.

I'll never forget the night I waited on a slip at South Ferry for him to come back from Governor's Island where he had been sent from the induction center. It was two a.m. when Frank's ferry pulled in. It had been one hell of a day. Early in the morning when he had reported to the center, there had been such a mob of fans around that his coat was torn practically off. I myself had been pushed against a wire fence and came out with a long gash on my right hand. Then Frank had been put through the most gruelling examination possible. They weren't going to let anyone say that Frank was shown partiality, so they leaned backward in the other direction. I suppose that was natural, but it was quite a session. Eventually he was sent over to Fort Jay for a continuation of it.

So at two o'clock on a shivery morning, I watched the ferry bang and clang its way into the slip. South Ferry isn't Park Avenue, and the crowd that got off was pretty rough and tough. Frank's face was drawn with fatigue.

I pushed forward to meet him, and he managed a tired grin. "Hi, George. How's the hand?"

It was typical of him that he thought of me instead of himself at this point. "Never mind that," I said. "How'd you get on?"

The blue eyes that looked into mine held a sadness that was hard to watch. "George, I've got a pretty good hunch they're turning me down again. They didn't say so definitely, but I feel it. *What am I going to do?*"

The cry came from deep inside of him. I tried to give him an answer, although I knew there was none for the hurt that was in him. "The taxes you pay, Frank, will buy ammunition to kill a lot of Japs."

"I want to be in myself," he muttered.

I don't think anyone who didn't see Frank the way he looked at that moment could realize *how* badly he wanted it.

"Come and get some coffee," I said, "and we'll both feel better."

We stopped in at a joint on Eleventh Avenue and drank two cups apiece. Color came back to his cheeks, and he gave me a grin, "Might as well get back to the hotel and face the reporters," he said.

We drove across town and up toward the Waldorf. I knew there would be a crowd still waiting to hear the results. I also knew there was nothing we could tell them officially. The problem was solved in a funny way. Just a block from the hotel the clutch on my car went bad.

"I'll get you a cab, Frank," I said. "I can get someone to pick me up."

Frank laughed. "What do you think I am—a sissy? We can push this heap right up to the hotel garage."

There were six inches of snow on the streets. But did he care? He did not. And the reason the reporters never spotted Frank that night was because they weren't expecting to see him pushing a car up Park Avenue through the snow!

In the last couple of years, Frank has had a lot of important things on his mind. Things have been happening in the world that he hasn't liked the looks of. I remember the day he came to me and said abruptly, "George, you may not like this and I won't blame you."

I studied him. His thin jaw was set and his eyes were dark with determination.

"What gives, Frank?"

"Look, when I was a kid in Hoboken, if I saw a big boy pick on a little one, I always got into the scrap. Right now I see people being picked on because they're black instead of white. Or because their name's Levy instead of Smith. Or because they go to the Catholic church instead of the Methodist. I don't like it and I want to do something about it."

I knew that this had been in Frank's mind for a long while. I knew he had broached the subject to various friends and advisers and they had discouraged his attitude. But they didn't know Frank as well as I did. You can't dissuade him when he feels as deeply as he does on this matter. I wouldn't have tried anyway, because I felt the same way.

A few weeks later I had one of the biggest thrills of my life when I heard Frank speak to a jammed audience in Madison Square Garden.

"I have been warned plenty of times," he told us, "that I'm treading on dangerous ground. That a performer has no right to express his views on what is right or wrong, and that it will injure his career if he does. Let me say here that if my attempting to right wrongs is going to hurt my career, to hell with my career!"

There was a roar of applause that swept you away on its rhythm. There were tears in my eyes and I'm not ashamed of it. I had watched the evolution of a little guy from Hoboken into one of the great fighting spirits of our time. He is looking ahead today with the same hope and vision he had when his career began, and take my word for it, he has an even bigger future marked out. Singer Sinatra—now Citizen Sinatra—will never stand still!

MY BEST FINDS OF '46

Lizabeth Scott

(*Continued from page 51*)

was a chance to shake the hooey and show her stuff.

Well, she's had it—in three star pictures since then—and three's the charm. After "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," "Dead Reckoning" and "Desert Fury" (which you'll see before long) what comes up with Scotty is a lot more than mere hubba-hubba—whatever that is. She's a golden girl, the twin terrific of 1946—of Mark Stevens.

Believe me, that's no small order—for any girl in any year—even in 1946 when a bright new star winked in your eye every time you turned around in Hollywood. But Lizabeth led the race all the way. I could have picked her with my eyes closed—and come to think of it—that's about what I did.

I was parked in my favorite chaise longue at home one night, restoring my tissues after a marathon of Hollywood parties, and I switched on the radio. I settled back happily and closed my eyes. Because one of my favorite actresses was on the air—Tallulah Bankhead. I've been a fan of Tallu's for years and I like nothing better than listening to her twist a play script around her terrific talents. So I had a half hour of pure pure listening pleasure—and then I heard the announcer say, "Thank you, Miss Lizabeth Scott—!"

little gal, big voice . . .

I couldn't believe it! I thought there must be a mistake somewhere. But there wasn't, of course. It was Scotty all right, and if she's good enough to fool an old timer like me, she's good. If I had any lingering doubts about Lizabeth Scott they vanished that night. But I didn't have many by then. Straws in the Hollywood winds had been spelling "Lizabeth Scott" to me all year.

For one thing, you don't have to tell Humphrey Bogart who's good and who isn't. There aren't many actresses in Hollywood that Bogie will let take the place of his favorite leading lady, Lauren Bacall. But I happen to know that Humphrey refused to make "Dead Reckoning" until Columbia came up with a lady screen partner he could vibrate to. First to fill that bill was Lizabeth Scott, although she was miles across the ocean in England at the time—and that reminds me of another good reason I'm picking Scotty to lead the list. She's an alert, ambitious girl who knows opportunity when she sees it and says "Come in" at the first knock.

Lizabeth was in London when the transatlantic telephone call came. The phone call brought her the good news that Humphrey had tagged her for his next leading lady. That "Dead Reckoning" started shooting that week, that if she wanted to play with Bogie it was come home quick!

Lizabeth didn't hesitate. She hopped a plane back to America that afternoon. She landed in Hollywood at 7 a.m., two days later, had breakfast on Hollywood Boulevard and at 9 o'clock was at the studio for her wardrobe and makeup tests. That afternoon she was playing a scene with Bogie.

Lizabeth's so supercharged with vitality, she's been matched with nothing but high-voltage males in every picture she's made. That's another reason I say Lizabeth Scott is no ordinary, garden variety of new star. She's a ball of fire, full of the old divine lightning. Bogie's

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a prime example of the kind of competition Liz stacks up against. She'd blitz a Weak Willie right off the screen.

Her boss, Hal Wallis, is the very same producer who boosted Bogart out of low down gangster roles and made him a romantic bad guy—and a very great star. He's the Columbus who discovered Bette Davis—way back when—and snatched her from sassy bit parts to stardom at Warners.

I remember asking Hal, over a year ago —when he told me about this new girl find of his—just what it was Lizabeth Scott had. "She's different," replied Hal. "You can take one look at her—as I did—and tell that."

Hal didn't say his new discovery was the most beautiful doll in the world—and she isn't. He didn't even claim she was an acting smoothie, which Liz Scott also isn't, compared to a dozen other stars I can name. "She's different." That's all Hal said.

I visited Lizabeth's "Desert Fury" set not long ago. It happened to be the day she was doing a red hot love scene with John Hodiak.

that's acting . . .

"Anybody," I ventured, "who can make a brand new bridegroom like John Hodiak forget Ann Baxter for a split second is good enough for me."

Scotty laughed. She's got a good healthy laugh and a swell sense of humor (she'll need that in Hollywood, too!) "Thanks for the compliment, Hedda," she grinned, "but I'm not sure I'm so hot." Then she told me what happened in her first picture, "You Came Along."

Lizabeth spent all one Saturday morning making torrid love to Bob Cummings in that one. At noon shooting stopped and Bob, who had hugged and squeezed Scotty for four straight hours with passionate zeal, said, "Well, so long, Lizabeth, I'm off to get married." That afternoon he eloped with Mary Elliott! That, of course, is Hollywood where acting is only make-believe. But Lizabeth can *make* you believe—that's the point.

I found something else about Lizabeth Scott that day on her set—or rather, I confirmed something I'd already suspected. She's a trouper. Mary Astor, an old friend of mine, and an actress whose word I'll bank on, told me what she'd been doing all the day before—slapping the stuffings out of Lizabeth Scott. Mary plays Scotty's mother in "Desert Fury" and her big scene is where she gives her wayward daughter a merciless pasting. It was a tough scene to get and they took ten takes —until Scotty's cheeks were as scarlet as a spanked baby's bottom. She never called time out, but came right back for more and Mary told me she put everything she had into those whacks. "I felt like a dog, slamming her around the stage when I knew it hurt," sighed Mary, "but Scotty insisted on it for realism."

I had a first hand look at Lizabeth's capacity to take it when I was in England, the same time Scotty flew over for the British premiere of "Martha Ivers" at the Carleton. Lizabeth was fresh from a stop-over in New York City—where she did eight national radio broadcasts and forty-two newspaper interviews—and fresh is what I mean. Bouncy Scotty radiated typical American pep and personality. From the minute she stepped off the plane, she didn't rest a minute. If there was anything Liz missed in her three weeks' stay abroad I can't guess what it was. And if there was anything anyone wanted done she did it. I think if they'd asked her to stand on her head atop Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square, Scotty would have shinnied right up.

The result was that staid old London loved her, and even if some critics took British cracks at the artistic merit of "Martha Ivers," they kept Scotty on the front pages every minute.

Her activity wasn't all for publicity purposes, either, because Lizabeth Scott is just naturally as curious as a kitten. She owns a divine discontent and hunger to learn. You can't make Scotty mad when you tell her she doesn't know something; all she does is start learning it. John Farrow flopped in his directing that way when he had Lizabeth in "You Came Along." Johnny's a nice guy but he can be sarcastic on a set and he wasn't too happy about having Hal Wallis hand him an unknown ex-model. In fact, Scotty deserves extra credit for making her first picture under the scowls of a director who wished she was somewhere else. Once when Liz wasn't playing a scene just like John wanted he snapped, "You played that scene like you were still in dramatic school!"

"I still am," smiled Liz.

Liz ran into lots of conversational French in England; like many Americans, she felt like a dummy being a monolinguist. So she's studying French at Hollywood High next semester. When she came to Hollywood she took up photography so she'd know a thing or two about the business she aimed to star in. She's made a bosom friend of Edith Head, Paramount's dress designer, whom she pesters for advice on every fashion move she makes. In short, Liz is just twenty-three and smart enough to know she doesn't know everything. Her fame isn't fooling her.

On her twenty-third birthday, for instance, Scotty stepped out to dinner with —guess who—Barry Fitzgerald. Now, Barry's old enough to be her papa, but you can be sure he doesn't bore young Scotty to tears. Hardly. Barry's a fine actor and Liz is smart enough to cultivate older men, especially older artists like Barry She met Barry through Dorothy Blair, his secretary and Liz's stand-in. He was in Ireland when Scotty was in England and when Humphrey Bogart snatched her back she had a Fitzgerald-conducted tour of Dublin and the Abbey Theater all lined up. Scotty wanted to meet each and every Abbey player and ask questions like mad. Don't think she wouldn't have, too, if she'd had the chance.

no party girl . . .

Lizabeth Scott hasn't cut much of a social rug in Hollywood—not yet, at least—but the days are gone when that makes much difference in film fortunes. Scotty's had some dates with men about town like Helmut Dantine and Burt Lancaster, but she's no party girl and she hasn't teamed up with the younger pleasure set.

Scotty lives in half an old house that she found—by luck and typical Scott directness—on the very day the landlord dumped her clothes out on the sidewalk from her tiny temporary Beverly Hills flat. Liz has battled bravely with the Hollywood housing panic all over town ever since she came West. She found her present refuge by looking in—of all places—the want ads, then running right over and saying "I'll take it." She moved in that night. It's not luxurious and the neighborhood's no longer fashionable. But when real estate agents—scenting her sudden success—tried to tempt Scotty with fancy houses with war-debt rentals she told them off sensibly and fast.

"No, thank you," Liz declined, "Maybe it's not fashionable but I've got a two-year lease and here's where I stay!" And that's where she is and it's okay with her. She has a telephone and a dinky coupe she's learned how to drive and she's happy as a lark. Because what Lizabeth Scott wants out of Hollywood is to make movies. It's the career that counts.

MY BEST FINDS OF '46

Mark Stevens

(*Continued from page 51*)

It always has and it always will. Believe me, if all those enduring young charms which we gaze on so fondly today—our old standbys, the Gables, Coopers, Colmans; the Crawfords, Colberts, Davises—if they were all we ever, ever had to look at, until death do us part—well we'd probably get so fed up one of these days we'd call it cricket to picket—and go on strike!

Producers know it, exhibitors know it, stars know it (and worry about it) you know it and I know it. But still the deadly discouraging double dare that Hollywood eternally tosses right in the starry eyes of every uppity young actor is,

"So you're good—hey? Okay—*Prove* it!"

talent scouts . . .

That's when a feller needs a friend, when a boost is a break, when a push up the path is pure paradise. At least, that's what Editors Al and Henry and I figured last year and set about doing our best to fix in the pages of MODERN SCREEN! You're in on it, too, because it's always the rave of a fervent fan who starts us off on the track of a new star.

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But my blouse buttons really started making like popcorn when the returns came in on one of the very first winners I'd picked. I'll give a hint by saying this was a pure Cinderella natural; as far as experience went he almost thought a dramatic role was some new kind of coffee cake. So he was pretty mixed up about his own chances, thought the star's job they were shoving him in was 'way over his head. His studio didn't and I didn't. I said so in MODERN SCREEN and proved the fans were behind him. When he read that he came to see me. "You'll never know how much confidence that gave me, Miss Hop-

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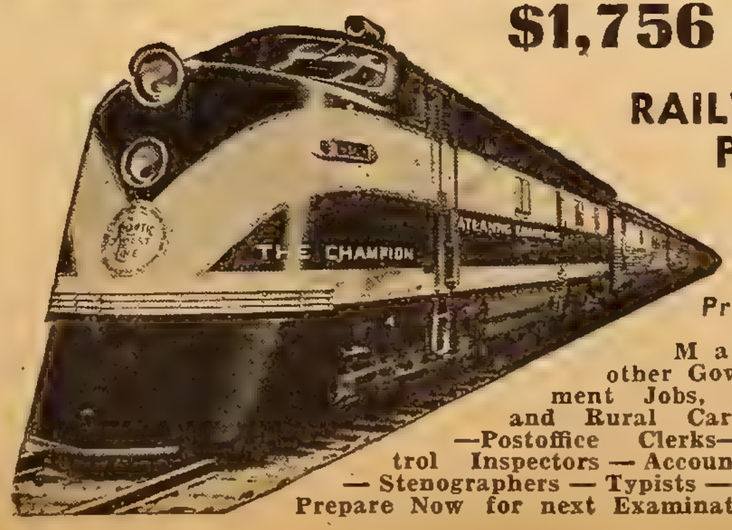
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per," he said gratefully. "I knew I couldn't let you and those fans down."

It was just twelve months ago that I picked Peter Lawford to start the parade of MODERN SCREEN'S monthly finds. I'm not saying, "Move over, Elijah, and make way for a new prophet," exactly. But look at the record—

Pete's no longer just a pal of Van Johnson's, along for the publicity ride, slipped into this and that picture; he's one of Leo the Lion's favorite cubs. When I tagged Guy Madison, "the guy" was still a sailor with nothing in the hold but an unbilled bit. He was posing for those beautiful publicity stills at Selznick's and starting a dubious first picture—and that's about all. But now Guy's a full fledged member of David Selznick's elite family of stars—and there's class in that league with Jennifer Jones, Ingrid Bergman, Joe Cotten, Shirley Temple and Company. And notice—I'm not putting Guy last in my future book there. Not with two hit starring pictures under his belt by now.

good sport . . .

Look at Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, coming along neck and neck, like thoroughbreds, at RKO and Johnny Coy burning up the boards at Paramount with his flying feet. Those feet were just barely inside the Hollywood door when we spotted them, months ago. And Marshall Thompson—you should see the plans M-G-M has stacked up for that clever kid whom we caught on the first bounce. Larry Parks—when Larry got his Gruen watch nobody knew, not even Larry, what the future held. He was gambling on one picture and so was I, maybe, when I got on the Parks bandwagon. But "The Jolson Story" is no gamble now and neither is Larry.

But I can hear the howls already—"Hey, wait a minute! Hopper, your memory's failing. You've left out—"

Yep, I know, I know. But that's the dish I'm saving for dessert. There's a prize pupil in Hopper's Hall of Fame. The prince of the pickin's—that's who. And am I proud to present him!

Meet Mark Stevens—MODERN SCREEN'S Find of the Year!

It takes a good man to lead that league of young shooting stars—and that's just what Mark is, good as gold. In fact, I'll make a prediction right now that Mark Stevens winds up one of the greatest male stars of modern Hollywood. I sat straight up in my seat the first time I saw Mark Stevens in "Within These Walls." When I met him, I knew I was meeting somebody special. From then on, I've liked everything about Mark. I like how he cinched his big break, how he's handled his success, how he's kept his head, his dignity and his self respect, when Hollywood gave him the works. Especially, I like how Mark grinned right in the face of the bad health that tried to puff out the bright flame of his promise. I like Mark's integrity, his humility, his honesty, his fairness—those attributes of greatness in any endeavor. I like Mark's wife, Annelle, and her sensible grasp of what a girl can do to help a Hollywood husband get started. I like Mark Stevens' chances in every direction—and they aren't just chances any more. Mark was the hard luck star of 1946. But he made 1946 peg his place high in the Hollywood heavens. That's why my hat's off to him; that's why it's Stevens—all the way, for my money, my number one find—and Mark, it makes me happier than it does you!

I stood on the set of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" not so long ago. It was the first picture Mark Stevens made since he spent those long, gritty months in the hospital, having his bad back laid open, and the longer, agonizingly inactive ones when Mark was convalescing at home, dying to get back at work. He still wasn't strong enough. Anybody could tell that. His face was drawn and his brown eyes were too bright. I was asking Mark how he felt and he was lying, "Swell," when Director Lloyd Bacon came by, took a look, and said, "Are you sure, Mark?"

"Sure," he grinned.

"I don't believe it."

"Nothing's wrong with me," insisted Steve.

They sent for a doctor anyway. He stuck a thermometer between Mark's reluctant teeth. It read—temperature, 104! They chased Stevens off the set then and sent him to the hospital. It took penicillin to fix him up.

But what can you expect of a Scotch-Irish guy with the square cut of Mark's jaw, those level brown eyes, that deep, firm voice and those copperish curls?

What makes Mark Stevens tower, head and shoulders, above even the crowd of MODERN SCREEN'S watch winners, is a mettle you find only in champions. It's a mixture of confidence, courage, talent and an extra something that pays off in the pinches. It's what Bill Tilden had and Bobby Jones and Joe Louis, too. It marks a man like Stevens and makes him, as his boss, Darryl Zanuck pointed out to me, "a man you see—and you can't forget."

Otto Preminger, one of the best directors at Mark's home studio, spotted it first in Mark. He saw him on the lot, and told him, "I'd like to test you for a part in my picture, 'Fallen Angel.' Chances are you won't get it. I want Dana Andrews if I can get him and I probably will. This test is a long shot for second choice. Want to make it?"

"I sure do," said Mark. And he made such a good test—even though he knew Dana would beat him out—and he did—that the minute RKO saw it they borrowed him for "From This Day Forward," and tried to buy half of Mark Stevens' contract. But by then, of course, Darryl Zanuck had had a peek and he knew what he had when he saw it.

talent plus humility . . .

But with it all Mark has other things that land right right in my column of what-it-takes for Hollywood greatness. He has a sense of honesty and gratitude. He doesn't think he made the world, or even his own career. When Mark was down to exactly three cents in his jeans, he signed with his agent, Nat Goldstone, and took an emergency salary in advance—$50 a week—to live on until he got a job. It was a long time before that happened and Mark got in debt. He hasn't forgotten that favor now that he's clicked. Mark has paid back every cent he borrowed, of course, and the Goldstones are still his agents, with a chance to cash in on their investment. But that wasn't enough for Mark. He pesters every star he knows to sign up with his benefactors. He's already brought the Goldstones three clients, because he's so grateful. Believe me, that's a rare enough virtue in Hollywood. So is humility, in the land where hats rarely fit after the first hit. You know what he told me—the day I complimented him on coming through the toughest year any young star ever faced?

"I'm not kidding myself," said Mark seriously. "The reason I got a chance was because the good stars were off to war." How many other guys who rose to fame because they weren't army material, told the truth like that, admitted the good fortune of their Hollywood timing?

I'm for Mark, and I think I always will be, because I respect real talent. Anyone who can step into shoes designed for Henry Fonda and act scene-for-scene with Joan Fontaine—one of the best—is an

actor. "From This Day Forward" was Mark Stevens' first real chance. But he didn't lose his nerve; he wasn't overawed by either Joan or his good luck. He came through with a performance any seasoned leading man in Hollywood could envy—and he wasn't well, either. He was as sick as a pup in his next one, "The Dark Corner." In the last half of that picture his injured back gave him such agony he couldn't stand up straight. Mark finished the picture knowing the serious surgeon's slicing he faced, and came through again—so much so that Clifton Webb (who certainly is no amateur) couldn't resist one of his witty cracks when I asked him how he was doing in "The Dark Corner."

"Oh, fine," said Clifton languidly. "I'm busy making Mark Stevens a star!"

stuck with a tux . . .

They say a gentleman is one who never takes advantage of a situation. In my book Mark Stevens is a gentleman on a lot of other counts. But that one will do. And what made me think of it is the forthright, honest way Mark Stevens has faced his success at the studio which gave him a break. I happen to know that Mark got bad advice from some friends when "The Dark Corner" gave him two hits in a row. They told him, "Now's the time to strike for a raise. You're not getting enough money. They'll like you better if you make them pay you more."

Mark shook his head. "Not me," he replied. "They're giving me good parts and building me up. When I'm worth it, I'll get more." He did. Just the other day, Darryl Zanuck tore up his contract and wrote a new one for three times Mark's old salary.

Mark's young, but he's adult—in his manner, his thinking, and his acting, too. Henry Hathaway, who directed Mark in "The Dark Corner," told me once, "Mark Stevens has as much authority and poise as Clark Gable or Cary Grant—and that's rare in a young star." That's right, but at the same time Mark has as fresh a boy-next-door appeal to me as Jimmy Stewart ever had.

All Mark Stevens wants is to prove himself an actor. Steve isn't interested for five minutes in anything else about Hollywood. Mark's mastered some frank weaknesses in his twenty-odd years, including a touchy temper and a wild streak. He's had his Hollywood fling and he's cured. Mark came to Hollywood with a thousand dollars he'd saved and a tuxedo. He thought then the idea was to whoop it up and get circulating. So he painted Hollywood red—until his roll was gone and his tuxedo was in Uncle Benny's hock shop. He came to his senses down on the beach with plenty of time to think. And he thought straight.

Mark thought he'd need dress clothes to wear in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." He went to the swankiest tailor in Hollywood and ordered the best in the West, fitted to every muscle ripple. Mark figured for once he'd be the best dressed star on the screen—and at half price. After the picture, he knew, the wardrobe department would buy the dinner jacket from him at a discount. Well—just as the glamor suit arrived they decided to shoot the picture in period costume!

One very good reason why Mark Stevens is a home boy is also one very good reason why he comes up my Man of the Year—although it's a lady I'm talking about now. Mark has the right kind of a wife.

Annelle took Mark Stevens for better or worse when he was out of a job and so broke that after they were married she still had to live in the Studio Club while Mark bunked with a pal—they couldn't even afford an apartment then. She's a Texas girl, and one of the sweetest, prettiest and most level headed I've run across.

Annelle came to Hollywood from Texas University with a movie career on her mind. When she married Mark, she made him her career. Annelle has her own talent and beauty to give the screen—no doubt about that. She's had tempting offers from two studios—RKO and Twentieth Century-Fox—since she became Mrs. Mark Stevens. Both times she said, "No, thanks." Annelle had other things to do she considered more important—like taking care of her husband's health and giving him the family he wants. Off and on all the last year Mark needed a trained nurse. But try and find one. When he came home from both his operations Annelle took over, nursed him, dressed his bandages, cooked him goodies, devoted all her time to bringing Steve back to condition, kept him cheered up when he fretted—although she was in a condition herself that makes most girls cross as a couple of bears.

Annelle has bent over backwards to keep out of the limelight. When Mark was making "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," June Haver and some of the girls at Fox wanted to give her a baby shower. Annelle asked them not to, with thanks. "It might seem too pushing," she explained!

I'm proud of Mark because he appreciates Annelle. A man's always more of a man to me when he's a good husband. Mark's that, too. He never left Annelle's side for one evening all the time she was expecting her baby. He did everything possible to fix up the tiny little guest shack which was all the home they could find. Even when he was weak and wobbly, he started sawing and pounding on a nursery and dolling up the place to make Annelle happier. All the time, Mark kept scouting Hollywood for a better home to start a family. He ordered a station wagon, too, plugging for it to come in time to make a nursery on wheels, something Annelle had her heart set on. He never had much hope that he'd collect either one in time.

But you can't have tough breaks all the time. Just four days before Annelle went to the hospital, the Stevens' moved into their new home—in Bel-Air. And the day of the blessed event the auto agency called Mark and said, "Come get your station wagon."

family man . . .

By then, of course, Mark Stevens was far too busy to pay mind to anything—not even new station wagons—except what was mysteriously going on inside the closed hospital door. He wore out the linoleum on the hall for twenty hours—twelve o'clock to six the next night—until the nurse finally told him, "It's a boy—six pounds, twelve ounces. Perfect weight, perfect baby. Everybody's fine." But when Annelle was ready to go home, she rode in her shiny new wagon, with Mark proudly at the wheel, every inch a family man.

One thing's sure, he'll have a brand new reason to bid for glory. Annelle came through on her job for the Stevens' family, just as Mark came through on his—with what Mark wanted most, a lusty-lunged son. He looks like Mark, and from the way he yells cockily, he acts like him, too! So that's another way Mark Stevens has proved himself Man-of-the-Year. He's sired a son like himself with a name like his own.

Because the name Mark chose for his newest, most precious possession was the name Hollywood gave to him when he was off at last to fame and fortune. That's as good a slant as any on how Mark Stevens measures and treasures his Hollywood future. Mark Richard Stevens, Junior—lucky baby, that little guy.

Someday, I'll bet, he'll be mighty proud of that name!

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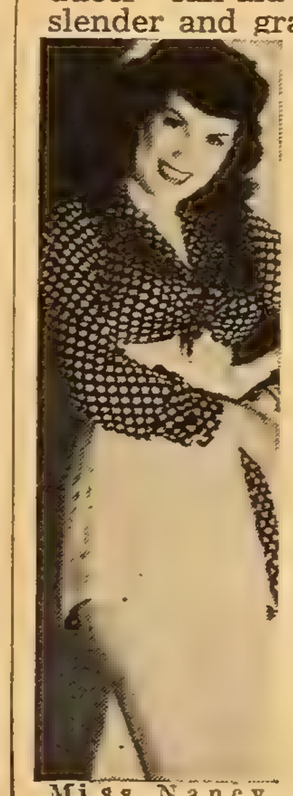
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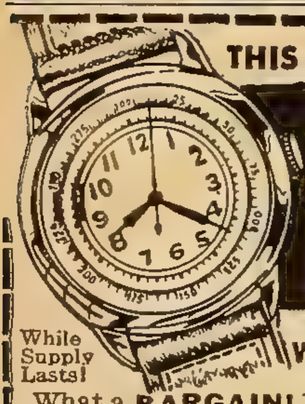
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THE FANS

(*Continued from page 22*)

you could hardly call us yesterday's birthday child. Actually, we're over 3 years old. For most of that time we've been publishing an exclusive little paper—for members only—called, "The Fans." It became so popular with MSFCA-ites that Editors Al and Henry came to us one day and said, "Look here, why all this snobbery? If 'The Fans' is such a good thing, why not share it with everybody?" We bristled a little. After all, we're not exactly the snooty type. "Sure," we said. We liked that fine. So, here we are. We hope you like what we do, too. But, if you don't, speak up. If you're a regular MSFCA-ite, you know we never ignore suggestions.

the msfca—what is it?

Without a doubt, the MSFCA is the only organization of its kind in existence. You know, of course, that MODERN SCREEN was the first magazine to get behind fan clubs one hundred per cent and put all of its vast resources at the disposal of fan clubbers. Each MSFCA club—and there are nearly 500—is an independent, authorized group. And that word, "authorized," is very important! No club is admitted to membership unless the star whom it honors *recognizes* and *approves* its existence. So you can be sure that belonging to an MSFCA club is something special, and that you'll have the full cooperation of your star!

membership sweepstakes winners!

One of the things we go in for in a big way is contests. We even have contests-within-a-contest, and we'll tell you all about the Trophy Cup Awards and the various categories and sub-contests, next month. Right now we want to talk about a little one-shot deal we just completed called the Membership Sweepstakes. If you're like us, you want to hear about the prizes first. And what prizes! A beautiful 17-jewel gold Gruen wrist watch! Two Eberhard Faber Effortless Writing Ball Point Pens! Four Daggett and Ramsdell Travel Charm Kits! Four handsome Volupte gold compacts! And—as additional "consolation" prizes—three genuine leather desk memo pads! All engraved, too, with the names of the winners and "MSFCA."

To start off this first MS fan club column with an exciting exclusive, we want to make the first nationwide announcement of our official Membership Sweepstakes winners. They are: First prize: (Gruen Watch) Norma Winton, Ernest Tubb Club. Second and third prizes: (Eberhard Faber Pens) Myron Welge, Movieland Photo Club, and Kay MacRae, Bill Elliott Club. Fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh prizes: (Daggett and Ramsdell Makeup Kits) Ann Serg, Danny Kaye Club; Blanche Horowitz, Riveting (Andy) Russells; Betty Kurtz, Stardusters; Bonnie Baker, Gene Autry Friendship Club. Eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh prizes: (Volupte Compacts) Janet Wolfenstein, Frank's (Sinatra) Enthusiasts; Geraldine Kee, Marjorie Reynolds Club; Mary Cain, Charles Korvin Club; Loretta Verbin, Jack Carson Club. Twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth prizes: (leather memo desk pads) Mary Ann Ritt, Dick Haymes Associates; Berenice Olson, Gene Autry FC; Raymond Warner, Gene Autry FC.

The idea of this contest was to try to double your club membership. The Danny Kaye and Wild Over (Cornel) Wilde Club found this feat so simple, they went ahead and *tripled* their membership lists in the six months' contest period. Clubs which doubled in membership were: Guy Madison, Johnny Coy (Lanzillo), Keenan Wynn, Evelyn MacGregor, Joe Cotten, Frank Sinatra (Wolfenstein), Stardusters, Sinatra (Schloss), Movieland Photo, Don Defore (Margulies), Doug Autry, Pee Wee King and Marjorie Reynolds Clubs.

andy russell awards prizes!

Now, when you get to know us better, you'll find we don't believe in doing things by half-way measures. We're so proud of our contests, we like to make a big to-do about 'em. (Didn't Dane Clark personally select the model for our Trophy Cup Awards?) This time we phoned Andy Russell, who'd just arrived in town, and blurted out our story. "Well" drawled Andy, evasive-like. He wanted to know who'd won—and what! We went down the list. Nothing happened on the other end until we hit Blanche Horowitz, prexy of the Riveting Russells. "That's enough," Andy interrupted. "I'll be right over." (There's no pride like that of an honorary star in his fan club's accomplishments!) So, it was Andy Russell himself who did the honors of making the official presentations to the New York winners.

club banter

The Club Crosby expects to better its record $215 Sister Kenny Fund collection of last year by Christmas . . . Roy Buchanan, Jr. salutes Ellen Roufs (Jane Wyman, Richard Travis Clubs) as the Queen of Fan Clubs in the first issue of his Agnes Moorehead Journal. Incidentally, it's a knockout . . . The Skippy Homeier and Tommy Dix (Washington branch) Clubs each held successful Charity Bazaars. An amateur show was the highlight of the Dix shindig. They also auctioned off autographed pics of Sinatra, Keenan Wynn, Gregory Peck, Bill Eythe and others, with proceeds donated to the National Cancer Drive. The Homeier bunch, not even waiting for the laurels to fade, is now busy planning its first dance . . . John Raitt's Club accomplished the impossible! A feature story—with pic—in the *New York World-Telegram*. All about their activities as Foster Parents. A swell prestige break for fan clubs . . . Don't miss the Richard Travis and Vincent Price journal covers—each a honey, in its own way. Travis' is a slick printed job, showing a jagged-edged clip from Hedda Hopper's newspaper column, plugging the club, of course. The Price number is hand-drawn by artist Ramsy . . . Pat Bemis and Helen Holbrook went down to Laguna Beach Playhouse for their honorary's (Keenan Wynn) appearances in "20th Century" and "Petrified Forest" . . . Corp. D. Whitfield, Lena Horne Club, says it's not being discontinued, just temporarily disbanded, until his discharge. Meanwhile he's dreaming up some grand new plans and wants to hear from the prexies of all other Horne clubs. Write him at P.O. Box 822, Tacoma 1, Wash. . . .

Now, we know that just belonging to a fan club is loads of fun, but sooner or later, a real clubber gets the urge to start a club of his own. If you're a special fan of Dinah Shore, Kate Smith, Abbott and Costello, or Jack Smith, and want to start a club honoring one of them, drop a note, stating your qualifications and reasons for desiring to run the club, to The Fans, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 76*)

YEARS AND YEARS AGO—Dick Haymes (Decca)—The adaptations of classics go on and on, and here we have a number based on Toselli's "Serenade."

BEST HOT JAZZ

SANTA MONICA JUMP—Slim Gaillard (Majestic)—A whole bunch of Slim Gaillard records were bought up from very small labels and re-released by Majestic, after "Ce-ment Mixer" got Slim his big name. The "Santa Monica Jump" label says scat vocals by Gaillard and Brown, but the best thing about the record is that there's really no vocal at all. It's just a series of good jazz solos.

AFTER HOURS—Erskine Hawkins (Victor)—"After Hours" was made five or six years ago, and it features Avery Parrish playing some fine blues—it's his piano solo all the way through. It got very popular when it came out, was in all the juke boxes and so forth. Then, about three years ago, in California, Parrish was in an accident, and was badly cut up, paralyzed. He couldn't do any work at all for a long time, but was recovered enough recently to record the tune again—on the Alert label. Now Victor's reissued this very good original.

THE GENTLE GRIFTER—Artie Shaw (Victor)—Artie Shaw, who has an office in Hollywood, and who's been talking about radio shows and movie scripts, and who's one of the busiest guys alive, has done just about everything lately but lead a band. Nevertheless, he's under contract to Musicraft now, and they're promoting his Cole Porter album. So right in the middle of comparatively little musical news about Artie, and with one Artie album being pushed, out comes Victor with *eighteen* sides that he made back when he was under contract to them. They're flooding the market with Shaw records that were never released before. Artie's probably forgotten he made them.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

DUEL IN THE SUN—Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love: Claude Thornhill (Columbia), Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Martha Tilton (Capitol), Bing Crosby-Les Paul (Decca)— So you go up to your local juke box, and one of the little tabs reads "Duel in the Sun" by Bobby Sherwood, and you put a nickel in, and what do you hear? "Sherwood's Forest" is what, and it has nothing to do with the movie, "Duel in the Sun." The title was changed at the last minute at the request of the movie company, and some of the juke boxes didn't catch it in time. However if you want "Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love," which is the big record from "Duel in the Sun," I recommend Bing's version, accompanied by the Les Paul Trio.

SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—For You, For Me, For Evermore: Artie Shaw (Musicraft); Dick Haymes-Judy Garland (Decca); Changing My Tune: Judy Garland-Gordon Jenkins (Decca); Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did: Peggy Lee (Capitol); Dick Haymes-Judy Garland (Decca)—Peggy Lee made one of her rare trips away from her Hollywood home a while ago, to play six gruelling weeks at New York's Paramount Theater. She thought when she got through that she and her husband, Dave Barbour, would have a week's rest. So what happened? So the very day Peggy closed at the Paramount, the news came through that there might be another recording strike, so Peggy and Dave had to rush to the nearest recording studio and get all the sides possible made before the deadline.

SONG OF THE SOUTH—Sooner Or Later: Will Bradley (Signature), Billy Butterfield (Capitol), Merry Macs (Majestic). Song of the South Album: Tony Pastor (Cosmo)—Will Bradley was a big name when he originated "Beat Me Daddy, Eight To the Bar," and other numbers. But, after a while, he got tired of the responsibilities of leading a band, and went back to the security of being a slide man in radio orchestras. Now, with this record, he emerges again as a big-time recording band-leader, still playing trombone, and we're very glad to see him back.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE A WOMAN—Louis Jordan (Decca), Pat Flowers (Victor), Frankie Laine (Mercury)
AMONG MY SOUVENIRS—Herbie Fields (Victor), Etta Jones (Victor)
BEST MAN (THE)—King Cole (Capitol), Les Brown (Columbia), Sonny Skylar (Mercury)
THE CHRISTMAS SONG—King Cole Trio with string choir (Capitol)
COMO, PERRY—Merry Christmas Album, with Russ Case (Victor)
I LOVE YOU FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS—Ella Fitzgerald (Decca), Deek Watson (Manor), Dinah Shore (Columbia)
IF IT'S LOVE YOU WANT—Louis Jordan (Decca), Red Allen (Victor)
JUST SQUEEZE ME—Duke Ellington (Victor)
MERRY HA-HA—Ella Mae Morse-Ray Linn (Capitol)
SWEET LORRAINE—Bing Crosby-Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

COUNT BASIE—Mutton Leg (Columbia)
SLIM GAILLARD—Santa Monica Jump (Majestic)
AL HALL—Blues In My Heart (Wax)
ERSKINE HAWKINS—After Hours (Victor)
BILL HARRIS—Everything Happens To Me (Keynote)
EDDIE HEYWOOD—On The 88 (Album) (Signature)
J. J. JOHNSON—Coppin' The Bop (Savoy)
STAN KENTON—Intermission Riff (Capitol)
ARTIE SHAW—The Gentle Grifter (Victor)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

DEAD RECKONING—Either It's Love or It Isn't: Pied Pipers (Capitol), Anita Ellis (Mercury), Tony Pastor (Cosmo), Phil Brito (Musicraft)
DUEL IN THE SUN—Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love: Claude Thornhill (Columbia), Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Martha Tilton (Capitol), Bing Crosby-Les Paul (Decca)
HOLIDAY IN MEXICO—You, So It's You: Dinah Shore (Columbia), Miguelito Valdes (Musicraft)
JOLSON STORY—The Whole World is Singing My Song: April Showers: Dennis Day (Victor)
SEARCHING WIND — Title song: Dick Haymes (Decca)
SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—For You, For Me, For Evermore: Artie Shaw (Musicraft), Dick Haymes-Judy Garland (Decca); Changing My Tune: Judy Garland-Gordon Jenkins (Decca); Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did: Peggy Lee (Capitol), Dick Haymes-Judy Garland (Decca)
SONG OF THE SOUTH—Sooner Or Later: Will Bradley (Signature), Billy Butterfield (Capitol), Merry Macs (Majestic). Song of the South Album: Tony Pastor (Como)
THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL—A Gal In Calico: Tex Beneke (Victor), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo); Oh But I Do: Tex Beneke (Victor)



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SISTER-IN-LAW, GENE

(Continued from page 56)

got into bed. Some other time, please."

"But it is so important, Igor. Please!"

"All right," I said. "Come on up."

I got out of bed, slipped into a pair of trousers and a shirt and washed my face. When they came in, I found myself staring at two young girls, neither of whom, if you totalled their ages, was over 17.

"Igor?" the tinier one with glasses asked.

"Yes. Could I help you ladies?"

"We just wanted to see what Gene Tierney's brother-in-law looks like."

Then they turned heel and fled.

Fortunately, this sort of thing isn't a daily occurrence. Lots of folks don't give a hang what (of all things!) a movie actor's or actress' brother-in-law looks like.

price of fame . . .

In fact, this brother-in-law situation offers both advantages and disadvantages, some of which are slightly on the humorous side. I found that out when I joined the Army. I had hardly finished casting off my civilian clothes when a tough sergeant called me forth from a formation and said:

"Aren't you married to Gene Tierney, Private Cassini?"

"No, sergeant," I began. "I—"

"Then you're her brother," he added quickly.

"Well, not her brother either, sergeant. You see, it's this way. I—"

He cut me off again with: "Oh, a phony, eh? I've seen guys like you before. Posing as something you're not."

I could tell my sergeant was getting mad, and I happened to have been one of a few millions of soldiers who didn't like to make sergeants mad.

"I've been trying to explain, sir—" (rookies always called sergeants "sir") "—that I'm Miss Tierney's brother-in-law. Not her husband, not her brother. But only an in-law."

"Oh, I see," he said. "So you're not a phony after all. I knew you were connected some way."

After which his expression changed to one of friendliness, and friendly, too, was the pat on the back he gave me. And from that day on I was in big with the sarge. But there was a catch. He wanted (and got!) a picture of Gene, autographed especially for him.

Similar incidents occurred frequently during my Army days. Such as that day in basic training at Camp Lee when the regimental C.O. heard that Gene Tierney's brother-in-law was stationed in his outfit. A couple of nice handshakes followed—colonel and private—and from this emerged the idea that it would be swell to have Gene visit Camp Lee, watch a parade or so, then be guest of honor at a nifty officers' dance.

Meanwhile, excitement over Gene's arrival (already they had figured it to be a sure thing) ran pretty high, and I confess I felt the slightest trace of a hint—threat, rather—as to my future plans unless I urged Gene to comply with their plans.

Anyway, Gene couldn't make it—which was somewhat unfortunate, because I spent many an hour over the kitchen pots, whereas I figured I should have rated a "B" for trying.

Gene, at the time, was following Oleg around from camp to camp, just as other wives followed their husbands. Had this not been the case I'm sure she would have come to Lee. Oleg, too—by the way—felt some of the brunt. He had just become a second lieutenant at the Cavalry School at Fort Riley (I was still a private), and was being reminded by the gladhanders that he was Gene's husband.

At least in his case it was excusable. Her *husband.* But I found it disappointing to know that my success as a soldier hinged more on the fact that I was her *brother-in-law* than on my ability.

It was always interesting to me to know what others thought about Gene. Some invariably put their question this way: *"What is she really like?* In one movie she was a terrific siren—and in the other she was a slinky murderess."

Well, film roles fool you. Stars are flesh, blood and nerves just as is anybody else. They most generally like or dislike the same things you do. Of course Gene is not a "siren" or a "slinking murderess." She's a wife and a mother, and her home comes first. She doesn't "live" the actress once she leaves location. Like other stars, she might well like dancing, or picnicking or movies—in short, they're human. They are not far-away celluloid mannequins.

Gene isn't particularly fond of Hollywood. I mean as a place to live. She reminds you that she's an Easterner, born in Dodger-land and raised in Yankee Connecticut. She loves New York, too.

What does she do for a good time?

Take a spin or so at the night spots with husband Oleg; or perhaps visit friends in Long Island where she may attend a party; or go window shopping. About shopping, Gene is not a foolish spender. She's well aware of the value of a dollar and she possesses the keen wit of a Yankee horse-trader when it comes to doling out cash.

Gene also leans toward antiques. This, by the way, is genuine, and not affected. Her favorite style is Early American, and she's one of the few "amateurs" who can spot the difference between, say, an American Windsor chair or one of the Louis Quinze period.

At home she's lots of fun. When she arrives she kicks off her shoes and romps about in bare feet—an old habit. She is very much attached to her family, and takes deep pride in the fact that she could send her young sister, Pat, to school.

I was asked if Gene really likes games. She does. She can hold her own at swimming and plays a whale of a tennis game. Originally she disliked tennis because Oleg played it so much, and he had a habit of getting home late for dinner. Finally Oleg introduced Gene to the courts, and now he can hardly drag her away.

Like most of us, Gene has her favorite film stars. Spencer Tracy stands high on her list, along with Clifton Webb and, of course, Sweden's gift to Hollywood, scintillating Ingrid Bergman, who, she agrees, is a *great* actress.

Among her many habits is that of reading at night before dropping off to sleep. She's a stickler for having windows open while she sleeps, and likes orange juice and eggs for breakfast.

fence sitter . . .

If you want to argue politics with Gene, you must go elsewhere. She doesn't use them. She won't line up on either side publicly, and her ideas remain secret.

As for languages, she holds her own with French—which she and Oleg use to engage in heated arguments (and who doesn't have them?) while the servants are nearby. Gene learned her French in Switzerland, and I'm quite sure at that time she never dreamt she'd be *the* Gene Tierney of movie fame. And I'm even more sure that I never dreamt I'd be a brother-in-law to such a swell girl.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

(*Continued from page 53*)

are to go on acting in pictures, and to gain some weight. That's where we left him. Early in '41 he was stuffing himself with spaghetti three times a day, seven days a week, and dunking his breakfast doughnuts in half-and-half. Having been turned down for enlistment, he made it for the draft by one skinny pound, and the whoop he let out you could hear in Catalina.

The day he docked, Leland Hayward met him at the pier, his mother and dad waited in a hotel, and he made three calls to California.

One was to Fonda. "Can I stay at your place a few days till I get a hotel?"

One was to Frank Capra. "Can I have a job?"

One was to Billy Grady, the gruff-talking, warm-hearted Irisher who runs Casting for M-G-M and loves Jim like a first-born. Grady had business in the east that he'd been putting off till Jim arrived, so they could travel back to Hollywood together. No words were wasted—"Hi, Bill!" and "Hi, Jim!" and a couple of masculine endearments like horse thief and baboon.

Homecoming was something like a serial, told in instalments. The first instalment was when the Jap war ended. Instead of Okinawa, you were headed for America the Beautiful and you did mean Beautiful. The second instalment was when you got on the boat, after weeks of waiting and three false alarms. The third instalment was the Statue of Liberty . . .

For the rest, Jim's high spots were the same as any vet's—reunion with family and friends. With Leland Heyward on the pier, Mother and Dad at the hotel, Maggie Sullavan Heyward and the three kids in Connecticut, his sisters down in Indiana, Pennsylvania. Then back to New York where he met Bill Grady, and on to California and the Fondas, with a stopover in Washington for Army separation.

It was a handsome welcome. Even Brooke and Bridget and Bill, the Heyward hopefuls, jumped at him with glad cries of recognition. The fact that young Bill at least must have been coached into remembering him did nothing to dull the edge of his pleasure.

He enjoyed the home town reception, too. The morning after they got in, his father woke him. "Go look out the window—"

The house, built on Vinegar Hill, commands a view of the heart of town and its tallest building—the courthouse topped by a small clock tower. To the side of the tower facing Jim's window someone had tacked a white sheet with printing in bold black letters: WELCOME HOME, JIM.

"Who did it?" he asked cautiously.

"Nobody knows. Courthouse people can't figure how anyone got up there—"

He relaxed, grinning. That made it the perfect greeting—warm but anonymous, a friendly hello from all. . .

For two weeks he loafed and invited his soul, fished in the reservoir, sauntered down Main Street, admired the spruced-up store fronts, and rejoiced secretly in the fact that his father's hardware store looked just the same. Chewed the fat with neighbors downtown and with his sisters at home. Enchanted his mother by the quantities of food he consumed and was in turn enchanted by his five-month-old niece.

Someone asked him if he'd ever doubted during the war years whether the movies would want him back.

"No," he replied, not being the coy type. "I always figured I was a good enough actor to get a job—"

Remembering "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" and "You Can't Take It With You," he wanted to make his first post-war picture with Capra. When he phoned from New York, Capra said: "I've got a story. How soon will you be out?"

A few weeks later you might have seen them together in a Hollywood restaurant, Capra pouring cascades of words into the ear of a somewhat bewildered Stewart. "And that's the story," he concluded. "How do you like it?"

Jim shook the daze out of his eyes. "Do *you* like it?"

"Would I be making it otherwise?"

"Think I can play it?"

"Don't ask foolish questions—"

"Okay, that's good enough for me—"

"Yeah, but do you *like* it?"

"How do *I* know?! I can't make head or tail of the damn thing—"

So they signed a contract for "It's a Wonderful Life." Shooting wasn't to start for four or five months. During that interval Jim discovered parties.

He'd never gone to parties before. Either he'd be working and couldn't stay up late, or he wouldn't be working—in which case he'd go to New York or home. This was his first crack at leisure in Hollywood. People asked him to parties and he found them enthralling. For the first time in his life he got himself a date book.

One night he was having dinner with Cary Grant, Eddy Duchin and John McClain. "I've been to so many parties," he said, "I ought to give one—"

It seems he'd taken the words right out of the mouths of his pals. They *all* ought to give a party. Why not give one together? Terrific idea—

"Now wait a minute," said Grant. "You can't just *give* a party, you've got to worry first—"

"What about?"

"Food. Entertainment. Guests—"

"Okay, let's start worrying now and get it over. Where'll we throw it—?"

"Clover Club—"

"All in favor? Unanimous. Write it down, Jim—"

"Eats by Romanoff—"

"What about the band—?"

"Let Duchin worry. That leaves people. Whom do we ask—?"

Names started popping. Jim dropped his pencil. "Who do we think we are, picking and choosing? Let's ask everyone—"

"Sure. Write it down. Everyone—"

"Hey, fellas, we forgot decorations—"

"Tell 'em to drape gardenias all over the place. Anything else—?"

They couldn't think of a thing.

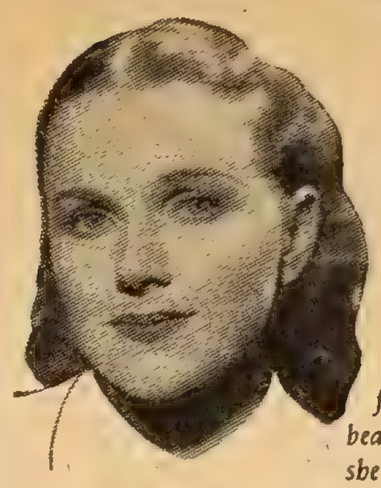
The invitations, signed by all four, went out by wire. "It's about time we gave a party. Let us know quick, because we're nervous. Black tie and low-cut dresses—"

home away from home . . .

By many it was voted the party of the year, and at least one of its features was unique—a reception line of four gents who'd never looked handsomer, and who couldn't have been more perfect hosts. Romanoff outdid himself. The pickup band was a honey, composed of fellows they all knew, and it played on and on. But the best part came around six when everyone was tired, and Hoagy Carmichael sat himself down at the piano while Bing and Danny Kaye sang all sorts of old songs to a lot of dreamy people. . . .

Jim's reasons for staying with the Fondas were simple and logical. His own house

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was rented, and the people in it were looking for another place to live. He'd had every intention of finding a hotel, but why change when you're comfortable? "Their home's so wonderful," he explains, "they've got two wonderful children and Frances Fonda's such a wonderful girl, that I never offered to leave and they were too nice to ask me. On the other hand, you've got to look at all sides of a question. I didn't give them much trouble. I slept in the playhouse and picked up my own clothes. I changed the Victrola records myself. I even saved them the trouble of mixing my drinks—" He looks at you like a bland owl. "They appreciated that—"

He and Hank Fonda, just out of the Navy, made a good team. Their ideas on what constituted diversion were identical. If anything got them more steamed up than building model planes, it was flying kites. They put one together that was so sensational, they decided it couldn't be desecrated by common string. So they went to a fish line store on Santa Monica Pier for something special.

"What kind of fish are you going after?" asked the man.

"Uh—herring—" said Hank.

Jim noted that the guy looked startled. "And striped bass," he added.

"That's a funny combination. Anything else—?"

"Well—some kitefish maybe—"

He gave them both a dirty look and started toward the back. "Hey, wait a sec," yelled Jimmy in desperation. "It's not for fishing, it's for flying kites—"

"Who flies 'em?"

"We do—"

He opened the door and closed it behind him fast. They waited five minutes. "Come on," said Hank. "He thinks we're loony—"

"You think he's wrong?" asked Jim.

He'd planned to sell his Brentwood house when the tenants got out, but they left it looking so shiny and beautiful that he wavered, and Daisy's offer to come back as housekeeper turned the scales. Bidding the Fondas farewell, he moved in under his own roof-tree.

There was a time when Daisy would have sympathized with the fish line man. She comes from the midwest. To her, movie stars used to be a race apart—a shade less strange and fearful than headhunters maybe, but really not a great deal to choose between them. When she first went to work for Stewart, it was with one foot in the crack of the door as it were, ready to flee. But from the day Jim's mother and dad came out to visit, Daisy relaxed. "You're not movie folks," she told Mrs. Stewart. "You're just folks—"

terrible trio . . .

All musical sessions she takes in stride. Once Jim, Hank and Billy Grady got to worrying about what would happen to Bob Hope if the Pied Pipers couldn't sing any more. . . .

"Poor Bob. He'd sure need another trio bad—"

"And where would he get it? All the good ones are tied up—"

"Let's us start one for him—"

By the end of the evening they'd worked up three numbers—"Mary," "Down by the Old Mill Stream," and "My Gal Sal." These they sing whenever they find themselves and a piano together. People have been known to lock pianos at their approach. Jim's original compositions share a similar fate. He's written several songs, which he tries out on Grady, whose verdict never varies. "Believe me, boy, they *stink!*" Still he sings them at parties, hopeful that someone will come along and appreciate them. They all sound alike. The way Jim sings, you couldn't tell the difference between "Annie Laurie" and "Mr. Five-by-Five" except by the lyrics.

He was crazy to get back to work, and jumpy as a flea. Acting's a craft. You can forget things—timing and stuff like that—just as you can forget how to play the piano. He'd been away five years—

"So have I," said Capra. "It'll be tough at first, but we'll work it out—"

They started with crowd scenes, where Stewart had little to do. "But what's for tomorrow?" he'd want to know every night.

"A big scene—"

"Which one?"

"The subtle one. Where you fall in the water head first—"

blind trust . . .

But the day came when he *did* have to act, and it *was* tough at first. He kept blowing lines, didn't know what to do with his hands, fell over his feet and wondered how much he could earn as a circus tumbler. After a couple of weeks, though, tension eased and sureness began stealing back. Capra watched the transformation, and came up behind him one day as he raved over the picture—

"Thought you couldn't make head or tail of it—"

"I can't," grinned Jim, "but it's a wonderful life—"

Throughout the long shooting schedule, he had only two days off. Now he's deep in the heart of Bob Riskin's "Magic Town," playing opposite Jane Wyman. Then he goes right into another Capra film. You won't hear him kicking.

Hollywood's as curious as it was five years ago about whom he'll marry, but so far as the nosey eye can reach, there's no lady in sight. He continues to pal around with the Fondas and Wassermans, with the Heywards when they're in town and with Billy Grady. When he takes a girl out, she's one of the gang.

Like parties, sports are a new project with Jim. What he lacks in skill, he makes up in enthusiasm. All of a sudden nothing would do but he had to go tuna fishing. Chartered a boat, ran around buying up all kinds of tackle and bait, talked Fonda and Ward Bond into going along. Grady declined. "I get seasick—"

"Nobody gets seasick going to Catalina—"

"Look, I get seasick reading 'Field and Stream'—"

They got Daisy up at 2:30 to cook their breakfast—(this they were gonna do by the book)—they left the house at 3:30, they sailed out of San Pedro harbor at half past five. No sooner had they passed the breakwater than Jim turned green and stayed that way the whole weekend. The other two came home with a fine string of fish. Jim came home so pasty faced that Bill couldn't even rib him.

The one subject they don't discuss are Jim's war experiences. In all the months he's been back, and close as he is to Grady, he's referred to them only twice, both times indirectly. Seeing how willing he is to be done with them, Bill asks no questions.

But he did ask a question of General Doolittle once. That was in June '45 when Los Angeles welcomed two famous sons, Patton and Doolittle, with a grand pageant at the Coliseum. Making his way toward General Patton's side, Doolittle caught sight of Grady and stopped to shake hands.

"How's my Jim?" Grady asked.

The other Jim smiled. "Do something for me. Tell all his friends to be very proud of Stewart—"

Knowing Stewart, you wonder out loud if he'd want that story used.

"He can't stop me," snorts Bill. "I tell it to everyone. Orders from Doolittle—"

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 41)

groom wears or what's new for Spring for the male contingent. But I must say, your "choice of the year" looked grand. He had a new suit in blue, and with it he wore a lighter shade tie that just matched his eyes.

I stopped at Cornel Wilde's table to say hello to him and his lovely wife, Pat Knight. Cornel was having a hectic session at that time with his studio, 20th Century-Fox, over playing in "Forever Amber."

But after a brief twenty-four hours, Cornel returned to the studio and to the arms of the waiting Amber. (Remember—Linda Darnell is playing the amorous lady.) He admitted having asked for more money during the quarrel, but he was very bitter over an article I had written saying he had asked that his wife be promised star parts at his studio.

"Pat is a fine actress," he told me. "She was very successful in New York on the stage. All she needs is a chance at 20th. She is already under contract there.

"I resent very much that anyone should think I am trying to use my own career as a weapon to push her ahead."

As I sat with them for a brief moment, I almost dropped my own coffee cup in surprise—Cornel was pouring his cup of coffee over his ice cream and cake.

"That's the most unappetizing dish I've ever seen," I told him.

"I always pour coffee over my dessert," he said. "I call it 'Hungarian Delight.'

"Have some," he laughed.

"Not me," I answered. "I take my coffee straight, not even with cream and sugar."

Shirley Temple, who always looks to me like a little girl playing at being married, and her husband, John Agar, were sitting with Janet Blair and her husband, Louis Bush. The two husbands had been playing golf together and had returned home very late. As punishment, the girls said the boys had to stay until the very last and dance. I must say, the husbands didn't seem to mind it in the least.

Deanna Durbin, whom I had seen only the day before on the set looking very glamorous in a trailing black off-the-shoulder evening frock, came straight from the studio. This time, she wore a plain little brown dress and looked very tired.

I hoped her eyebrows, which were too heavy and gave her young face a too sophisticated expression, were a part of her makeup. She hadn't worn them that way when I saw her at the studio.

"How's the baby?" I asked her.

Her tired little face brightened up, "Oh, you've just got to come and see her. She is so darling. You were the first to write about me when I was a little girl, and you must be the first to tell about her."

Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell sat at a table for two, as happy as two turtle doves should be, for just two weeks later they were married at Las Vegas.

They excitedly whispered the news of their wedding plans to me at the MODERN SCREEN party.

"We have our house," Bob told me, "it's in the Valley, and we want you to be the first to know."

Two nights after their marriage, I saw them again at the marvelous surprise party William Dozier gave for Joan Fontaine, his bride. The party was held at Romanoff's and there were almost as many stars as there were at the MODERN SCREEN party.

Bob and Cleatus danced every dance together at Joan's party, and I knew as I watched them that they were remembering the big costume party Mike Romanoff gave. That was when Bob went home with Lana Turner and for nearly a year, he and Lana were everywhere together. But it was Cleatus he loved, and as I have said all along, I believe all their battles, or most of them, are in the past.

At the MODERN SCREEN party, Lana, whose hair is now much darker, sat very near Bob and Cleatus. She bowed and smiled. Lana is unhappy if anyone is cross at her. She is like a child that way.

She came to the party with Mrs. Keenan Wynn and Peter Lawford. What a bored young man he is. He kept rushing to the telephone. He must have telephoned everyone in town. At least, everyone who wasn't at the party.

Since Evie and Keenan Wynn parted, there have been many rumors that she would marry Van Johnson when she is free. Evie herself denies it, but I have lived in Hollywood too long to take much stock in any denials from anyone.

Keenan brought Evie to the door. He was appearing in a play at the new El Patio Theater, a stock company of Hollywood stars, and couldn't come in with her.

"You are still going places with Keenan?" I asked Evie.

She frankly said she and Keenan would always be good friends, but their marriage was definitely over. I thought I had never seen Evie Wynn look so nice. Her large beige hat with beige plumes exactly matched her smart frock.

The Gary Coopers were having fun in their sedate, quiet way. Rocky Cooper, who always champions the cause of the wife in any separation, gave a party a week later and among her guests was Nancy, Frank Sinatra's pretty wife. Nancy never looked prettier nor had as much attention.

I remember when Errol Flynn first married Nora, and Hollywood was a little slow in greeting her, Rocky Cooper was the first to go to a luncheon introducing Mrs. Flynn to the film colony. She has been Nora's steadfast friend in good and bad times, and now it seems the bad times are over for the Flynns, who appear to have resolved their matrimonial troubles and settled down to peaceful domesticity.

Dorothy Lamour, glowing in a red and green creation, looked smarter and prettier than I had ever seen her.

"Done up like a Christmas tree," I accused her.

"Don't you dare call me a Christmas tree," she said. "This is my best dress."

It was a great tribute to the Delacortes that although an M-G-M star was chosen, every studio was represented at the dinner. This feeling of good sportsmanship is what we need, with less envy and jealousy. With so many strikes and bitterness in the world, it's important for Hollywood to have a united front.

The Dane Clarks came in ravenously hungry after a five-mile hike around Bel-Air. Dane and Margo have done a lot of their own landscaping and even laid cement walks themselves around their Bel-Air property. Mrs. Clark is very good for Dane, who has a tendency to grow cocky once in a while. It's her level head that keeps him steady and he didn't need to tell me how much he adores his "Red," as he calls her. It was written all over that impish face of his.

Cary Grant was so engrossed in the wonderful music of Carmen Cavallero and his orchestra that Mark Stevens called, "Hey, Cole Porter, how about a song?"

And speaking of enthusiastic fathers, you should hear that Stevens boy rave over his new son.

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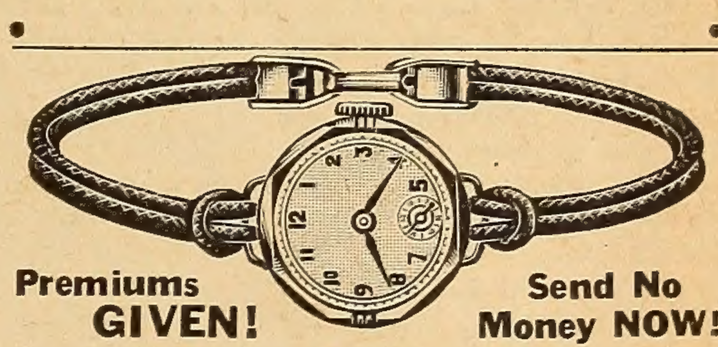
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"If Mark, Jr. wants to be an actor," Mark told me, "I'll give him all the help and encouragement I can."

"Isn't he a little young to decide?" I teased. "After all, most babies a few weeks old aren't interested in careers."

But Mark is sure his son is the exception. He, himself, still looks pale and thin from his recent illness.

"I have to rest," he told me, "so I am going home to bed and to see my son at his ten o'clock feeding time."

Dinah Shore and her husband, George Montgomery, sat at a table where they could see everything.

"Why don't you two dance?" I asked.

"Because this is our first visit to a night-club in a year-and-a-half," Dinah said, "and I want to see the 'cee-lebrities'."

There were no better dancers on the floor than Ginger Rogers and her tall husband, Jack Briggs. They do a mean rhumba. This marriage apparently has worked out very well. Everyone who knows young Biggs likes him. He is trying to stand on his own two feet, a difficult thing with so famous a wife.

Johnny Coy, who dances for a living on the screen, hardly left the dance floor. He and his pretty wife, Dorothy, were grace personified. I loved watching them dance. I almost said, they dance like professionals, but then they are just that, having danced together in a Paramount picture before they were married.

Charles Korvin, who I hear is excellent in his new Universal picture, "Temptation," with Merle Oberon, is a real music lover and not one of these synthetic kind who pretend to like music because it's the thing to do. How do I know? Because Charles and his lovely blonde wife whispered to me that they were leaving the party for a short time but would return later. When they came back, they confessed they'd gone to a concert of the Budapest String Quartette and loved it.

It was a grand party all the way through for the young people as well as for the more settled group. June Haver, in a sensational black satin dress, was beaued by Bob O'Neil, a wealthy young Texan. When I asked June if it were serious, she smiled and whispered, "I will always tell you first."

Just a short time ago, June went into court and had her contract approved. Her salary was given as $2,500 a week, not bad for a girl still under twenty.

She is so career conscious, I doubt if she will be in a hurry to marry. Still you can never tell—she breathes, eats, and is completely career conscious. "Three Little Girls in Blue" makes me feel that one of these days little Miss Haver will have few equals as a musical comedy queen.

Looking at her slim young figure, encased in an ankle length black dress, cut low, I thought to myself, "It's difficult to realize that that pretty thing is so overwhelmingly ambitious. But she is and plenty smart with it all, too."

Joan Crawford, who sat with Edith Gwynn, the columnist, looked stunning. When Frank Sinatra moved over to Edie's table to pose for photographers, they both called me. I was happy to be photographed with them. Edie is one of Frank's staunch friends. If the stories she's written about him were placed in one line, they'd reach around the world and back. She has that loyalty for him that she has for all her friends, and loyalty is such a great quality.

Joan's current swain is Greg Bautzer. Recently, she presented him with diamond studs—an engagement present? Yes, there is little doubt that when Joan is free in April, she'll marry the lawyer who was once in love with Lana Turner and after that, Dorothy Lamour's steady escort.

Joan and Greg battle like mad and then kiss and make up. Only two people as much in love could get into such a temper at the other's actions.

Jeanne Crain sat very demurely in a corner with her bridegroom, Paul Brinkman. There was a reason for Jeanne keeping on that new mink coat all evening other than a desire to show her coat off. Little Jeanne is to have a baby in March, and although she was just beginning to show her condition, she was a little embarrassed.

She had hoped to make one picture before the baby news came out, but I am sorry to say, I spoiled it by announcing the good news to the world. Jeanne denied the stork news until, as Sheilah Graham said in her column, "it is obvious she is approaching motherhood."

Bob Mitchum, one of the favorites on the MODERN SCREEN poll, and his wife enjoyed the dance music to the utmost.

"We had to get a sitter for our two boys," Mrs. Mitchum said, "but this party is well worth it."

A few days later, Bob and his wife parted, but I am happy to say it was only for a few days. They had the usual family spat. Only in Hollywood, a husband and wife cannot have a good old-fashioned fight without the whole country knowing it. Unfortunately, the Mitchum separation was printed, but by the time it appeared in the newspapers, they were back together again.

MINK'S A MINX

You can't buy a mink coat—more's the pity!—for five dollars, but you can buy a warm and purty sweater for that sum. Your fairy godmother, MODERN SCREEN, is anxious to finance the deal. In fact, we're just sitting here eagerly, waiting to hear the humorous or unusual anecdote about what happened on that rare day when you met a real, live movie star. Read the other "I Saw It Happens" in this issue, and then typewrite (or legibly write) your own tale to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. If we print your piece, we'll send you $5.00—and p.s.—you don't have to spend it on a sweater!

At a party of this kind, you can always spot the romances that are beginning to bloom. And you know me—always on the lookout for my MODERN SCREEN readers to be the first with the newest heart interests. When I first saw Nancy Guild dancing with Frank Latimore, I knew they liked each other. When Frank danced by my table and lifted the "Reserved" sign and placed it around Nancy's neck for everyone to see, I said to myself, "Looks like the real McCoy."

Guy Madison never left Gail Russell's side. What an attractive couple! Too bad that Gail's lovely coloring doesn't come through on the screen in black and white. I truly think this pair is in love and will be married when and if Guy's studio gives its consent. With so much depending now on the fans' approval of Guy as a young unattached male, his advisors feel it would be unwise for him to marry.

I caught a glimpse of pretty Diana Lynn with Tad Von Brunt, and I must say Diana seems unlike her old self since she broke off her engagement to Henry Willson. Diana's sincere eagerness to marry, settle down and be happy may be due to parental interference, as I have heard, at home.

She is one of the most talented young stars in Hollywood, such a fine pianist and a tremendously effective little actress. I hope she will find the happiness which she deserves.

Tom Drake came stag and had the most marvelous time table-hopping, visiting all his pals and telling some very amusing stories. Marguerite Chapman, pretty as a picture, came with Kurt Krueger. Mark my word, one of these days, you fans will be selecting Kurt as your favorite. He is such a fine actor, and he is going far.

I saw Bill Williams and his winsome little bride, Barbara Hale, wandering around arm in arm. I wondered again when I saw Farley Granger, why he hasn't been given a movie job. He's been back from overseas too long to be idle. He was with cute little Nancy Walker. I saw him lean over and kiss her.

"Wait," I said, "is this a real attachment, or a movie scene?"

"Neither," said Farley, "we are old friends and can't a fellow kiss a pretty girl like Nancy without all this fuss?"

He can indeed—and he did indeed.

Lon McCallister is another ex-service man who enjoyed the Delacorte hospitality to the fullest. I saw Mrs. George Delacorte's eyes light up when I introduced her to Elizabeth Taylor and her pretty mother. Mrs. Delacorte has a young daughter just the age of the charming little Taylor girl.

Elizabeth and that cute Peggy Ann Garner became acquainted for the first time, and it was amusing to hear the little sub-starlets discuss their careers. Each has become extremely important to her studio.

Kathryn Grayson, who recently said she would marry singer Johnny Johnson as soon as her divorce from John Shelton becomes final, was, of course, with her fiance. When I asked Kathryn if it were true that she and Johnny had gone to Mexico and were married, she said, "Of course, it isn't true. Why, I haven't been out of Hollywood in months. I'll marry Johnny right here in my own home when I am free but not before."

After her stormy experience with John Shelton, Kathryn is certainly entitled to happiness. They separated five times and planned divorce three times before she finally filed suit against Shelton. Both claimed too much temperament was the cause of their continued marital unhappiness.

On the way out—and how I hated to leave the fun—I ran into Hurd Hatfield. Hurd told me the picture he'd traveled to Paris to make was never made after all. But he did tell me of his plans to appear on Broadway. He will be starred in a musical comedy.

Sonny Tufts strolled over while we chatted, and I was surprised to discover Hurd and Sonny had never met. I had supposed everyone in Hollywood knew everyone else.

Sonny was having himself a fine time wandering from group to group.

"This is a grand party," Hurd said. "Even in Paris, I didn't taste such delicious food."

I must say again before I sign off, the MODERN SCREEN party was one of the best ever given in Hollywood. The Delacortes know the real secret of hospitality. Everyone had a good time, which is a real tribute to good planning, especially when a party is not given in a private home.

I am really looking forward to next year's MODERN SCREEN Award party—for these affairs have now become an annual event to be looked forward to by all the "cee-lebrities."

And just a word to my readers: Please continue to write and tell me whether you want parties, production news or chit-chat or a combination of all three. I promise faithfully to try to the best of my ability to give you what you want.

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